

The
Chatelaine

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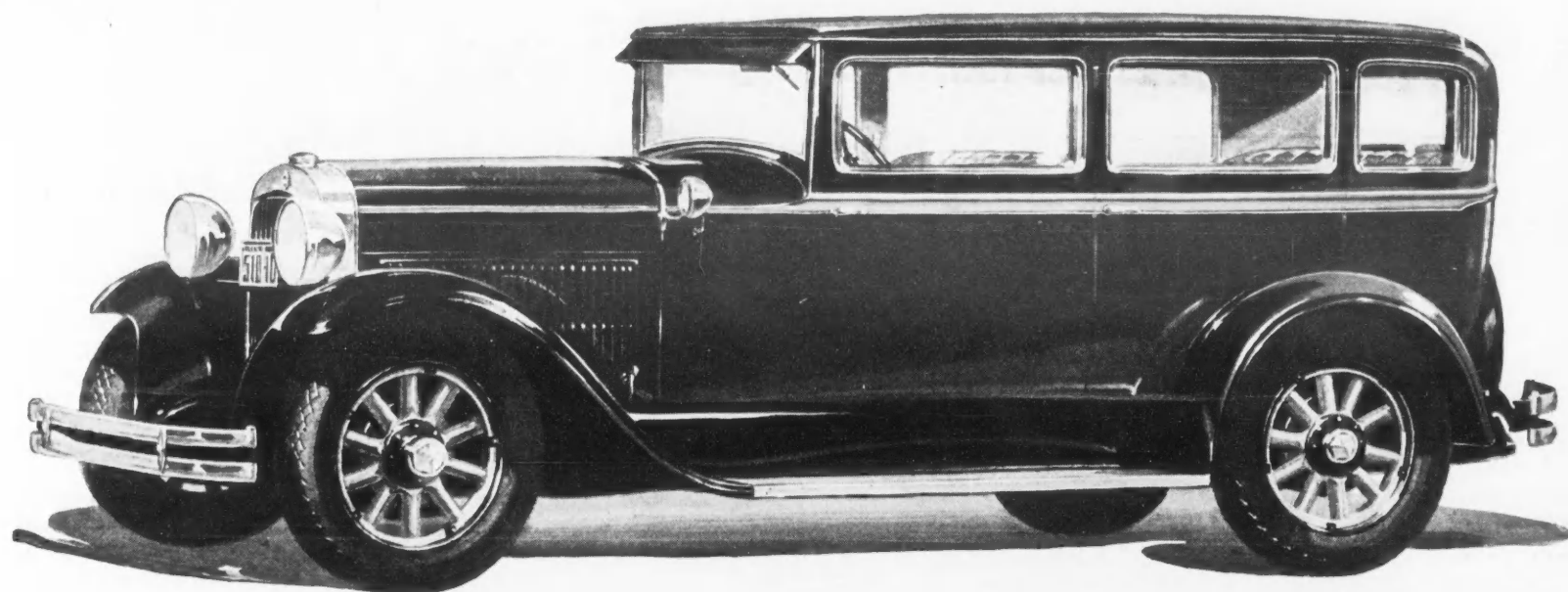
A Magazine for Canadian Women

February

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In This Issue The High Cost of Sickness



ESSEX THE CHALLENGER

76 improvements—Longer, wider, roomier, more luxurious bodies—A big, adult-size Six with big car advantages—Power increased 24%—Above 70 miles an hour top speed—Above 60 miles an hour all day—Even greater economy—New type, double-action 4-wheel brakes, not affected by weather—4 hydraulic shock absorbers—Starter and electric gauge for fuel and oil on instrument board—Easier steering, greater riding ease and comfort.

Essex the Challenger, with 76 improvements, challenges the best that motordom has to offer; a challenge of interest to all who would own the best.

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for Capricious
Childish Appetites

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SUGAR OF MILK is known to chemistry as lactose, and is recognized as a most potent agent for the propagation of beneficial intestinal flora which is nature's way of relieving intestinal disorders. By the special Kraft process the sugar of milk is extracted by a separate operation and in the making of Nukraft we are able to include much more of this valuable regulative element than is to be found in an equal amount of butter, cheese or even milk itself.

Send for our new 1929 Recipe Book—"Cheese and Ways to Serve It." It is brimful of choice cheese recipes and illustrated in colors. It is free. Address Dept. 2, 147 St. Paul Street West, Montreal.

Kraft-Phoenix Cheese Company LIMITED



Volume II

FEBRUARY, 1929

Number 2

Illustrated
by
EILEEN
WEDD



She slit the flap and drew forth a large card. On it were painted old-fashioned bouquets, and the picture was surrounded with lace, real lace. In the centre of the bouquets was the picture of a girl's face.

"TO ONE I LOVE"

By JEAN L. HINDS

IF YOU ain't sick, of course you'll go to school," said Ellen's mother in the tone of a Roman matron. "What's got into you? You was always so set on your studies."

Ellen sat primly upright in her place at the breakfast table. "I'd just like to stay at home to-day," she repeated hopelessly.

"If you was any earthly good at housework, I might let you—" her mother clattered the porridge plates into the dish pan. "An' here they're havin' a Valentine party at school to-day! Why you wanta to stay home an' mope—"

"Maybe," suggested Jim, the gentleman boarder, tilting back his chair and winking at Aunt Edith, 'maybe Ellen's in love.' He ran his fingers through his unruly, curly pompadour, and grinned delightedly at Ellen who felt her face scorching.

"I told you so!" shouted Jim. "Look at her blush! Just look at her blush!"

As if to oblige those thus invited, Ellen's face and neck burned hotter, but she set her teeth and met Jim's dancing eyes squarely. "I hate boys—and men!" she said.

"Ellen, don't be rude to Jim," admonished her mother sharply.

"That's all right," said Jim easily. "Ellen doesn't mean it. That's what her Aunt Edith here tries to tell me, but I don't believe a—"

"Jim, hush!" said Aunt Edith. "Stop teasing that poor child. You should be ashamed of yourself."

Leading Hollywood Directors Decide Girl's Greatest Charm is Smooth Skin

A GIRL'S LOVELY SKIN adds so much to her charm—a million hearts beat faster when the close-up reveals the radiant loveliness of a screen star!

To screen successfully in close-ups exquisite velvety skin is more essential than any other quality, according to leading motion picture directors.

Knowing that very little make-up can be used under the fierce lights of the close-up, screen stars always keep their skin appealingly smooth and fresh.

Nine out of ten screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap.

There are in Hollywood 451 important actresses, including all stars. 442 of these use Lux Toilet Soap. They find it keeps their skin satin-smooth.

All the great film studios, following their stars' example, have made it the official soap in their dressing rooms.

Let this white, fragrant soap care for your skin, too, as it does for 98% of the lovely complexions you see on the screen. It lathers luxuriously even in hard water.



MARY BRIAN (Paramount) and the bathroom her loveliness inspired

"The charm of a perfect skin is a social asset to any woman, but for a star it is a necessity. Lux Toilet Soap certainly keeps 'Studio Skin' in perfect condition."

Mary Brian



LOUISE BROOKS, who is famous in Hollywood for her exquisite skin, says . . . "The strong Klieg lights make the close-up so revealing! That is why so many of us use Lux Toilet Soap. It gives the skin a lovely satin smoothness."

NINE out of ten screen stars use it for their priceless smooth skin.



ELEANOR BOARDMAN, whose loveliness has made her famous among Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer stars, knows how much of a girl's charm depends on exquisite skin. . . . "Lux Toilet Soap is excellent for the very Smooth Skin, 'Studio Skin,' a screen star must have," says Miss Boardman.

BEBE DANIELS, the dark-haired Paramount beauty, says . . . "The girl with smooth skin need not fear the searching lens of the close-up. Lux Toilet Soap is a great help in keeping the skin smooth and lovely."

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, TORONTO

LUX Toilet SOAP

Luxury hitherto found only in French Soaps at 50c or \$1.00 a cake, now 10¢



The fierce lights of the close-up are merciless in their revelation—skin must be utterly smooth to look lovely.

But the danger was not over yet. Furtively she glanced at Buck. Oh, blessed relief! He was scowling blankly at the slip of paper he held in his hand. One of the other boys nudged him and whispered audibly, "Who'd you get, Buck?" Buck grimaced, and jerked his thumb toward Mabel Walsh, the belle of the class.

At that grimace Ellen knew she was blushing again, but it was a strange, new, not unpleasant kind of blushing. To be preferred to Mabel—as long as no one but herself knew it—especially Jim!

Of course, she wouldn't say anything about picking names at home. Jim could make a case out of even Charles Kennedy.

When she came in at noon her mother gave her barely time to slip into her place at the table before she began. "Mrs. Walsh is havin' a party for Mabel to-night. It was got up in a hurry. She wants you should come. I'll iron your pink dress and it'll do."

In silence Ellen continued to eat her creamed carrots.

"And, oh, Edith, I intended to tell you," went on Mrs. Pratt. "She asked if you could come over and help. I said you was goin' out with Jim, but she said to bring Jim, too. Even if it was a kid's party he was nothin' but a great big kid."

"That's me," said Jim. "I'll have some more potatoes."

And Aunt Edith fluttered. "But it's Valentine Day. We've gone out to dance somewhere together every Valentine Day for—" and stopped.

"We can go to-morrow night," said Jim buoyantly. "What difference does a date make? Old Jim has to help the flappers entertain their Valentines to-night. Of course, Edith, if you really have your little heart set on—"

"No," said Aunt Edith quickly, "oh, no. We'll go to Mabel's party."

Ellen started back to school early, to be sure not to meet Buck. When she stepped into the room, about five girls who always had lunch at school were gathered round one desk.

"Oh, Ellen," they screamed as she came in, "Oh, Ellen, what do we know about you?"

"You don't know anything about me," Ellen informed them with chill dignity.

"Oh, don't we? The boys traded names at noon and Buck gave Harvey Lee a knife and a dead rat to take Mabel's and give him yours. Harvey said he didn't care whose he had as long as he had the rat. And it was a good knife, too." If there was envy in the tones, Ellen did not hear it. "I hate Buck Simms," she said.

"Oh, Ellen, he has the longest paper route and on Saturday mornings he works at the butcher's. He'll be able to give you a swell Valentine. Ellen, is he going to take you home from the party to-night?"

"No, of course not, I don't go home with boys," replied Ellen disdainfully and stalked into the lobby.

The Valentines were distributed half an hour before dismissal. Three boys acted as postmen. Every time one of them approached her desk Ellen felt that torturing color flooding her cheeks. After she received four Valentines she breathed easier. They were all in small, mussed-looking envelopes and were from girls.

Two boys had emptied their bags of Valentines and the third was about to take his off his shoulders. Just before he did so he pulled out a large white and silver and rose-petal sprinkled envelope. Everyone was watching him. He held the envelope up, grinned fiendishly, advanced slowly toward Ellen and laid it on her desk.

Ellen continued to sit with her eyes down and her small hands clutched tightly in her lap. She made no move to open her Valentines. After a long time somebody whispered, "Ain'tcha goin' to open your Valentines, Ellen?" and excited voices broke out.

Just then Miss Baxter briskly ordered attention and told the class to collect their Valentines and books. While the rest filed out, Ellen remained in her place. She knew that, once away from the schoolroom, they'd crowd around her and she'd have to open the Valentines.

"What's the matter, Ellen?" said Miss Baxter.

"Please, Miss Baxter, I don't understand that 'rithmetic we had this morning. Would you please help me with the questions?"

So for three quarters of an hour Ellen racked her brains to think of stupid questions to ask about the arithmetic. At the end of that time Miss Baxter demanded sharply, "For goodness' sake, Ellen, what's the matter with you? You can't be well. You'd better go along home and see if you can't do better to-morrow."

Obediently Ellen put on her wraps and started out. At the door she paused, opened it a crack, and peered out into the yard. There was no sign of anyone. She stepped into the school yard and waited until she saw Miss Baxter go out. Then she slipped back into school, into her classroom, put her books on her desk, and stepped deliberately to the waste-basket with the white and silver envelope in her hand.

At the basket she grasped the envelope as if to tear it in two, but suddenly she stayed her hand. She might as well know the worst; no one else need ever hear of it.

She slit the flap and drew forth a large card. On it was

painted an old-fashioned bouquet, and the picture was surrounded with lace, real lace. "In the centre of the bouquet was the picture of a girl's face. The verse underneath read:

Are roses red? Are violets blue?

Perhaps—but none as fair as you!

Ellen's heart thumped and she looked again at the girl's face. It was small, pale, flowerlike, held proudly on a slim, fair neck. The cheeks were petal-pink; the eyes were wide and blue and looked half-sad. It was like Aunt Edith's face! Maybe—maybe it was just a little like hers! Her mother said she was the dead spit of Aunt Edith.

Her fingers refused to obey her will and tear the Valentine. Shamefacedly she slipped it back into the envelope and tucked it into her geography. Unseen, she left school, and went through the yard, unseeing, she almost bumped into Buck Simms waiting for her at the gate.

"Hello, Ellen,"

Buck joyfully.

"Lo, Buck," gulped Ellen.

Buck reached out and grabbed Ellen's books and began clumping along beside her. Horror of horrors, he was going home with her! Jim might be home from work and might see them. Ellen closed her eyes and would have stumbled on the slippery sidewalk if Buck's hand had not awkwardly steadied her.

At the corner of her street she stopped and stood, figuratively and literally, with her back to the wall.

"Give me my books, please, Buck."

"I'll carry them up to your house. It ain't much outa my way."

"No, I don't want you to—you can't come—please, I don't want—"

Buck handed over the books and Ellen heard herself saying, "Thanks—thanks for the Valentine, Buck."

Buck's hurt expression changed to one of grinning delight. "That's nothin'," he proclaimed airily. "I got a real Valentine present for you. I thought maybe you wouldn't want the other kids—well, anyway, I posted it."

"When?" gasped Ellen.

"This morning. You'll get it this afternoon. I'm just tellin' you, so's you'll know who sent it. There's no name in it."

"Oh—oh—thanks—good-bye." Ellen dashed toward home. The postman came about half-past five. It was nearly five now. In half an hour—what could she do? She resolved to sit on the doorstep and wait for the postman.

For five minutes she waited, chilled through and through her teeth chattering. She saw Jim turn the corner and come striding up the street. Despair clutched her.

"Hello, kid," he boomed. "What's the idea of sitting round on the doorstep? Does your sweetie usually go by at this time?"

"I waited for you," Ellen informed him coldly.

They went in together. Aunt Edith was in the parlor, playing soft, tinkling things on the mellow old piano. When they came in, her long lashes swept up and Ellen saw her half-sad blue eyes light as they always did when she greeted Jim. Her fingers began straying over slower, sweeter melodies, but Jim threw himself on the Chesterfield and said, "Play something snappy."

Ellen hung her coat in the hall and stood by it. She began to wonder if it were really true, and not a bad dream. Anyway it was best to stay in the hall and take no chances. Besides, her mother had told her not to stick around Aunt Edith and Jim.

Her presence evidently didn't worry Jim, for he called, "C'mere, kid, and let's see what your sheik put in the Valentine box for you."

Unable to think of any excuse, Ellen entered the parlor and handed Jim four grimy envelopes. "Girls sent me

"As he showers his kisses on me," secondary clause," whispered Ellen faintly, and sank back into her seat.



these," she said stiffly as she thought of the one a girl had not sent.

"From Bessie," read Jim, "from Alice; from Mildred; from Bernadette." Some Valentines! Where's the one your boy-friend sent you?"

Ellen thought of an advertisement she had seen for something to cure blushing. That terrible hot feeling was sweeping over her face again. Jim was slapping his knee and chuckling. "Sly minx, you can't fool an old-timer like—"

The door bell rang. "Mail!" called a man's voice.

Ellen tried to rise but her knees seemed to give way. Her mother and Jim reached the door together.

"A parcel," said Mrs. Pratt. "A parcel for Miss E. Pratt."

Ellen was at Aunt Edith's side, clutching her hand fiercely. "Oh," she whispered, "say it's for you. Please! Please! Oh, Aunt Edith, say it's for you. Please say it's for you!"

Aunt Edith gave her one puzzled look and squeezed her hand, hard. "It's for me. I was expecting it," she said.

"What on earth can it be?" wondered Ellen's mother as she re-entered the parlor and handed it to Aunt Edith. Jim stood with his feet apart and his hands in his pockets, waiting to see what on earth it might be.

"Now I wonder if I should satisfy these curious people. What do you think, Ellen?" asked Aunt Edith.

Ellen remembered Buck's words, "I didn't put my name in it," and replied, "Yes, let's see what's in it."

Aunt Edith tore the wrappings off and revealed a white box. She lifted the lid and there was another box, a box of chocolates—but such a gorgeous box of chocolates. It was red, heart-shaped, satin-ribbon-tied, bearing a gold-lettered card on its silky, rounded bosom. Jim bent over and read the gold-lettered card aloud—"To one I love," and there was no twinkle in his eyes.

"Well, whoever sent you that?" demanded Ellen's mother with a delighted, triumphant glance at Jim.

"Valentines are always mysteries," smiled Aunt Edith. She was blushing again, too, not red, but soft rosy-pink like the girl on the Valentine. Jim neglected to mention it.

Mrs. Pratt went out to finish getting supper and motioned Ellen to follow. But before she went Ellen saw Jim grasp Aunt Edith's wrist and whisper quite fiercely, "Who's sending you chocolates 'To one I love?'"

Supper was eaten in strained (Continued on page 48)

In her pink georgette dress she looked even smaller and slimmer than usual, almost as tiny as Ellen. And her face was more than ever like that lovely flower-face on the Valentine.



Ellen clenched her fists under the table. If Aunt Edith would only slap him instead of talking to him in that coaxing voice, like she always did. However, Jim's attention was for the moment diverted.

"Now, Edith, old sweetheart," he began, and put his arm carelessly around Aunt Edith's shoulders. Aunt Edith's face, fair like Ellen's, became rosy. "Another one!" exulted Jim. "Another one blushing! It must run in the—"

Ellen felt her mother grasp her arm, jerk her out of her chair, and propel her through the living room and into the front hall. "When you see Jim start to put his arm around Edith, you stop sticking 'round and get out," she was instructed in a loud whisper.

Wriggling forlornly into her sweater and reefer coat, Ellen was stirred to indignation. "I wasn't sticking 'round," she began, but her mother paid no attention, and began muttering angrily to herself, "Not that I suppose anything'll ever come of it. Before I'd let any man keep me waitin' round for seven years—Here, never mind standin' there, seein' what you can hear. Get along to school and let me hear no more of your nonsense."

Ellen set bleakly forth. The shabby houses and dingy street were unlovely with melting ice and gray snow. Her rubbers were too big, and at every step she had to press her toes down till it hurt in order to hold them on. A tear squeezed its way out of the corner of one eye, but was arrested by a tiny, spotless cotton handkerchief before it ventured down the small white cheek.

At the corner of the street was a small stationery store which usually sold pencils, scribbles, erasers, chewing-gum, and a very inexpensive brand of chocolates. But at this season the sober tools of everyday work were pushed back and the show window was gaily decked with Valentines—Valentines, foamy with lace and sugary with sentiment, for the convenience of inarticulate lovers; Valentines, leering with insulting pictures whereby you might anonymously express your feelings toward your enemy.

Ellen wasted no time pondering over these; rather, she turned her eyes away, as one does from a loathsome sight. But her steps lagged, and at the corner of the store she stopped. Shrinking back against its wall, she thrust her head just far enough forward to allow her to peer anxiously down the intersecting street. Her heart thumped and sank with sickening heaviness. Her worst fears were realized.

Squelching along through the wet snow was a big boy with huge hands and feet, his cap set on the back of his fiery red hair. Desperately Ellen dodged along the side of the stationer's and cowered against the wall.

She heard heavy steps reach the corner, turn, and then stop. Occasional shufflings in the snow told her that the red-headed boy was hesitating in front of the Valentines. Then her strained ears heard the shop door open and close, and she knew he had gone in. She clutched her books under her arm and tensed every muscle, preparing to make a wild dash for school; then, fearing she would not be out of sight before the boy reappeared, wilted back against the wall.

The February air was chill and damp, and as she was in the shadow of the store no ray of sun could reach her. She hugged her own thin body and buried the tip of her reddening nose in the shoulder of her reefer. Then the raw wind struck at the back of her neck and she raised her head for a second, only to duck it back again into the scant warmth of her shoulder.

For aeons she teetered from one foot to the other before she heard the door open and the boy start off. And after the sound of his footsteps had died away, she waited aeons longer, picturing herself returning home and being driven out, picturing herself being late for school, picturing herself starting for school and catching up with the red-headed boy.

She managed to avert all three catastrophes. She started to school much too late to see the red-headed boy on the way; she entered her Grade VII classroom a second before the bell rang.

The cloakroom was a mass of milling and squirming young humanity. The feminine element slid out of its wraps and chanted the eleven parts of the verb "to be" under its breath with furious, eleventh-hour concentration; those of the sterner sex punched each other with cautiously silent ferocity.

With the ease born of long practice, Ellen slid under and through the mêlée in an effort to find a hook for her coat. She sidled past what appeared to be a young rugby game and found herself face to face with the red-headed boy, standing with one huge paw firmly clamped around a hook.

Flight through the packed lobby was impossible. The boy beamed down on Ellen and whispered, "Here's a hook for you, kid."

There was nothing to do but to rip off her coat and throw it on the hook before anyone noticed. But her haste was her undoing, for the coat fell to the floor and the boy picked it up, shook it carefully, brushed some dust from the collar, and hung it up with clumsy solicitude.

Ellen felt hot and cold as she heard a titter behind her and a voice muttering, "Am—are—art—is—Ellen Pratt and Buck Simms—was—wast—Ellen and Buck, oh Ellen and Buck—"

Ellen fled to her seat and, opening her grammar text-book, stared at it, miserably, unseeingly. That she, Ellen Pratt, should be the object of the unfaltering devotion of Buck Simms was nothing short of disaster. If Jim ever found out! But Jim was never going to find out. She ground her small teeth and with a fiercely determined effort of will fixed her attention on the grammar text-book.

Fresh horror threatened her as she looked over the lesson they were going to have that day. If Miss Baxter asked her to analyze that fourth sentence she'd—she'd just die! Why did they put sentences like that in the grammar anyway?

During grammar period she tried to look as if she didn't know the first three sentences lest she'd be asked, but her plan failed. "Fourth sentence—" began Miss Baxter.

Ellen put up her hand. Miss Baxter would think she knew and leave her alone. But Miss Baxter's ways were incalculable. "Ellen Pratt," she announced.

"It's—it's not—I mean part of it's rubbed out in my grammar."

"Dorothy, lend Ellen your grammar. All right, Ellen, go

right ahead now, analyze the fourth sentence correctly."

Ellen pulled herself to her feet and tried to summon her voice.

"Quickly, please," snapped Miss Baxter.

"In my ear is the moan of the pines"—principal clause," began Ellen tremulously.

"Yes, yes, go on. That's right," encouraged Miss Baxter.

"In my heart is the song of the sea"—principal clause. "And I feel his salt breath on my face"—principal clause." Ellen's voice grew thick, and she faltered.

"That's fine, Ellen. Go on."

"As he showers his kisses on me"—secondary clause," whispered Ellen faintly, and sank back into her seat.

"Very good, Ellen. Your work is excellent, but you need more confidence in yourself. Boys and girls, what is there to giggle about? Stop this nonsense immediately!"

The giggling stopped, but Ellen's ears were pink for an hour afterward. However, when the noon bell rang she had almost regained her poise. Now to get out before Buck was ready.

"Just a minute, boys and girls," said Miss Baxter in a voice different from her geography and spelling and grammar tones. "We'll take a few minutes to arrange for our Valentine party."

GRADE VII settled itself with unusual willingness.

"Of course, while no one in this room is without friends," explained Miss Baxter tactfully, "it might happen that someone would be overlooked and we want everyone to have at least one Valentine. So we're going to exchange names. You may send as many other Valentines as you wish, but you must send one to the person whose name you draw."

"Let the boys pick the girls' names and the girls pick the boys'," burst out an incurable romanticist from the front seat.

Miss Baxter looked kittenish and said she guessed that would be the best way.

Then she went into the lobby and reappeared with Ellen's brown velvet hat in one hand and Buck's scarlet knit cap in the other. The class snickered happily while she put the slips with the girls' names into Ellen's hat and those with boys' names into Buck's. She passed up and down the aisles, proffering the brown hat to the boys, the scarlet to the girls.

With trembling hand, Ellen drew forth a slip of paper and opened it—"Charles Kennedy". She gave a sigh of relief. Charles was a spectacled, studious child whom no one could suspect of romantic attachments. She would do her duty send him a severe red card with "Happy Valentine" printed on it and no one would imagine for a minute it was anything more than a business transaction.

Buck was sitting stiffly in one corner, a very evident victim of the pink cardboard cupid that swung on the nearest wall and pointed its arrow straight at his heart.



a tempo *dim.*
Love goes on his way. But

a tempo *Adim.*
take a kiss for thy Va-len-tine, It's joy shall last—for aye, Sir,

Allegretto *p* *rall.*
Hide it with-in thy heart, Then time from thee can-not part The

piu allegro *mf* *rall.* *f* *p*
mem-ry of—that day, Sir, The me-mo-ry of that day

cresc. *rall.* *f* *ff*
cresc. *rall.*

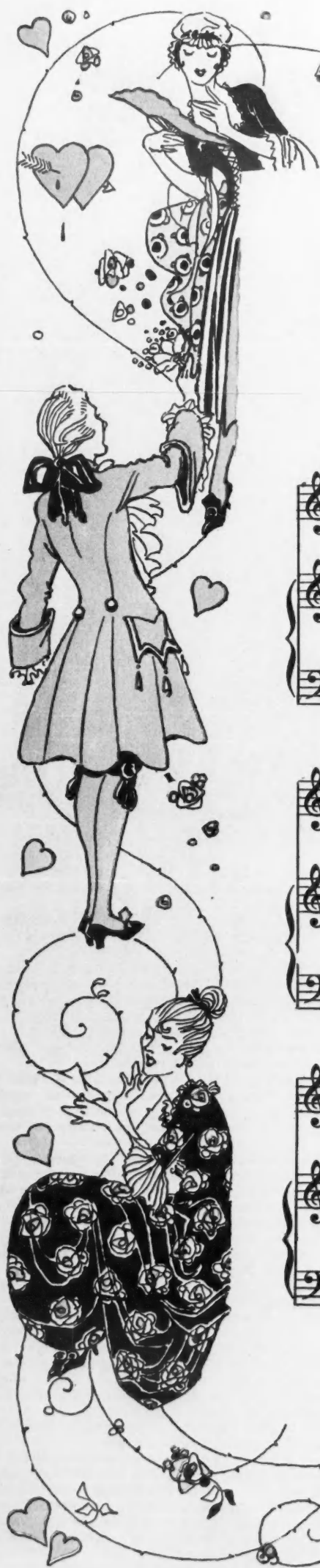


A VALENTINE

WORDS BY
CORAL BIRCH

MUSIC BY
NORMAN SYDNEY

Allegro grazioso



than a bowl. They flourish indoors, however, for they love sun and heat. Their leaves, with their little bladders of air, float on the surface making a nest of green for the hyacinth-like bloom, while their fern-like roots hang gracefully down in the water. They do better if these roots can drag on soil or enter it, which is possibly in the shallow water of the indoor aquarium. They are rather more decorative than useful, however, while the other plants named which live in, as well as on the water, serve both purposes.

Try to get young plants—or if that is impossible remove any old growth that seems half dead from old stock. Coarse sand is the best bed for water plants, and satisfactory for the general welfare of the aquarium as well. An individual grain the size of granulated sugar or a pin-head is the best—ordinary building sand. Very fine sand is apt to pack, while pebbles without sand may clog siphons when water is being changed, or collect dirt or food particles which fish or snails cannot reach. A few pebbles of fair size are pretty, however, and interest the fish, who often play with them. So, too, are vari-colored marbles, or bits of water-worn, smooth-edged glass, sometimes picked up on the seashore.

There is no danger of overplanting the aquarium, so long as the fish can move about freely, and are not obscured by the plants' growth. The plants may be placed directly in the sand, or in diminutive pots which may be removed when the aquarium is cleaned. In potting, place a few pebbles in the bottom of the pot, and then a layer of soil. Plant the roots in the soil and then cover with about one-half inch of sand, to keep the earth from clouding the aquarium water. An inverted piece of turf is good for these pots—but best of all, if one can get it, is soil from a pond or stream.

The sand must be clean before it is placed in the aquarium. It must be washed until the water runs from it clear. Then it may be laid on the bottom of the bowl to the depth of about half an inch, and covered with about two inches of water.

Arrange the roots of plants in the positions desired, leaving enough room for new plants to form from runners, and then cover with from one to two inches of sand, taking care not to completely cover any of the leaves. Use only enough to hold the plants in position. Fill the aquarium, then with an orange stick, skewer or small stick, gently free any of the leaves which may be held down by sand. Pull the plants upward with the hand so that the crown from which the leaves branch out protrudes above the sand bed. Try not to let the plants get dry while working; sprinkle them or lay in water.

Fill the tank with a watering can or spray-nozzle. This will prevent disturbing plants as well as aerate the water. Allow to stand for at least a day, preferably a week, before introducing fish or snails. Have the temperature between 60° and 70° Fahrenheit, if possible, which is ideal, although anything from 50° to 80° is safe. A floating aquarium thermometer is an excellent investment if you take your fish seriously, for sudden changes in temperature are dangerous—often fatal.

In your plants you have provided one important factor in the balanced aquarium, which, when once properly established, will need to be changed only once in months, perhaps for a thorough cleansing of the glass, or a change of the sand bed if it has for some reason become foul. Your fish will tell you if their water needs changing by coming to the surface and gasp-

ing for air. Sometimes this is only caused by a temporary shortage of oxygen as generated by the plants, due to lack of light, or general atmospheric depression; if the fish continue to signal, however, the water must be partially or entirely changed. This is done by siphoning out by means of a rubber tube, and gently replacing with water of the same temperature.

Highly chlorinized water is dangerous to fish, and may be made safe by boiling. If your city water is known to contain strong germicides, it is best to secure water from some pond or stream, as there is no method of safely removing the poisonous substance. Distilled water is equally bad for fish. If your bowl is given one or two hours' full sunlight daily and diffused light for the rest of the day, the plants will function well in keeping the water supplied with oxygen. Do not overheat the water.

There is one more active principle which must be at work in the balanced aquarium—that is, the natural scavenger. The snail acts as the aquatic street-cleaner, as well as adding color and amusement to the tank. The most satisfactory and easily obtained are the large Japanese variety, the African paper-shelled, the Ramshorn and the pond snail. The Potomac snail which resembles the large Japanese variety, is frequently sold in its stead, but is a lazy creature, and not of much use. He has two brown stripes on a horn-colored background, and does not have the slightly raised formation of the last and smallest spiral—a distinguishing mark of the large Japanese. The Japanese, the Ramshorn and the small black pond snail are the best workers and the longest lived.

Now you are ready for your fish—any variety you choose in numbers commensurate with your surface area. Go to a reliable dealer, and buy young

fish, preferably not over one year old. Fish vary in price, according to age and breed. Common goldfish, up to two inches, range from ten to twenty cents; up to four inches, about twenty-five to thirty cents. Comets are about twice the price of commons, and fantails about three times.

Scaled telescopes at one year run from \$1.50 to \$4, blue calicos and Moors (telescopes), \$2 to \$6. In districts where dealers are far from wholesale markets, prices would undoubtedly be somewhat higher. Prices also change from year to year, according to success or failure in breeding, but these figures are approximate.

Your first problem, when the fish are safely transported and placed in the aquarium, will be feeding. Remember in this regard one rule—feed sparingly. When the temperature is 60° or higher, feed once daily, giving just enough food to be consumed in five minutes. Anything left after that time should be removed. When the water is from 55° to 60°, which is not uncommon or harmful in the winter, every other day is, as a

general rule, sufficient. Ordinary prepared fish foods are hard to recommend and home-made fish food is a

nuisance. Canada boasts the only fish hospital in the world and there by experiment has been evolved a food which very nearly approaches that found in nature. It is, fortunately for aquarium enthusiasts, sold commercially and we shall be glad to supply the address of the makers on request. Here, too, you may send your ailing fish for treatment, or write for advice on home nursing.

YOU will, we predict, find your goldfish bowl a delightful hobby, and its management a great interest. There are many small "twists" which you will learn from time to time in keeping it healthy and beautiful—but note some of these suggestions, which may mean the difference between failure and success.

Keep your bowl free from acid by placing a small piece of plaster-of-Paris in the water.

Add a pinch of salt to the water now and then, especially if entirely new. It is healing and healthful.

Do not introduce strange fish until they have been observed for about two weeks. Place them in water, slightly salted, when they arrive, which will lessen danger of disease from bruises in shipping.

Remove an ailing fish immediately with a net (which may be purchased at any pet shop); always rinse the net in cold water.

The whole aquarium can be disinfected after a diseased fish has been removed by placing three grains of permanganate of potash to the gallon of water in the tank containing plants, but from which all live things have been removed. A little of this solution will do no harm if left in when the tank is refilled, and livestock replaced.

Clean the aquarium glass with steel wool or a metal mit as used in the kitchen. Salt or bath brick is also good.

Use glass to protect the surface of the bowl from excessive coal gas or tobacco smoke, or remove the bowl from a room in which the atmosphere is heavily laden.

If dust or scum forms on the surface of the water, remove by placing a sheet of newspaper the size of the bowl or tank on the water, and "wiping" off.

LIGHTING the goldfish bowl, particularly if colored, has proved a very lovely method of producing an unusual and beautiful effect in incidental lighting. The illustration shown on the first page of this article shows how this may be tellingly carried out. Pine boughs placed in glass bowls and lighted from behind, give much the same effect, but not so brilliant.

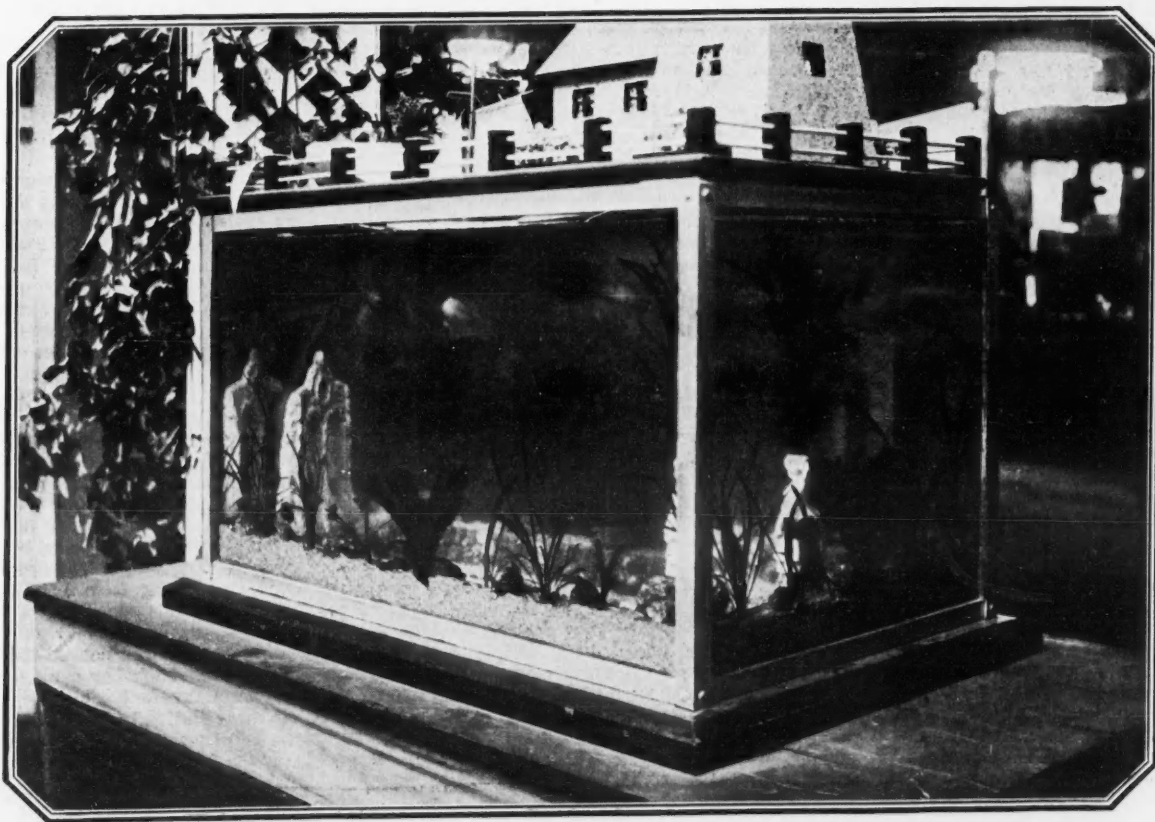
The well-balanced aquarium requires at least a gallon of water per fish, sunlight, water plants and several scavenger snails. This one is a beautiful example.



Goldfish and calico telescope among parrot's feather.



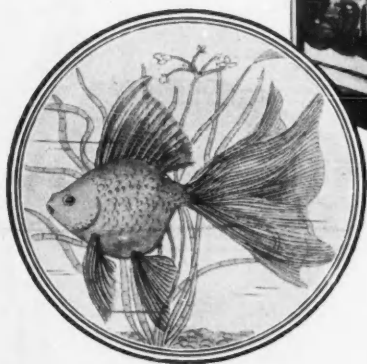
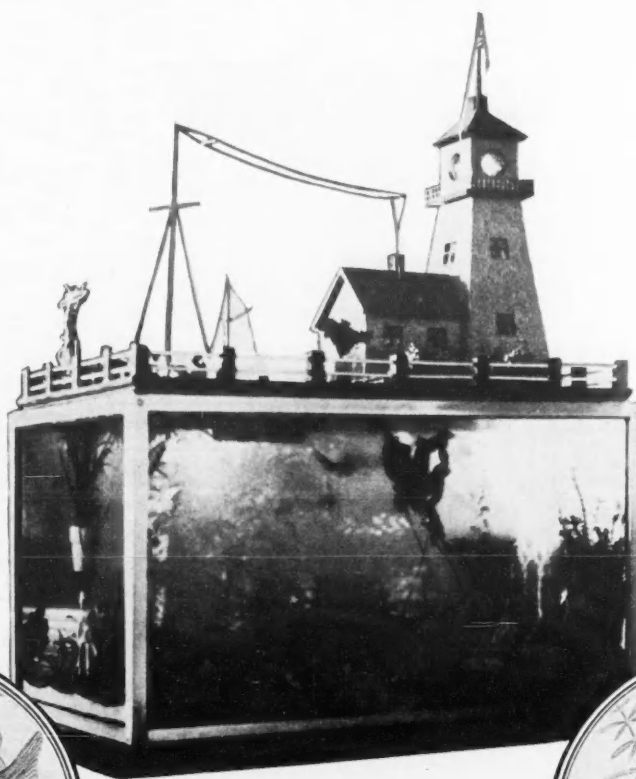
A comet swimming among water poppies.



The Decorative Goldfish



And his place
in a
well-balanced
world



A prize-winning aquarium exhibited at the Canadian National Exhibition. In it will be seen water plants growing in pots and on the floor of the aquarium. At left, the Japanese fringetail swimming among sagittaria. At right, a Chinese Moor swimming among cabomba and anacharis.



By ANNE ELIZABETH WILSON

THE medical profession has recently discovered that goldfish, with their harmonious, beautiful movements, their color and their life, are one of the most efficacious of modern treatments for nervous ills. Many hospitals now provide aquaria for convalescent patients to watch—for they give interest which is at once continuous and restful.

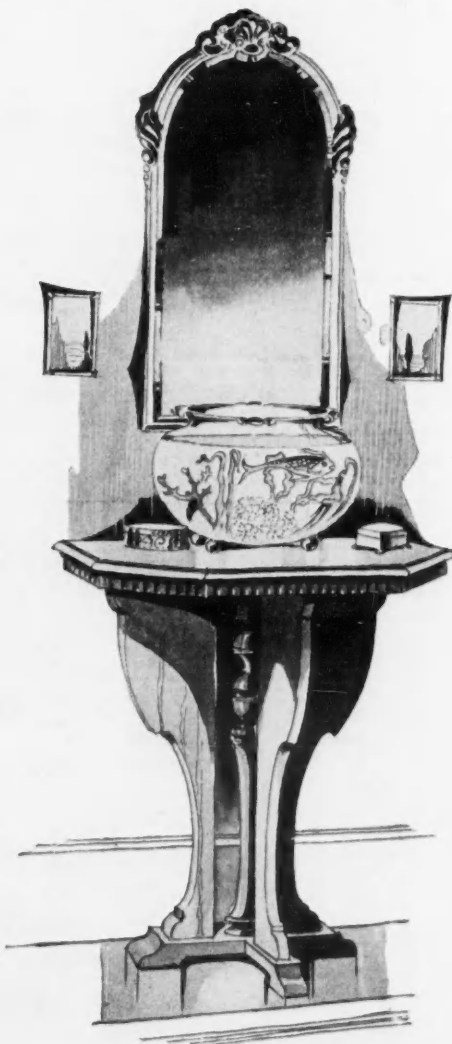
But interior decoration discovered the beauty of goldfish and their surroundings some time ago, and of late the old-fashioned and incidentally unscientific, round fish-globe, has been almost entirely replaced by bowls as beautiful in color and form as anything a submarine garden might boast, and by the same token, happier environments for their water denizens.

Someone said to me in a spirit of great scorn recently, "So you are thinking of getting goldfish? I suppose you'll also be having a canary bird and a red geranium." And though I was considerably taken aback at the picture of the *Cotter's Saturday Night* front parlor which the suggestion brought to mind, it made me remember with pain some of the melancholy goldfish bowls I have seen in just such parlors, where pale, gasping inhabitants of round bowls clung to the diminutive surface of the water for a little air, or wound in and out of bare bubble-studded "castles" like wraiths in fairylands forlorn.

Poor suffocated fish! How they lived through the dreary days as long as they did is a biological mystery. Early in my career as an animal lover I tried to make a point of telling well-meaning owners, "Your fish will die if you don't get them some water plants and a snail" much as we children, as proud members of The Humane Society, used to inform local owners of pet stock that chicken bones out of the garbage can would kill their dogs, or fleas would eventually cause their kittens to die of nervous prostration.

But appreciation of fish as a decorative asset has worked miracles for their well-being as well as placing them higher in the social scale, and the beautiful aquarium in which water plants wave, iridescent pebbles gleam, and the scavenger snail ambles, is an addition to any dignified and colorful room.

LIKE all things, an aquarium is best started in a small way, until one has mastered the technique of management. A twelve-inch globe, two thirds filled, so that the surface of the water comes at its widest point, can be made into a very attractive finny home. A large bowl, to avoid cracking, should be set on felt or in a saucer of fine sand, so that the weight may be borne evenly, instead of on a few points. Fish experts recommend the "keystone" shape of globe, which is made in very reasonable as well as the more



expensive, types, rather than the old-fashioned round globe of front-parlor tradition.

Into such a globe might safely be introduced four fish an inch long in the body, or two fish two inches long in the body, or one fish four inches long in the body, if of the fancy varieties; or six common goldfish one inch long, or three two inches long, or two three inches long. The correct theory of balance between water surface and fish is as follows:

Tropical or Fancy Fish—Twenty-four square inches of water surface to every inch of fish.

Common Goldfish—Eighteen square inches of water surface to every inch of fish.

The working out of the number of fish to the aquarium is a simple mathematical problem of area. In a rectangular aquarium, to find the water surface, the width is multiplied by the length. In a cylindrical bowl, the radius, or half the diameter is multiplied by itself and then, by 3-1/2. To find the number of fish which this surface, will take, this figure is divided by the number of inches in fish.

Plants are the life of the aquarium." They supply oxygen, their roots absorb products of decomposition and their leaves provide a certain amount of food for the fish. The naturalizing of your bowl will be interesting. There is a wide choice of water plants, but unfortunately all are not locally available. One of the most common and easily available is cabomba. Commercially, it is the leading aquatic plant. Very much like it in appearance, though much finer, is myriophyllum, which is sometimes seen in the pet shops, though not so often. Myriophyllum proserpinacoides, or parrot's feather, has a charming effect, for its leaves creep on the surface of the water. Anacharis is a very common Canadian water plant and is to be had from dealers generally. It grows rapidly, and gives off considerable oxygen. Its one drawback is that it frequently deteriorates and grows yellow in an indoor aquarium. When this occurs the green portions should be plucked off and replanted, and the yellowed parts discarded. Of all aquarium plants, however, sagittaria is the most useful and hardy, and is usually easily obtained. For the small aquarium, *Sagittaria subulata* is the variety to ask for. Water hyacinths are lovely things, but difficult to obtain, and are really better suited to a large rectangular aquarium

A twelve-inch bowl can be made very beautiful, particularly if it is colored and a light can be thrown behind it at night. Note the shape and low water of this modern bowl.

farm was hers. She was absolutely alone in the world. "La guerre, M'sieu, la guerre—" so much information the old cook imparted, unasked. Instinctively, she called him "M'sieu" though the other men went by their given names. She noted his gentle manners approvingly and reported on them to her mistress.

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Aimée nodded, and the old woman rambled on. "I try to get him to say even a word, just to hear it, it is so smooth, so rich, yet with depths. But he is very silent. He keeps himself to himself, hardly passes the time of day, though he never fails to thank me when I wait on him, as though I were a lady. He is a mystery, Mam'selle, there's no denying it. That he keeps himself aloof, *le pauvre*, is only natural—that terrible mask! See you, Mam'selle, I dream of it!"

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He schooled his heart with stern reminders: "I must not look. I will not remember. *Sainte Vierge*, have I not suffered enough?"

But he could not ignore her. The whole farm breathed her presence. Though he held himself remote, the sweet influences of her life pursued him. The place was stocked with the finest cattle; it was her wish. Their quarters were kept scrupulously clean, to the farm-hand in charge, ridiculously so. It was her orders. For her delight, the dooryard plot had been extended, and there she had her garden of flowers and sweet-smelling medicinal herbs. Her flapping sunbonnet, like a huge blossom or a butterfly, was visible far down the road when she worked among her flowerbeds in the evening. Try as he would, Jean Michel could not keep his eyes from it as he drove his oxen homeward; it haunted his thoughts all during the day—something lovely, but terrible and forbidden.

Did he succeed in avoiding her, her poor were forever underfoot—decrepit old men chanting her praises with cracked feeble voices as they left the farm after a bountiful meal; trembling old women carrying little baskets of food and fresh-ground coffee, or bunches of herbs for the rheumatism. They called on all the saints of the calendar to bless her tender heart. Little children, their mouths still crumbly with cookie, balancing with earnest care pails of frothy, creamy milk, prized blossoms in chubby fists—*Mam'selle Aimée!* Without a gesture she reached out and plucked at his heart.

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Now he had returned to the Far Fields, and, wearied, had thrown himself down to rest in the shade of his favorite walnut-tree where the shadows seemed as cool as water. From the village came the merry music of the carousel, mingled with the shouts and laughter of the country-folk. Some of them were riding round and round on the elephants, the swans, the camels and giraffes of the carousel, while others danced on the

green to the squeaky tones of the *père* Tadousset's old violin. They were husbands and wives, young men and their sweet hearts—the thought seared like a flame.

Jean Michel jumped up, and, walking along the stream facing the sunset, began to sing. This much he would allow himself, once more to vent the misery of his sore, self-conquered heart in song.

"*Mon cœur s'ouvre à la voix*—" Wild, sweet, passionate, vibrant with love and longing, his voice rose in the immortal aria. Face upturned, eyes blinded by the glory of the sun, he sang, pouring out his soul in the evening air. All his grief was there, all his longing, his desire, his renunciation. He fell silent.

"Bravo! Bravo! Jean Michel Larousse, oh, bravo!" Bewildered, still shaken with the force of his emotion, he put out a hand to steady himself. "Who is there? Who speaks?"

As he said the words his eyes found her, Mam'selle Aimée, in her lavender Sunday gown, seated under a wild plum tree, its virginal bloom flushed to pink in the rays of the sinking sun.

He stood straight before her and spoke almost roughly. "You! You know me? Who then are you?"

"Come, be seated, my friend. Surrender to the inevitable. You have fled from love, but love has pursued and overtaken you."

Her voice, surcharged with emotion, was schooled to restraint.

"Love is not for me—"

"What! You sing like that, and you have not loved?" Wilfully she misunderstood him.

Still a little dazed, he obeyed her and sat down. "Love—Yes, I loved once—that was long ago—"

His voice trailed into silence. Then suddenly he plunged into speech, broken tumultuous speech, like the water that flows through a break in an over full dam. She listened breathlessly, afraid to move lest she break the strange spell.

"It was before the war. Look you, I was a farmer's son. Our farm was in the north, near Alsace. Ours was a prosperous place, wide fields, stone houses, sleek cattle. There was the father, the mother, my brother and myself. Now I alone am left. Better that I too had died than live like this, an object of terror and pity. From the time I was a little fellow I loved to sing. They said the cows gave more generously when I milked them, because I sang to them. One day, when I was a tall lad, I was driving the cows along the road, singing as was my custom, when a party in a motor-car overtook me. They heard me sing. They stopped. There was a man there who became wildly excited. He made me sing to him again and again. He persuaded my parents—at last I went with him to Paris to learn to sing.

"Paris! Music! Those were years! He was kind to me, he loved me as a son. I was happy, very happy, but sometimes lonely for the farm, for the sights and smells of the countryside, for the kindly beasts who were my comrades, and for my own folk, simple and loving.

"At last I was ready, my master was pleased with me, proud of me. I was to sing, to be presented to a great audience, expectant, critical—my fortunes were in the balance. My old father and mother, my brother, all came down from the farm to be there. They had never been in Paris before. It was a great day.

"And a great night—the sea of white faces, like a field of daisies by moonlight. I sang—"

He broke off and sat silent for a moment. The girl beside him dared hardly breathe

(Continued on page 53)



"And his face—he is handsome, with a noble look about the eyes and forehead, and a merry smile about the lips?"

"As to that, Ma'm'selle, I cannot say. He wears a mask."

DOWER FARM

*A story of
love triumphant
through sorrow*

By MARY ELIZABETH
COLEMAN



Face upturned, eyes
blinded by the glory
of the sun, he sang,
pouring out his soul
in the evening air.
All his grief was
there, all his longing,
his desire, his renun-
ciation.

Illustrated by HOWARD ELLIS

JEAN MICHEL'S shoulders had a dejected droop as he strode along the lane with his back to the sunset. The hawthorn hedges were white as drifted snow, and from the new ploughed fields on either side came the mystic odor that betokens reawakening life. As the sun disappeared behind the hills, an expectant hush was born; even the little wind that teased the tender leaves of the linden was stilled—the world waited in the twilight.

Suddenly the stillness was broken, shattered into a thousand silver fragments by the evening song of a thrush to his mate. Jean Michel stood still and doffed his cap, lifting his face to the invisible chorister as though he would drink the melody at one long draught. The thrush ended his song at last, and from the far distance came the elusive call of the cuckoo. Instantly, Jean Michel's hand went to his pocket, and with a little laugh he jingled the few coins that lay there.

"So, bread and cheese for another year. Thank you, Monsieur Cuckoo, I had need of a good omen—and here is another—"

Faint but clear came the notes of the Angelus. Reverently he crossed himself and stood with bowed head and clasped hands.

A fine figure of a man he was, tall and slim, but powerfully built, wearing hobnail boots, blue trousers and peasant blouse. He carried a pack on his back, and in his hand a staff of oak rudely carved. But when the eye reached his face it met with a shock, a mask.

A mask cunningly made and fitted, of some rubberoid fabric, supplied with features reasonably good-looking, colored in naturalistic tones and wearing a pleasant expression. But there was something so unnatural about that fixed, unchanging smile, that dead face behind which gleamed dark eyes startlingly, vividly alive, that the whole impression was of something sinister—one looked with horror and turned away with relief. Jean Michel knew this—it could not be hidden from him.

When the last note of the bells had died away, he put his cap on, and straightening his shoulders walked forward with purposeful strides. Soon a turn in the road brought him within sight of a little village resting among fields like a bird in its nest. To his right stretched a prosperous farm, and a few steps brought him to the paved courtyard around which crouched the low stone buildings. House, stables and barn, all under one roof, man and beast companions, acknowledged their mutual dependence.

Several peasants sat about on benches ranged along the walls where the delicate leaves and tendrils of an ancient vine clambered to the roof. A clucking hen moved slowly across the yard followed by her fluttering, downy brood: a

pensive cow plunged her nose in the cool water of the fountain; and the pigeons in the loft were settling down with little rustlings, last minute flights and half-hushed cooing notes.

Jean Michel advanced boldly, doffed his cap and addressed the men. "You need perhaps a ploughman?"

They stared at him in silence, forgetting to puff at their pipes. One detached himself from the group.

"It might be—"

He advanced to the door of the kitchen and called. "Mam'selle—"

"One instant, *mon ami*—" a clear young voice replied, from within.

The man sat down again and pulled slowly at his pipe. The others followed his example with surreptitious startled glances at the waiting Jean Michel.

A woman came to the door. "You called me, *Maitre Joseph*?"

"Yes, *Mam'selle*. Here is a man wants a job as ploughman. Old Pierre will be no use this season again—"

"The man is a stranger?"

"A stranger, yes—"

She considered. Jean Michel watched her intently. She was just above middle height, lithe and young, almost beautiful. She carried her small head proudly, and her abundant hair, caught in a soft roll at the nape of her neck, was marked with gray.

She spoke. "You are a good ploughman, and yet you must look for work?"

Jean Michel shrugged his shoulders. "It is the war, *Mam'selle*."

At the sound of his voice she started. "Your name?" she queried.

"They call me Jean Michel, *Mam'selle*."

"Jean Michel—" she left the words delicately poised, but if the man realized the implied question he took no note of it and answered simply.

"Oui, *Mam'selle*."

"Where are you from, Jean Michel?"

"Ouchy-sur-Loire, *Mam'selle*."

"You are sober?" she asked sharply, and at his answer, "Very well. You are engaged. *Maitre Joseph* here is the one from whom you take your orders."

She entered the house again, and from the doorway called. "*Maitre Joseph*, one little moment—"

The man followed her into the kitchen. "Tell me, *mon ami*, he is tall and straight, like a young poplar tree?" She spoke with a strange, breathless eagerness.

Joseph took his pipe out of his mouth and answered with a look of surprise. "*Mais oui, Mam'selle*."

"And his face—he is handsome, with a noble look about the eyes and forehead, and a merry smile about the lips?"

"As to that, *Mam'selle*, I cannot say. He wears a mask."

"A mask!" she fell back a step, appalled.

"Aye, a mask."

The girl gave a little gasp and caught her hand to her heart.

"That is all, Joseph. You may go."

JEAN MICHEL was content. He ploughed the Far Fields of Dower Farm. They were so called because they lay at a distance of some kilometres from the main farm lands and on the other side of the village. They were isolated; only from the top of the rise at their head did one glimpse the village roofs.

Jean Michel was content. Strongly he guided the plough, his great body thrown about with the wild rhythm of a storm-tossed ship. The white bodies of Moufflou and Moufflon, the two great oxen, might have been the crests of great waves now glimpsed and now lost as he followed in the trough of the furrow.

Heat, the intoxicating odor of the steaming upturned soil, a mating lark painting the sky with mad ecstasy of song, the languorous murmur of honey-seeking bees, the cool monotonous rhythm of running water as he neared the stream at the foot of the fields, fatigue, blessed fatigue cleansing as a flame—all these were his.

At noon he fed the beautiful white beasts, his comrades, and sitting in the sparse shade of a walnut tree, ate his bread and cheese, washing it down with a draught of wine from a stone bottle cooling in the stream. Then, stretched on his back, his hat over his eyes, he slept.

Long afternoons, heat, sweat, fatigue—these are blessed anaesthetics for wounded souls. With the lengthening shadows Angelus rang release. Jean Michel unhitched the oxen, and leaving them to graze swam in the cold depths of the meadow pool. Long unhurried strokes—blissful ease of aching muscles—tingling flesh like a cool new garment—fresh clothes from a parcel beneath the tree—He laughed a trifle bitterly as he washed his work-stained shirt and blouse and hung them on a nearby bush to dry for the morrow. Of his brief life as a gentleman this was all that was left, this fastidious love of cleanliness.

If the other men noticed that he came always clean for his evening soup, they made no comment. Probably they did not notice, for he ate alone. There was no arrangement; he came late, and *la mère Louise* gave him his meal at a corner of the table while she washed the dishes. Occasionally, he saw the gray-haired girl, heard her giving orders to *Maitre Joseph*. He learnt her name, *Mam'selle Aimée*. The

farm was hers. She was absolutely alone in the world. "La guerre, M'sieu, la guerre—" so much information the old cook imparted, unasked. Instinctively, she called him "M'sieu" though the other men went by their given names. She noted his gentle manners approvingly and reported on them to her mistress.

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Still a little dazed, he obeyed her and sat down. "Love—Yes, I loved once—that was long ago—"

His voice trailed into silence. Then suddenly he plunged into speech, broken tumultuous speech, like the water that flows through a break in an over full dam. She listened breathlessly, afraid to move lest she break the strange spell.

"It was before the war. Look you, I was a farmer's son. Our farm was in the north, near Alsace. Ours was a prosperous place, wide fields, stone houses, sleek cattle. There was the father, the mother, my brother and myself. Now I alone am left. Better that I too had died than live like this, an object of terror and pity. From the time I was a little fellow I loved to sing. They said the cows gave more generously when I milked them, because I sang to them. One day, when I was a tall lad, I was driving the cows along the road, singing as was my custom, when a party in a motor-car overtook me. They heard me sing. They stopped. There was a man there who became wildly excited. He made me sing to him again and again. He persuaded my parents—at last I went with him to Paris to learn to sing."

"Paris! Music! Those were years! He was kind to me, he loved me as a son. I was happy, very happy, but sometimes lonely for the farm, for the sights and smells of the countryside, for the kindly beasts who were my comrades, and for my own folk, simple and loving."

"At last I was ready, my master was pleased with me, proud of me. I was to sing, to be presented to a great audience, expectant, critical—my fortunes were in the balance. My old father and mother, my brother, all came down from the farm to be there. They had never been in Paris before. It was a great day."

"And a great night—the sea of white faces, like a field of daisies by moonlight. I sang—"

He broke off and sat silent for a moment. The girl beside him dared hardly breathe

(Continued on page 53)



"And his face—he is handsome, with a noble look about the eyes and forehead, and a merry smile about the lips?"

"As to that, Ma'm'selle, I cannot say. He wears a mask."

DOWER FARM

*A story of
love triumphant
through sorrow*

By MARY ELIZABETH
COLEMAN

Face upturned, eyes
blinded by the glory
of the sun, he sang,
pouring out his soul
in the evening air.
All his grief was
there, all his longing,
his desire, his renun-
ciation.

Illustrated by HOWARD ELLIS



JEAN MICHEL'S shoulders had a dejected droop as he strode along the lane with his back to the sunset. The hawthorn hedges were white as drifted snow, and from the new ploughed fields on either side came the mystic odor that betokens reawakening life. As the sun disappeared behind the hills, an expectant hush was born; even the little wind that teased the tender leaves of the linden was stilled—the world waited in the twilight.

Suddenly the stillness was broken, shattered into a thousand silver fragments by the evening song of a thrush to his mate. Jean Michel stood still and doffed his cap, lifting his face to the invisible chorister as though he would drink the melody at one long draught. The thrush ended his song at last, and from the far distance came the elusive call of the cuckoo. Instantly, Jean Michel's hand went to his pocket, and with a little laugh he jingled the few coins that lay there.

"So, bread and cheese for another year. Thank you, Monsieur Cuckoo, I had need of a good omen—and here is another—"

Faint but clear came the notes of the Angelus. Reverently he crossed himself and stood with bowed head and clasped hands.

A fine figure of a man he was, tall and slim, but powerfully built, wearing hobnail boots, blue trousers and peasant blouse. He carried a pack on his back, and in his hand a staff of oak rudely carved. But when the eye reached his face it met with a shock, a mask.

A mask cunningly made and fitted, of some rubberoid fabric, supplied with features reasonably good-looking, colored in naturalistic tones and wearing a pleasant expression. But there was something so unnatural about that fixed, unchanging smile, that dead face behind which gleamed dark eyes startlingly, vividly alive, that the whole impression was of something sinister—one looked with horror and turned away with relief. Jean Michel knew this—it could not be hidden from him.

When the last note of the bells had died away, he put his cap on, and straightening his shoulders walked forward with purposeful strides. Soon a turn in the road brought him within sight of a little village resting among fields like a bird in its nest. To his right stretched a prosperous farm, and a few steps brought him to the paved courtyard around which crouched the low stone buildings. House, stables and barn, all under one roof, man and beast companions, acknowledged their mutual dependence.

Several peasants sat about on benches ranged along the walls where the delicate leaves and tendrils of an ancient vine clambered to the roof. A clucking hen moved slowly across the yard followed by her fluttering, downy brood: a

pensive cow plunged her nose in the cool water of the fountain; and the pigeons in the loft were settling down with little rustlings, last minute flights and half-hushed cooing notes.

Jean Michel advanced boldly, doffed his cap and addressed the men. "You need perhaps a ploughman?"

They stared at him in silence, forgetting to puff at their pipes. One detached himself from the group.

"It might be—"

He advanced to the door of the kitchen and called.

"Mam'selle—"

"One instant, *mon ami*—" a clear young voice replied, from within.

The man sat down again and pulled slowly at his pipe. The others followed his example with surreptitious startled glances at the waiting Jean Michel.

A woman came to the door. "You called me, *Maitre Joseph*?"

"Yes, *Mam'selle*. Here is a man wants a job as ploughman. Old Pierre will be no use this season again—"

"The man is a stranger?"

"A stranger, yes—"

She considered. Jean Michel watched her intently. She was just above middle height, lithe and young, almost beautiful. She carried her small head proudly, and her abundant hair, caught in a soft roll at the nape of her neck, was marked with gray.

She spoke. "You are a good ploughman, and yet you must look for work?"

Jean Michel shrugged his shoulders. "It is the war, *Mam'selle*."

At the sound of his voice she started. "Your name?" she queried.

"They call me Jean Michel, *Mam'selle*."

"Jean Michel—" she left the words delicately poised, but if the man realized the implied question he took no note of it and answered simply.

"Oui, *Mam'selle*."

"Where are you from, Jean Michel?"

"Ouchy-sur-Loire, *Mam'selle*."

"You are sober?" she asked sharply, and at his answer, "Very well. You are engaged. *Maitre Joseph* here is the one from whom you take your orders."

She entered the house again, and from the doorway called. "*Maitre Joseph*, one little moment—"

The man followed her into the kitchen. "Tell me, *mon ami*, he is tall and straight, like a young poplar tree?" She spoke with a strange, breathless eagerness.

Joseph took his pipe out of his mouth and answered with a look of surprise. "*Mais oui, Mam'selle*."

"And his face—he is handsome, with a noble look about the eyes and forehead, and a merry smile about the lips?"

"As to that, *Mam'selle*, I cannot say. He wears a mask."

"A mask!" she fell back a step, appalled.

"Aye, a mask."

The girl gave a little gasp and caught her hand to her heart.

"That is all, Joseph. You may go."

JEAN MICHEL was content. He ploughed the Far Fields of Dower Farm. They were so called because they lay at a distance of some kilometres from the main farm lands and on the other side of the village. They were isolated; only from the top of the rise at their head did one glimpse the village roofs.

Jean Michel was content. Strongly he guided the plough, his great body thrown about with the wild rhythm of a storm-tossed ship. The white bodies of Moufflou and Moufflon, the two great oxen, might have been the crests of great waves now glimpsed and now lost as he followed in the trough of the furrow.

Heat, the intoxicating odor of the steaming upturned soil, a mating lark painting the sky with mad ecstasy of song, the languorous murmur of honey-seeking bees, the cool monotonous rhythm of running water as he neared the stream at the foot of the fields, fatigue, blessed fatigue cleansing as a flame—all these were his.

At noon he fed the beautiful white beasts, his comrades, and sitting in the sparse shade of a walnut tree, ate his bread and cheese, washing it down with a draught of wine from a stone bottle cooling in the stream. Then, stretched on his back, his hat over his eyes, he slept.

Long afternoons, heat, sweat, fatigue—these are blessed anaesthetics for wounded souls. With the lengthening shadows Angelus rang release. Jean Michel unhitched the oxen, and leaving them to graze swam in the cold depths of the meadow pool. Long unhurried strokes—blissful ease of aching muscles—tingling flesh like a cool new garment—fresh clothes from a parcel beneath the tree—He laughed a trifle bitterly as he washed his work-stained shirt and blouse and hung them on a nearby bush to dry for the morrow. Of his brief life as a gentleman this was all that was left, this fastidious love of cleanliness.

If the other men noticed that he came always clean for his evening soup, they made no comment. Probably they did not notice, for he ate alone. There was no arrangement; he came late, and *la mère Louise* gave him his meal at a corner of the table while she washed the dishes. Occasionally, he saw the gray-haired girl, heard her giving orders to *Maitre Joseph*. He learnt her name, *Mam'selle Aimée*. The

Is state medicine in the offing—and does the tax-pay- ing public know what it wants?

Illustrated by
R. W. Major

By ANNE ANDERSON PERRY

practising in our remote pioneering districts where they are most needed. Above all, it is felt that some far better system of hospital arrangement and charges than the present one should be put into operation in all parts of the country.

For we come inevitably, the more we see of our present system, to these queries, which are being everywhere asked by the laity:—

Is the huge, expensive, rigidly ruled, general hospital in the large city justifying the expenditures of the taxpayers who have to foot the bills?

How does the private ward service in these institutions compare at \$7 to \$10 per day with that offered in a good hotel at the same prices?

If, as alleged by all public health authorities, hospital and laboratory services are necessary to individual and community health alike, should not the right type of such services be extended, through expenditures of public monies, to every town, village, hamlet or settlement in the land?

The answer to the first question, from the lay point of view, is that the great general hospital does not justify its existence or charges or expenditures. It is nearly always wallowing in debt; it affords no free service to the middle class taxpayers who pay heavily into it; it overcharges, on obsolete principles, the rich patient in order to provide for the poor or "charity" patient, and this latter, a fellow being like ourselves, craving privacy when he or she is sick, has to put up with treatment in public wards, with clinics for the instruction of medical students, and with the obloquy of being a public charge, in order to receive scientific care.

The reply to the second query is that the private ward services at the prices mentioned cannot compare for comfort, beauty or quietness with hotel services at the same prices. If we are paying for absolute cleanliness, then cleanliness seems to come very high, for hospitals are eternally at the door of governmental bodies asking for money to meet deficits while hotels are run as a profitable business.

The answer of the laity to the third query is that every community ought to have laboratory and hospital facilities as a matter of enlightened public policy, and that these ought to be paid for from taxes levied for that purpose, with free services of both within certain definite limits, to all taxpayers.

AND having arrived here, we find ourselves on the very threshold of the question of state medicine, one already agitating many other countries and one which of recent years has taken the forefront in several of our own western provinces, where the high cost of illness, aggravated by the scarcity of doctors in new settlements, has forced it well into politics. That this is a matter deeply concerning not alone the laity but the medical profession, and that the latter is already moving actively in the matter, may be gleaned from the transactions of the last meeting of the Canadian Medical Association, which met in Charlottetown in June, at which two very significant reports were presented. One of these was that of a Committee on Municipal Physicians, with a summing up of the replies received to a questionnaire sent to practitioners in all parts of Canada.

Four questions were asked, viz:—

1. What is the condition of medicine as practised here?

2. What good points are there in it?

3. What is there about the present system that could and should be improved?

4. If you think it could and should be changed in some way to better the service rendered to the public and to make it more congenial to the men in practice, what suggestions have you to offer along the lines of a change which might include partial or complete state medicine?

From the answers to these queries submitted by many prominent physicians or medical health officers, the Committee reached the following conclusions:—

1. That there is unrest on the part of the public.

2. That the urge for change in the application of medical science is here, and more apparent in some parts of Canada than others.

3. That while there have been many changes in our social structure and also many changes within the science of medicine itself during the last quarter of a century, there has been little or no change in the method of applying it.

4. That the time has arrived when it is necessary, either to prove to the public that what we are now offering is best, or, in the event of deciding that this is not the case or cannot be proven to be such, then, to prove to them that the Canadian Medical Association is both willing and able to give them whatever changes are necessary to meet their requirements.

5. We would therefore respectfully urge that Council consider the immediate formation of a commission to look into the source, origin and causes underlying the public unrest and dissatisfaction with the practice of medicine as at present applied, and that sufficient money be secured to keep this commission at work during the entire year, if necessary; and for this purpose the assistance of the governments, both federal and provincial, might with propriety be asked, for the reason that it is a subject of vast importance to the public at large, involving the interests of the people possibly more than the profession itself."

BEFORE quoting from some of the very significant expressions of opinion of medical men or public health officials in Canada which led to these conclusions, it is indispensable that another report, presented

at the same meeting by Dr. J. H. McDermot, Vancouver, on Medical Economics should be noted. It states:—

"During the past year, no economic question of outstanding importance has arisen with the exception of health insurance, which is beginning to come into prominence through the agitation in British Columbia for legislation dealing with this matter.

"The first note was struck by Dr. H. C. Wrinch, M.L.A., of Hazelton, B.C., who spoke in the British Columbia House during the session of 1926-27, and advocated health insurance. The next move was made by the city of Kamloops, which memorialized the government in favor of health insurance and circularized all of the municipalities, asking them to consider the resolution presented by them to the government. The question was brought up in the legislature during the past session and it is stated that the government intends to appoint a committee to study the question which will report to the next session of the B.C. legislature.

"Undoubtedly, public opinion in favor of health insurance is steadily growing in British Columbia, and it would appear to be a natural sequel to industrial medicine which is now in full operation in most of the provinces of Canada, having appeared first in British Columbia. Health insurance is

being demanded more and more by a large section of the community. It is to some extent in operation in such countries as Great Britain and Germany, but we feel that the type of state

medicine that obtains in these countries would be totally inadequate in Canada. It has principles in which the medical profession of this country should never agree, inasmuch as payment of doctors is made by panels and payment for work done is by a capitation fee. We regard both these principles as unsound and pernicious. However as the question is a tremendously big one no decision should be hurriedly made, but strong efforts, we feel, should be made to ensure that the medical profession shall be fully consulted before any bill is prepared."

This committee also recommended that the Medical Association should keep in closest touch with the situation in British Columbia, should have rural as well as urban representatives on any committee formed, and should keep in close relations with labor, as the Trades and Labor Council of B.C. has endorsed health insurance strongly and co-operation with this body as well as with the Dominion Board of Labor would be very advisable.

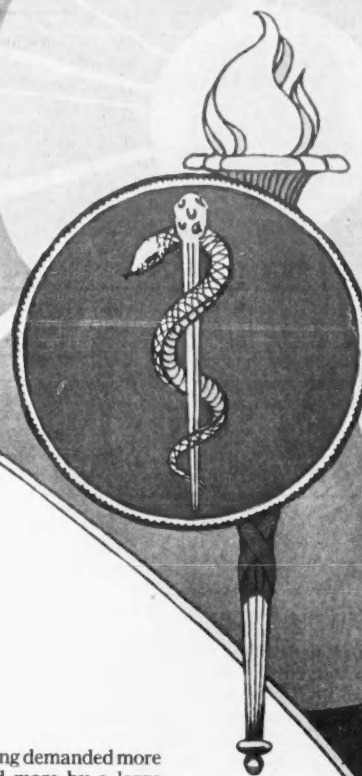
THE same far-sighted Dr. McDermot who presented this report had very definite things to say to the first committee regarding the questions they submitted. Among the advantages of the present system of medicine, he catalogued the choice of one's medical adviser; the fact that the doctor is paid for work done—as in every business; and that under the present arrangements the poor have many advantages over the man of moderate income. Among the disadvantages to the doctor, Dr. McDermot lists the loss of much income because of so much free work and the fact that people cannot pay the high fees; inability of the doctor to do his best work on account of expenses entailed which patients cannot pay; and the fact that patients do not come at the best time, viz, at the very onset of illness. Disadvantages to the patient as seen by Dr. McDermot are then outlined.

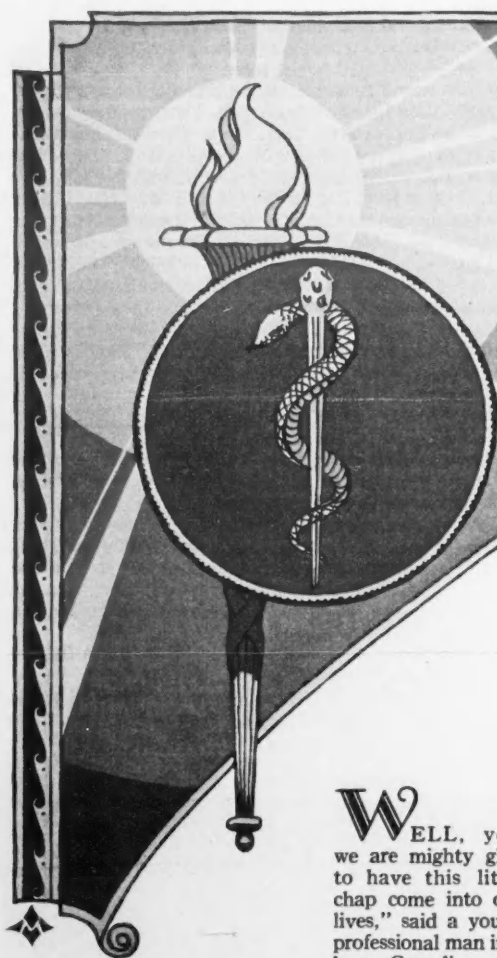
"Modern medicine, if properly practised, is expensive and cannot be otherwise. Thus only the rich and the indigent can get the whole gamut of medical skill. Bills are higher than they would be if everyone paid. There is no provision for time-loss, and the wage earner has financial worry added to sickness.

"Sickness in a community is not only a personal matter, it affects the whole community, in many ways. Infectious disease is a notable example, but all illness has a relation to environment. There is no distribution of the cost of illness over a community, as would be the case if this principle were recognized.

"Insurance against illness is very expensive and beyond the means of the average working man, being a negligible quantity in this class.

"Undoubtedly it is a sound principle that a certain proportion of the wage earner's income should be set aside for illness and loss of time—but this can only be done if the group is sufficiently large and if (Continued on page 44)





The High Cost of Sickness

gratulated him on being the father of a newly born son, "but it's a plain fact that we won't be able to afford another such luxury for quite a number of years. Babies come high nowadays, it seems. The man and wife who want to found a family must be either very rich or very poor to stand the gaff of the scientific ushering of new Canadians into the world. On my salary of twenty-five hundred dollars a year, Mary and I can't afford to tackle the job again for quite some time."

Inquiry as to costs of this first corner stone of a family in Canada showed that the young husband had reluctantly consented to his wife entering a general hospital for the event. Reluctantly, because, as the eldest of a large family, he had very clear recollections of a number of such occasions having been handled very successfully and smoothly, in the hands of a good family physician. In the old homestead. His impression was that the cost had not been high. Then, too, he had all the natural reserve of the average father, who would much prefer to keep such family matters strictly within the four walls of the home, sheltered from the public eye. He expected to suffer, as he did subsequently suffer, from hospital publicity and the (to him) callousness and high-handedness of the nurses in dealing with fathers.

But his desires had been overridden by his up-to-date, anxious wife, who intelligently enough, had placed herself early in the hands of a competent obstetrician. This specialist had suggested the hospital as very desirable. The young matron, inexperienced in the ways of life or those of the medical profession, and accustomed, as are most of us, to receiving their dicta as final; desirous, too, of having her baby "well born" and herself well cared for, went obediently to this institution, without once questioning whether the "desirability" was for the patient or for the doctor.

As she was a normally strong young woman, things went happily. The baby was a fine, healthy specimen, and, at the end of three weeks the mother and child, in charge of a nurse, were able to return home.

In due course came the reckoning in dollars and cents for this eventful sojourn. The doctor's charges for prenatal, natal and postnatal care were \$125. Hospital charges, private of course, at \$40 per week with \$10.50 added for use of the nursery and \$5 for the operating room, made another \$135.50. Special nurse for the first week and for a subsequent week at home at \$5 a day, came to \$70, or a total for medical nursing and hospital services of \$330, to which had to be added another \$60 for layette, taxis, extra household help and other incidentals, or a complete expenditure of \$390 as the price of one well born baby in the year 1928. (I am told by experienced matrons that this sum may be kept to an exact \$300 for second babies, if much care is exercised.)

With really singular strength of mind, considering the pressure of opinion that is to-day brought to bear on young

parents among the so-called intelligentsia in such circumstances, this pair—already appalled by the size of the debts they were incurring—resisted manfully the other suggestions of the obstetrician that they might employ Dr. Blank, a baby specialist, to look after their child's earliest years. They were unable to see how they were to pay the \$5 per visit entailed, and, indeed, realized that it would now take them months to discharge their present indebtedness.

JUST a few blocks away from this first couple, in a very modest street, there lived another pair of young Canadians who were also about to become parents. The man was a day laborer. The wife, a sturdy, intelligent lass, who had been a servant in a doctor's household, was also anxious to have her baby well born. She knew something of outdoor clinics, of the advisability of prenatal care, and of the maternity services in the public wards of the great hospitals where medical students and young doctors get their experience. She availed herself of all three. She had as good advice as was required. In a public maternity ward, her child was comfortably born, and though she and her shy young husband also hated the publicity attending the event, it was in reality only different in degree from that of the private wards. She stayed just two weeks in the hospital, as the manual toilers of the world, who, by the way produce most babies, cannot afford the longer period. For this, she and her husband paid \$31, with \$5 for the operating room. Everything else was provided for mother and child. Then, including the cost of a Victorian Order nurse's help for another week at home at \$1 a day, and the modest layette and incidentals, she and her husband had met the financial obligations for the birth of their first child. And who will say that the \$44 required for medical and nursing services was not enough for this couple, with an income of about a hundred dollars a month, to pay for this event?

Yet the spread between the three hundred dollar bill for efficient "private" services of doctors, nurses and hospitals, and the forty odd dollars for public services for the self-same job of bringing a young Canadian into the world, is one of the astounding social phenomena of our day. It gives us furiously to think. For when to these facts are added the knowledge that in the case of the very rich, the charges sometimes rise to a thousand dollars for medical, hospital and nursing services for the birth of a baby, a puzzled laity bewilderedly begins to ask: "Do we pay doctors for a job done, or do we, in all classes, pay exactly what the members of a monopolistic profession see fit to charge? And in the case of hospitals toward which we pay so heavily through direct or indirect taxation, just what are the people of moderate means receiving in return?"

For another and still more serious but extremely common instance of the prohibitive costs of illness may occur at any moment in any family through the misbehaviour, say, of an appendix or a thyroid gland, when the patient is almost certain to be sent post haste to a surgeon and then, almost as inevitably into a hospital for discipline of the offending member. Thousands of families in modest circumstances in this country have been plunged by these or other expensive excursions to surgical wards into an expenditure of five hundred to a thousand dollars, all in a few weeks. In many cases this has meant the wiping out of the entire savings of the family or the assumption of debt, with the consequent handicapping of the people concerned, for years

while they pay for medical and hospital services which—rightly or wrongly—they regard as extortionate and unjustifiable.

But, again, be it noted, that the really poor person is in an infinitely better position all round, if such circumstances arise as drive him to emergency measures. For, in the first place, he gets free or very cheap attention and diagnosis at an outdoor hospital clinic; in the second, the operation will not be performed unless there is agreement by financially disinterested medical men as to its absolute necessity; and, in the third, he will leave the hospital when recovered, unburdened by immense surgical and hospital bills. In the case of the very rich patient the surgeon may charge from five hundred to a thousand dollars for a simple appendectomy or thyroid operation, and will justify his charges by the statement that in such cases, the "surplus" over earnings has to go for so many "charity" patients, a species of argument also used in hospitals in order to justify the high cost of private wards.

But does this answer satisfy the logically minded person? As well state that the child of rich parents should be asked to pay immense fees in a private school in order that the poorer ones may avail themselves of the state-supported public school. Yet all the inequalities and injustices are not with the patient only.

Think for a moment of the hard-working general practitioner in the small town or rural district, that fine old type of "family doctor" who is so rapidly disappearing, but who,

in so many instances, is not only a medical adviser but counsellor and friend. He, or his present successor, may have to deal with a hundred or more obstetrical cases in a year, without the use of hospitals, and at no such scale of charges as those of the specialized city obstetrician. His tariff ranges from twenty-five to fifty dollars; he frequently has to drive to his patient in bitter weather and the darkest hours of night. His work is extremely hard in the cases of poor people who call on him at the last moment, the mother having had no prenatal care; and in far too many instances, with this or other types of practice, he collects little or nothing on his bills. Indeed, at the best of

times the country or small town doctor, experienced, up-to-date, humane and skilful as he frequently is, can never reach the high scale of charges customary in the cities. Though it is a strange commentary on the accepted belief that in the cities may be found more efficient medical, nursing and hospital care, the figures for maternal mortality as shown in a comparative statement embodied in Dr. Helen MacMurphy's admirable government report on this subject, are definitely higher in the urban than in the rural sections of Canada in all provinces.

Undoubtedly, in the opinion of the laity, the honest, capable, high minded physician, of whom there are many everywhere, ought to be able to charge and receive the worth of his indispensable services in the prevention or cure of ills in all circumstances and for all patients. On the other hand, it is becoming increasingly plain to ever larger and larger bodies of the intelligent laity, that the patient must have much more adequate protection than he now enjoys against the dangers of snap diagnoses and snap surgery. There is a feeling abroad that government or some other regulating machinery should remedy the present unsatisfactory distribution of doctors, with its attendant ills, noticeable throughout Canada, of far too many physicians competing for business in our cities with far too few



every evening, while you and Blue Eyes laugh and darn our socks, and all that sort of thing."

So Mr. Brown ordered a nice little house to be built for the Bubbleovers, just across the road from his own, and he and Jack made plans for a lovely garden with lots of flower beds and paths.

One day, when the house was almost finished, Jacky Bubbleover saw that the roof had been painted red. "Dear me" cried Jacky Bubbleover, looking up at the painter, "I wanted the whole house to be painted brown in honor of Mr. Brown. Whatever can we do?"

"Well," said the painter, "how would it do if we painted all the walls brown?"

So it was, that the roof was painted red, and the walls brown, in honor of Mr. Brown, who thought it was very kind of Jacky Bubbleover to honor him in this way. Little did he realize, however, what a great part this little house was very shortly to play in his life.

And so the Browns and the Bubbleovers were neighbors and became better friends than ever, and in the evenings when Mr. Brown and Jacky Bubbleover were playing ball, Blue Eyes and Merry would sit on the sun porch laughing and gossiping as they darned the men's socks.

While all these things were going on in Sunnyville Town, away up in the blue blue sky Billy Stork was flying nearer and nearer, clasping firmly in his beak a little white hammock which held a beautiful baby boy. One Saturday afternoon, just as the Browns and the Bubbleovers had gone out to the theatre, Billy Stork flew into Sunnyville Town. "Ah," he said to himself, "at last I am here. What a long journey it has been, and now I must see where it is that I am to take this baby!" And rolling his big eyes downward, he looked at the delivery directions which read: "To be delivered to Mr. and Mrs. Brown, Sunnyville Town, on St. Valentine's Day." But, would you believe it? Billy Stork did not know which was the Brown's house, and as he not did like to fly down and ask anybody the way, for fear he should drop the baby out of his mouth when he spoke, he just flew backward and forward over the houses trying to find out for himself which could be the Brown's house.

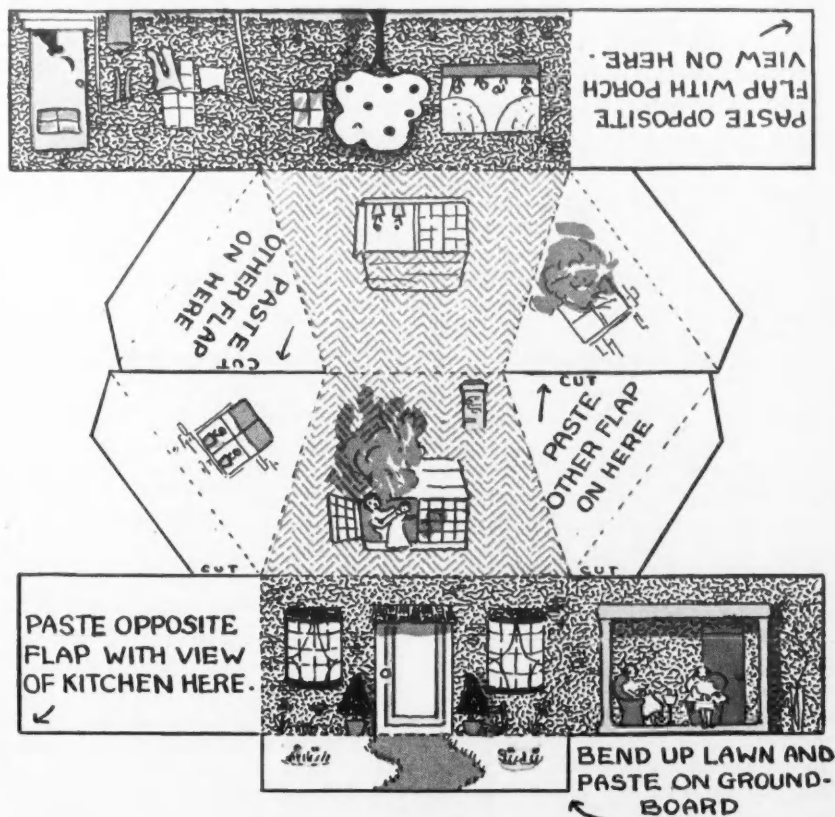
Suddenly his eyes caught sight of a little brown house with a red roof. "Hurrah, I've found it!" thought Billy Stork. "Of course, that must be it; Brown for the Browns, and Red for St. Valentine's Day." Which, you must admit, was very clever reasoning for a stork. With a happy chuckle he swooped down upon the Bubbleover's chimney-pot, and the next instant found himself in a beautiful bedroom.

"Just the place for a nice new baby," thought Billy Stork, and placing the baby in the centre of the big soft bed he said, "Good-by, little fellow," and flew up the chimney and away.

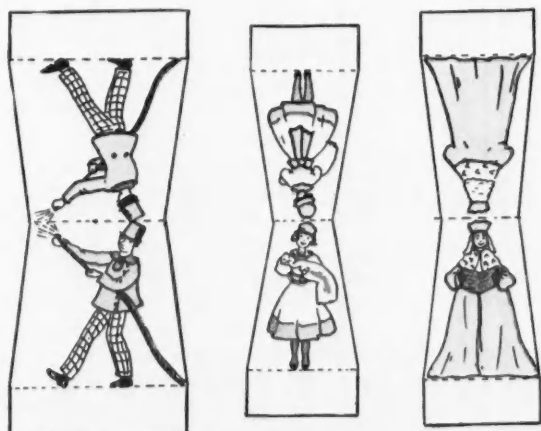
In the meantime the Browns and the Bubbleovers were seated in the theatre very much enjoying the show and laughing at the funny pictures. After they had been there for a while, in fact, when the show was almost over, Merry Bubbleover said, "I smell smoke;" and scarcely had she said this when one of the ushers came running down the aisle calling, "Fire, fire! The Bubbleover's house is on fire. Everybody to the rescue!"

IN A MOMENT, everyone had left the theatre and was running up the hill to the Bubbleover's house. Mr. Brown, who could run faster than anyone else, reached the burning house first, and by the time all the others had arrived, had found a hose and was showering the house with water. Once Mr. Brown thought he heard a baby crying, so he ran over to where Mrs. Bubbleover was standing, and asked her if she had a little baby in the house, but Merry, who had no children, said, "Oh, no, it's just my poor, dear new house crying because it is burning down." Which, of course, Mr. Brown thought was very silly, because houses don't cry. So he went a little nearer to the house and listened again. Sure enough, this time he heard the cry of a little baby quite distinctly. In a moment he had dropped the hose into Jacky Bubbleover's hands, and tying a wet handkerchief over his mouth, leaped through the flaming doorway, and ran as fast as his legs could carry him up the stairs in the direction from which the cries were coming. And there, much to his surprise when he opened the door into the Bubbleover's bedroom, he saw a dear little baby lying on the bed.

Well, you have seen by this time what a brave man was Mr. Brown, and even now, when the flames were all around him, his one thought was to save this little baby. So, wrapping it up in a blanket and snatching a sheet off the bed, he strode bravely through the flames to the window, and leaning out, shouted to the crowd below, "Here we are!" You may imagine how glad Blue Eyes and all the people below were (Continued on page 49)



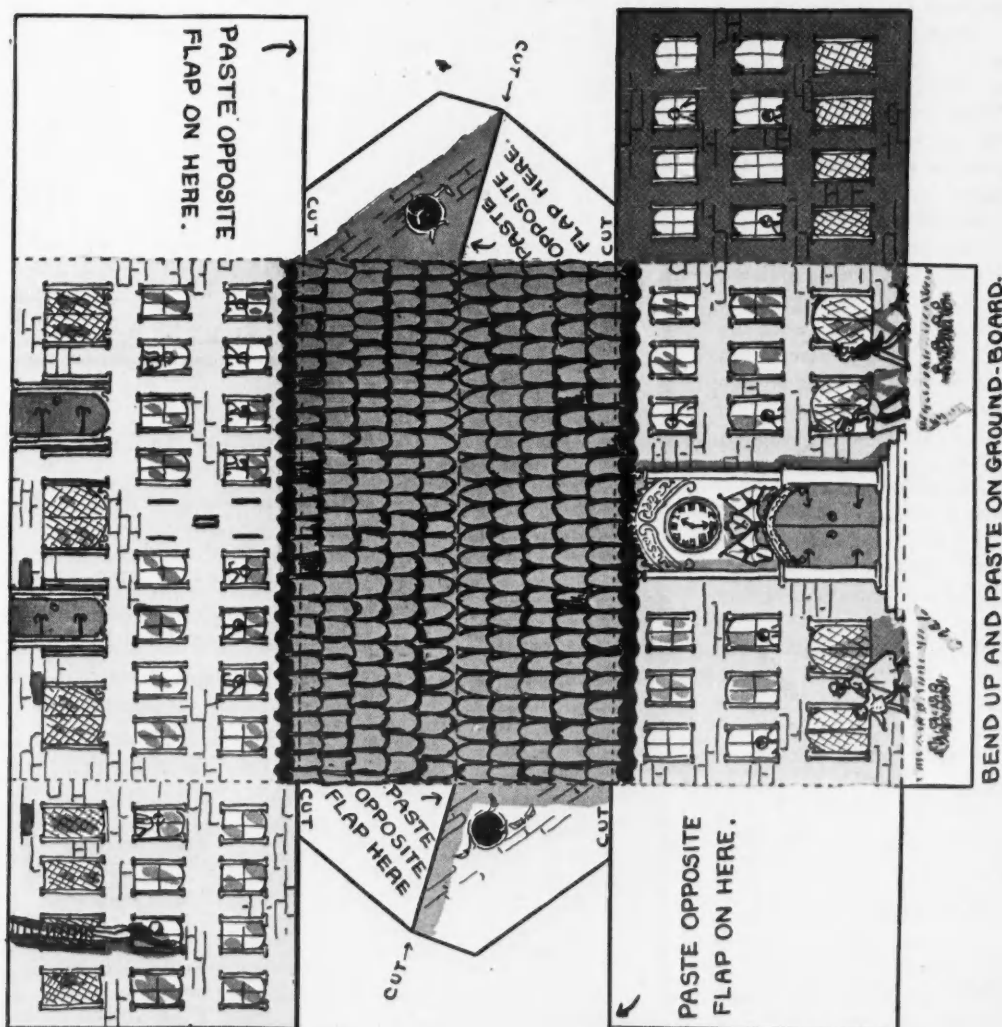
In the June and September numbers of *The Chatelaine*, were the story and cut-out drawings of "Sunnyville Town and the People in It." If you have saved and constructed these cut-outs as instructed, you will by now have quite a little town, consisting of a grocery store, a garage, a church, a moving picture theatre, two houses, trees, and some people. If you have not saved these cut-outs and would like to have them—send 12 cents in postage stamps (for each number) to *The Chatelaine*, MacLean Publishing Company, 143 University Avenue, Toronto. They will be forwarded to you.

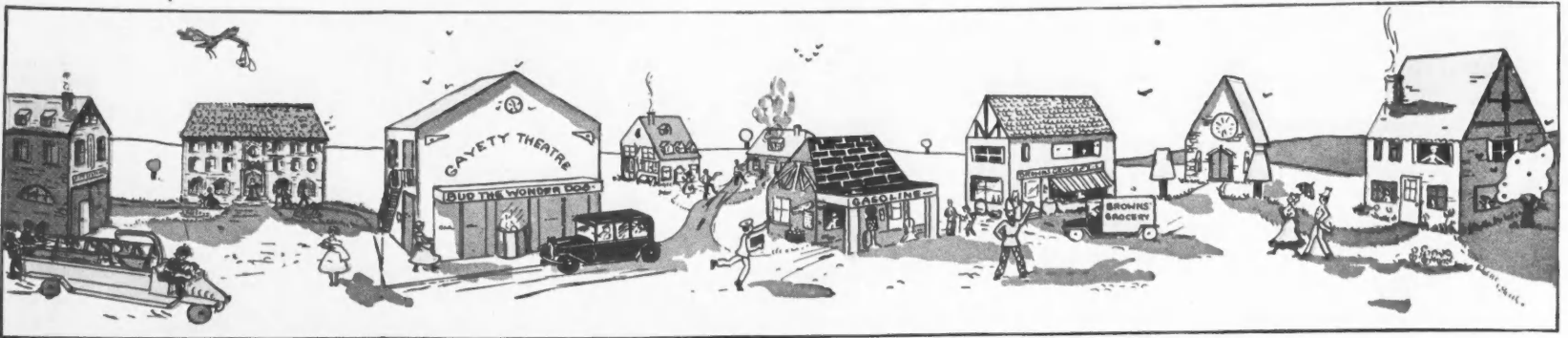


THIS IS MR BROWN TRYING TO PUT OUT THE FIRE.

THIS IS BLUE EYES WITH THEIR NEW BABY.

THIS IS THE MAYOR MAKING A SPEECH TO THE BROWNS





Sunnyville Town as it will look after you have added the new buildings in this article

SUNNYVILLE TOWN AND THE PEOPLE IN IT

Mr. Brown builds a house for his friend Jack Bubbleover, and adds a fine new hall to the town.

Written and illustrated by JEAN WYLIE

THE Story of "Sunnyville Town and the People in It," up to the present time, is this: Mr. Brown, the grocer of Sunnyville town, fell in love with Blue Eyes, whose father, Mr. Grouchy, a disagreeable old miser, was very much against their marrying. At length, by a streak of great good fortune, Blue Eyes and Mr. Brown were able to get married. When, however, they returned from their honeymoon, they were so poor that they only had one coin left, and they were just about to spend it when they found out to their great surprise that it was a magic coin. This magic coin granted them their three wishes, which were

for a new house, great wealth, and finally the removal of nasty old Mr. Grouchy to a far away country where he could never bother them again. Blue Eyes and her husband did not keep all this good fortune themselves, but went about doing all they could to make everyone in Sunnyville town happy. They built a beautiful little church and a big moving picture theatre. So, as you may

imagine, everybody in Sunnyville loved the Browns very much indeed, and were prouder than ever of their little town with its handsome new buildings.

NOW that Mr. Grouchy had gone, and there was no one to disturb them, Mr. and Mrs. Brown were able to live peacefully in their lovely big home, doing just as they pleased, and spending their money in any way they wished. But though they were so rich that they could have almost anything they wanted, still they had a longing for one thing that even money could not buy, and that was for a baby boy.

Mr. Brown, who worked all day at his business, did not have so much time to think about wanting a baby boy, but Blue Eyes, his wife, thought about it a great deal. In fact, she thought about it so much that she soon grew thin, and wore a very unhappy face. So Mr. Brown would bring her home all sorts of fine presents to try to please her, but nothing seemed to make her happy. In fact, there was only one person who could make poor Blue Eyes smile at all, and that was a friend called Merry Bubbleover, and she was always saying such funny things and then bubbling over with laughter, that even Blue Eyes could not keep from laughing too. But Merry Bubbleover lived so far away at the other side of the town that she very seldom saw Blue Eyes, or was able to make her smile.

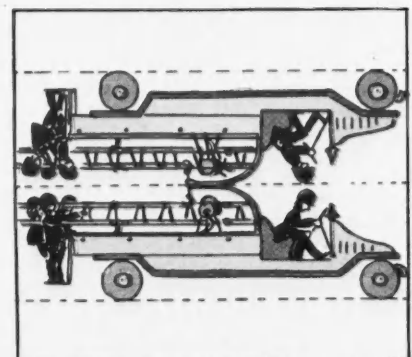
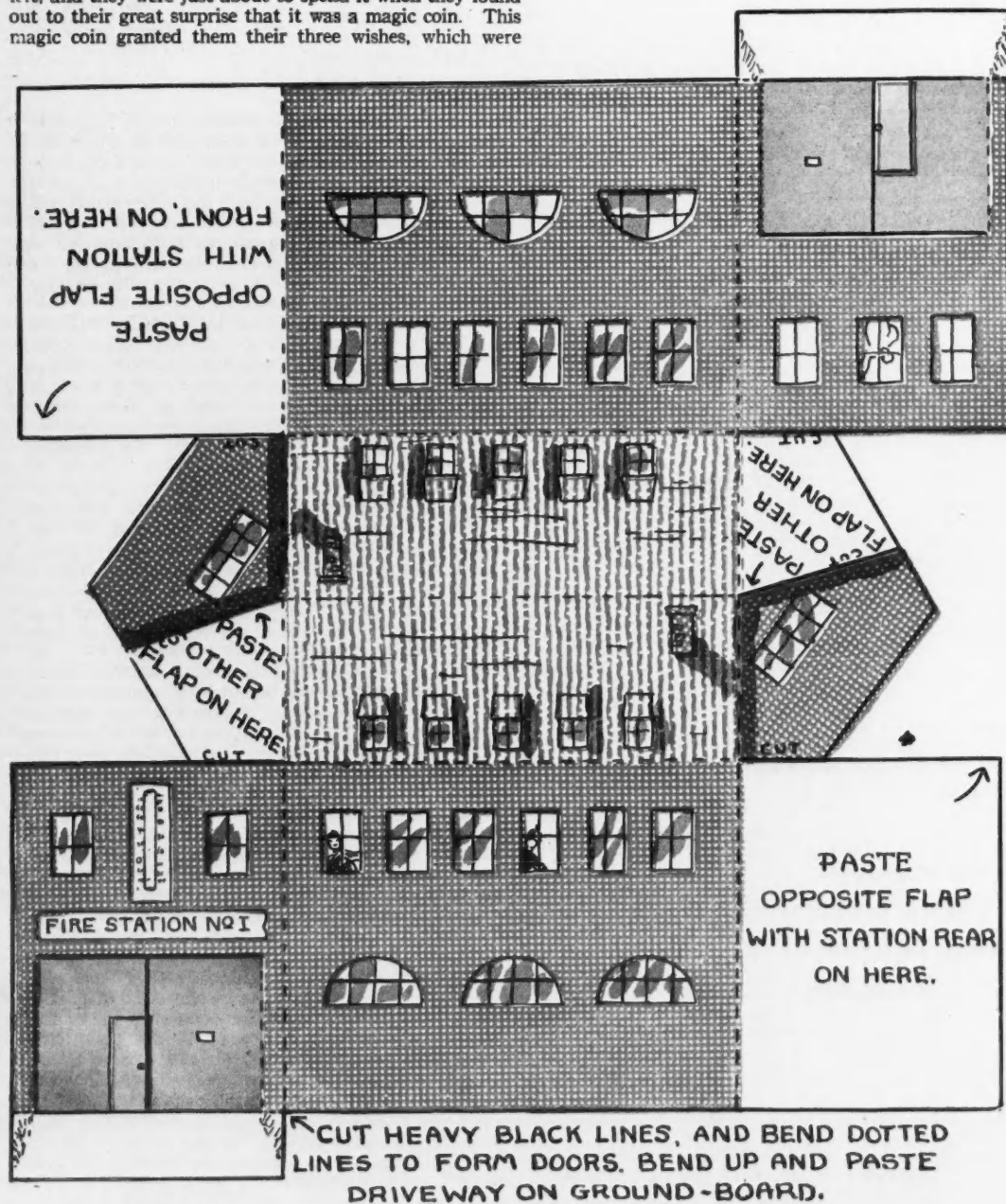
All this time, however, while Blue Eyes and her husband were longing for a baby, little did they dream that the very thing they were longing for was already on its way, and being brought to them by Billy Stork.

But, of course, as they did not know this, and as Mr. Brown was a very practical man and could not bear to see his wife so unhappy, he decided after a great deal of thought, to go and see the Bubbleovers and invite them to come and be his neighbors.

So that very afternoon he got into his big car and drove away out to the Bubbleovers. When he got there, he said, "I will give you a lovely new little house and a garden if you will come and be our neighbors and make Blue Eyes smile every day." Well, of course, the Bubbleovers were only too happy to accept this wonderful offer, as they were very, very fond of the Browns, and besides did not like where they were living anyway.

"Hurrah!" cried Merry Bubbleover. "I'll make Blue Eyes smile and smile every day. We shall have fun!"

And Jack her husband said, "Yes, we certainly shall have fun being neighbors. Mr. Brown and I will play ball



BEND ALL DOTTED LINES, AND PASTE THE MOTORS BACK TO BACK.

*Maison de Montcalm, Quebec.**W.F.G. Godfrey*

Maison de Montcalm, Quebec

Drypoint Etching by William Frederick George Godfrey

WILLIAM FREDERICK GEORGE GODFREY, born in London, England, came to Canada in 1910, where he studied under A. E. Fosberry, A.R.C.A., who was at that time conducting classes for the Women's Art Association at Ottawa, Ont. Mr. Godfrey then moved to Toronto, and after studying with various teachers became a pupil of F. S. Challener, R.C.A. He was elected to the Canadian Society of Graphic Arts in 1922, exhibiting since at its annual exhibitions and at the Traveling Exhibition which the society inaugurated in 1927. This exhibition was shown in Montreal, Winnipeg, Edmonton and Vancouver. He has also exhibited at the Art Centre, New York, and in all the principal exhibitions in Canada, besides having exhibited (in other media than etching) at the 1925 British Empire exhibit, Wembley, which was also shown throughout England, Scotland and in Paris, France. Mr. Godfrey was elected to the secretaryship of the Canadian Society of Graphic Arts in November, 1928, and has pursued a vigorous policy since in endeavoring to bring before the public the work of Canadian artists in graphic art.

The above drypoint was exhibited at the annual exhibition of the Royal Canadian Academy, Montreal, in 1927, and then selected for the annual exhibition at the National Gallery, Ottawa, in the spring of 1928. It is an interesting subject both in form and in historical value. The house was built during the French regime, as its peated roof and dormer windows betray. The oak beams in the ground floor ceiling are still as good as ever, and except for a coat of whitewash, the structure is as it was when Montcalm was brought down and laid there after he received his death wound on the Plains of Abraham. The house is at the corner of St. Louis and Desjardins Streets, Quebec.

AS SEEN FROM A FOUR-POSTER

We Amuse Ourselves by Looking Out the Window

JUST before the influenza nestled in my breast and there took up a habitation, I was feeling very tired. "I wish," I said in the presence of witnesses, "that I could get the 'flu and stay in bed for a while." Both of which I did. Of course, I'll grant there are more harmonious causes for taking to the eiderdown than influenza, but you can enjoy yourself, I find, even with a temperature, mustard plasters fore and aft, and a considerable consciousness of pain. There is an aloofness and sense of security about staying in bed, something, I imagine, like the feeling of well-being experienced by a rabbit when having scurried to safety in his burrow, or a badger to his earth.

The pleasant litter which I accumulate about me is as native as the leaves in the bottom of a fox's den—innumerable bottles, pitchers, glasses, books, paper, pencils in various stages of indigence, a wool jacket, a thermometer—and above all—one solicitous white West Highland Terrier. She has been known to roost for hours on the pillow, lying directly on my head, spending waking hours promenading or excavating the area between chin and ankle. Sometimes she disappears, to return carrying a disinterred bone of surpassing filthiness, and cries in desperation until I give her permission to bury it in the comforter. My bed is a graveyard of old bones and old shoes, but it is all unmolested luxury.

I can understand what it was—and it was not all eccentricity—which caused Mark Twain to do much of his writing in bed. I can even now understand Du Barry's habit of entertaining from the same retreat—it is a regal sensation. When one is ensconced among pillows, there is nothing more pleasant than to have the life of the house centre about one's room. And the Roman quality of meals served on a tray! If I were dying, I know that I should enjoy meals in bed ten times more than others.

I can even sympathize with good-for-nothings today; those individuals of rare purpose, who, at a certain time of life, simply go to bed and stay there. "Pa," one hears, is "bed-rid." And what's the matter with Pa? "Well, we just don't rightly know. Pa says to me one morning, 'I guess I'll stop the day in bed.' An' there he's stopped ever since." Ah, patriarchal gesture!

Mrs. Murphy "took nervous prostration, and not a foot to ground has she set since." Ah, woman of unrivalled discrimination!

FROM where I lie I can see the soft feathery flakes of snow, carpeting the garden—and I know that in an ordinary day I should have no time to enjoy the mere sight of it. I should have no time to scribble and think, invite my soul and scratch the puppy under the chin! With so much everlastingly on our minds, how do we ever have time to live? I could swear that I have lived more in these few days I have lain on my back, thought more and laughed more, than during a whole two months before I succumbed to the inevitable.

I wonder if, in the natural course of things, we should not now and then consciously give ourselves a homely little holiday without benefit of malady? If we were really ill, things would be managed for a little while without us—if it even meant calling in a practical nurse to look after details.

Our minds get very tired with the small responsibilities of every day. I have heard women

say that it was like a holiday for them to go to the hospital. Heavens—what must our ordinary lives be if illness seems peaceful by comparison! How badly we must need rest sometimes, and how afraid we must be to take it. At this moment I feel a positive tenderness for one of the most malignant germs known to mankind, because it gave me a few days in which to gather myself together.

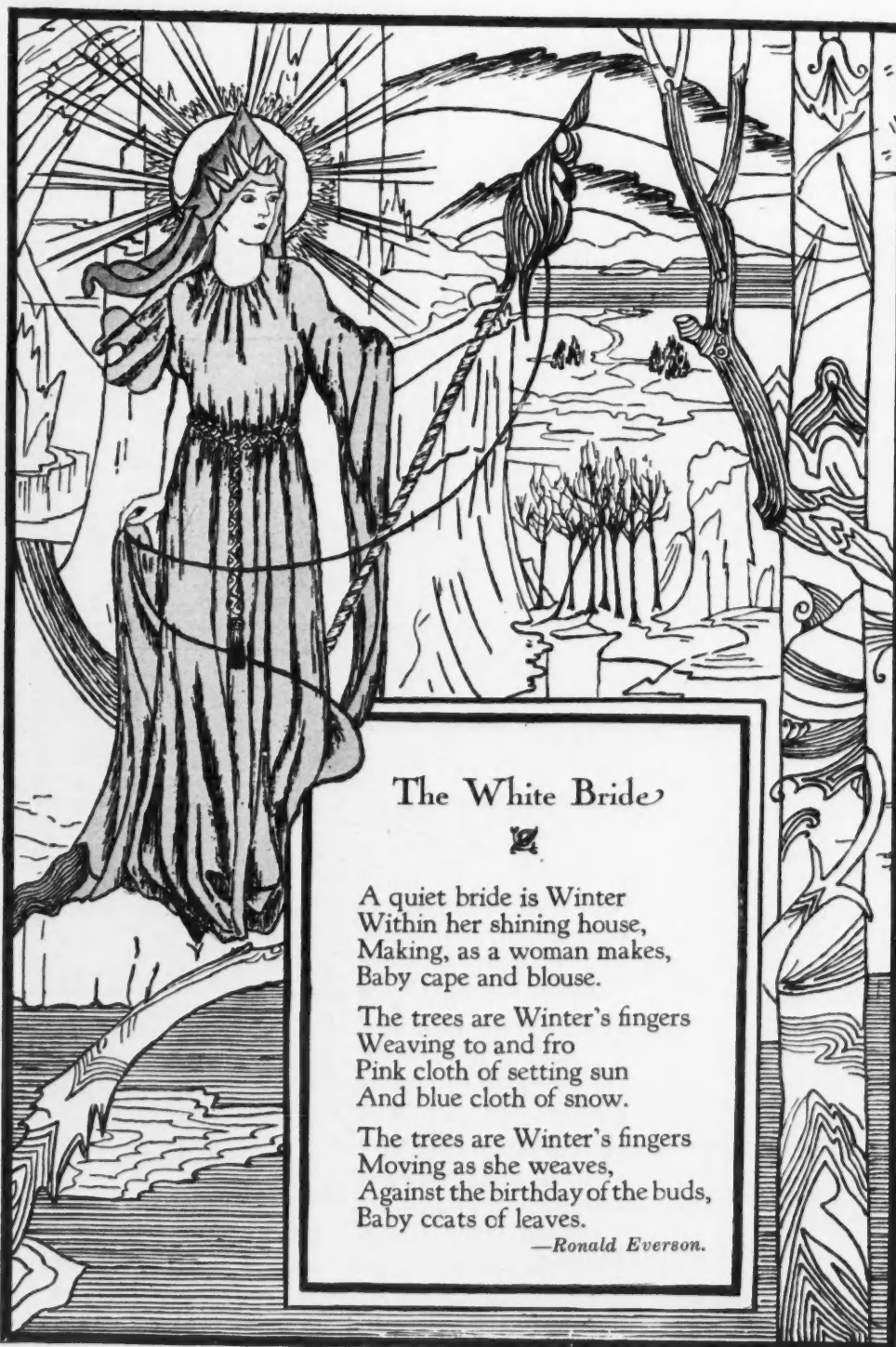
FROM the vantage point of the article of furniture in which I was born, and in which I shall probably die, I salute the twilight of another peaceful day. It gives me a strange and wry satisfaction to think of myself in this safe snugger. If you were to pass the window, you might see my eyes gleaming out as from my warren. They would possibly be saying, "There you go, walking through the snow from one place to another—but I am warm inside my tree."

WITH this issue The Chatelaine rounds out her first year—but we shall not bore you with anniversary sentimentality. Granting that the first hundred years are the hardest—regard the first year of your magazine as a milestone pleasant beyond the custom of periodicals. Like Pallas Athene, she sprang full-grown from the head—if not of Zeus—at least of that not less fearful deity of the press.

But, as the kind of gods and men was ever prone to spoil that youngest child of his, so, seemingly, has his fickle and equally gusty relative. Yet, though Zeus had not among his bag of tricks a noise so fulsome as the crash of presses, neither had Pallas, as goddess of wisdom, more problems to think upon. It is a real prospect for the immortals—the vista that stretches out before The Chatelaine in the coming year and in the years to come. For (despite determination to avoid sentimentality) it is a field that, even beyond the vision of the eyes, unfolds itself like a magic carpet—the amazing world of woman to-day.

In her first issue, The Chatelaine set her lamp in the window and found that it cast a long light. Her lamp, burning steadily, has proved a certain beacon through the year to thousands of Canadian women. Through those "immortal" years to which we look forward, we hope that it will continue to throw always that living beam.

Ann Shepleth Wilson



The White Bride

A quiet bride is Winter
Within her shining house,
Making, as a woman makes,
Baby cape and blouse.

The trees are Winter's fingers
Weaving to and fro
Pink cloth of setting sun
And blue cloth of snow.

The trees are Winter's fingers
Moving as she weaves,
Against the birthday of the buds,
Baby coats of leaves.

—Ronald Everson.

What they are wearing on the Lido, at Biarritz, and in Paris is our cue for southern apparel and even spring wardrobes. There are many early secrets in this chatty letter from our Paris correspondent.



A Louiseboulanger traveling coat in tan plaid with tan jersey frock. The coat comes just level with the dress' hem.

New Tweeds Coats to Hem Contrasting Linings



Frock in beige chandail banded with rouge. All sketches from Drecoll-Beer.



Patterns in pleats—geometric effects in different styles and sizes are the latest decorative touch. Praline crêpe de chine with modernist sweater in blending tones. Riviera tailleur by Jenny.

UNDER a long coat of black taffeta it may be lined with bright blue silk and buttoned from chin to hem with bright blue buttons! One wouldn't have to shine conversationally in a get-up like that. Nor in this coat of almond green with gray squirrel collar lined with black crêpe de chine, over a frock in the same dark material. And pipings and facings of almond green! Incidentally the Drecoll-Beer showing of light coats to go with dark frocks, the lining of the coat tying the two together should be remembered for spring time reference.

Everybody knows that pastel tints look decidedly wishy-washy in the sun, but the dressmakers keep right on making up models in them just the same. The nicest thing Poiret does for the South is in blue, the loose two-third length coat lined with dull pink and the blue frock with a long cape-shaped collar in the lining color.

One or two of the dressmakers are insisting on brown for the south, different shades of brown, tobacco fading out to pale tan. The only brown I can see as a sun color is beige, but I feel sure that all the browns are going to be exceedingly smart for springtime wear in town.

Everybody is unanimously dogmatic about tweeds. One simply has to travel in them and have at least one rig-out for town wear or be absolutely outside the pale. Nut tweeds are no longer simply serviceable. They are decidedly smart. Take for instance a long tweed coat with a fur collar or a velvet one, (that is newer) over a tweed skirt and a jersey bodice sewn together at the waist, or over an all-jersey frock. One *robe à succes*, is a tan tweed coat lined with lacquer red jersey over a red jersey frock. Besides the conventional tweed mixtures, there are newer and more sprightly ones speckled in raspberry red, stone blue, white and such combinations.

SO MUCH for colors and materials in the mode. Now for the silhouette. Two kinds of coats there are and two only, the hip length cardigan and those that show only a scrap of skirt hem. Skirts in heavy materials are wrap-arounds with nothing added. Lighter weights are pleated as they have been for centuries past. However widely or narrowly the pleating is done, the pleats are stitched down a third or half way to the edge. All manner of tricky patterns are wrought in the stitching. Here and there one sees the pleats put on to a perfectly plain yoke pointed in front handkerchief-wise.

Everybody slides over winter sports things without putting much emphasis on them. For ski-ing, there are always the same horrid looking bags of trousers in black or blue stuffed into enormous hob-nailed boots. The coats are nondescript but made big enough to take layers of sweaters underneath. The idea seems to be that the smart skier must look as much like a bundle as possible. Sweater, scarf, mitts and socks must simply hit you between the eyes. No design is too bright or too big. In fact, the newest, smartest patterns are positively explosive. I have seen no models created especially for skating, though almost everyone has at least one that might do with a few changes. Such is Worth's model in gray and red, plain gray jumper with ribbed hem and elbow cuffs in bright red, red skirt and short jacket, gray knitted mitts and tight little gray hat. One might also include some of Molyneux trotteurs with short jackets (Continued on page 38)

Cardigans White for Sport Decorative Pleats



Jumper in pale gray with white and black. Crêpe skirt in gray.



A sport ensemble in navy blue woolen material with knitted sweater in three shades of blue, by Lelong. Hat by Maria Guy.

PARIS PATTER



As taken down
by
Mary Wyndham



Elizabethan sleeves and a petal jabot lined with pearl gray chiffon give a quaint distinction to this Schiaparelli coat in black wool mixture.

IF YOU are setting forth for sunny climes, palms that are not in pots, indigo and jade seas, orange trees, spice-laden breezes and all the other lyric what-nots of the travel bureau poets, be sure to pack a goodly number of white frocks along with your dreams of pleasant hours. That is, if you would look really smart when you get off at where you're going. White dresses in shantung or tussor, in jersey or crêpe de chine, in fine wool or heavy ribbed silk; have some with sleeves, some without, so you'll not be caught napping whatever the edict on arms. For relief, have one outfit in canary yellow, it may be an overcoat for the bleak sunset time, and one in raspberry or geranium or lacquer red, as well as shoals of scarfs and flocks of colored cardigans—bunty little skinny jackets.

You can safely leave out the greens and the grays, the apricots the pastel mauves and blues. The couturiers are showing them here in this gray, sad-colored town, Lelong and Worth, Drecol-Beer and the rest who have created for the South, but unless you have an elastic dress budget or one of them is your "good luck" color, you need not be tempted. You could even leave out the canary or daffodil or the three new reds. Sun yourself in white and still be in the movement, but if you feel you simply must run to something colored, the yellows and the reds are the smartest of all the smart shades.

I'm really only quoting Biarritz in all I've just said, for as everyone will tell you Biarritz so far as sports clothes were concerned was really more a white season than it was anything else. There were foulards and printed crêpes about in the daytime under longish slim coats, and occasionally someone was wearing printed velvet at one of the smart tea places, but the prettiest costumes and the most appropriate as everybody agreed, were white. No one was absolutely vestal though; always the white was spotted with something vivid, red or orange or blue. These were either in a design of bands, (there's no getting away from them) in startling semaphore motifs, or in the addition of belts, scarfs or pipings. In parenthesis, foulard pipings on white are the very last word. Then there were those amusing cardigans that have just come into social prominence, hip length affairs, in tight bright patterns. Some were knitted, but there were just as many in foulard or in figured crêpe. Lest I forget, there were no sailor-looking, brass-buttoned, navy blue reefers in the landscape and no one is showing them in Paris either. So leave them severely alone, even if you are going down to the sea.

Choose white, but in the choosing, avoid that cold blue cast of skimmed milk. It must be a warm white, like ivory or rich cream, or the color of string. There is a new tone with a grayish tinge, but it is not "so good." It is difficult to make one's complexion suit it, while the others just call for tan.

As I said above, the couturiers have not confined themselves to white in planning for Cannes, Egypt and Palm Beach, but one plays safe when one makes it the basic note of the holiday wardrobe. I must admit it is extremely difficult not to wobble when one is shown fascinating frocks striped like awnings or flower-sprinkled, one-color jackets to tone them down. Or to stay resolved when they parade before you a sleeveless white frock in silk and wool combined with georgette.

mean it. It's too dreadful. How can I live with you when there's nowhere to live?

"I'm not asking you to live at Mrs. Quince's. I told you that I could get an apartment. I don't see that it's necessary for you to go away this summer. It isn't necessary for you to live here where I can't afford to live. I was a fool to let you do it in the first place. It's your idea of marriage, to take everything and give nothing. It's not mine."

He had never said so much to her before, and she looked at him with wide round eyes. "Hugh, I don't see how you can say such awful things. I've been trying to make the best of things, living all alone in this horrible hotel. How can you be so unkind?"

He did not look at her; his eyes were turned to the window. "Besides, you seem to find Moss more congenial than you find me. I saw him standing with his arm around you."

Her cheeks were bright spots of color. "He hadn't!" she denied flatly, and then, "Well, what if he had? There's nothing so terrible in that." She gave him a bright glance. "I daresay you've done as much yourself."

He shrank from the truth of her remark. It was so unbearably ugly, the whole situation. And it had been his fault. It really mattered so little to him whether Moss had had his arm around her or not. It was only an argument to strengthen his plea for a divorce. "I'm not making any accusations. I don't look upon marriage as chains. If your impulse is that way, don't stifle it on my account. Only, under those circumstances the natural thing is a divorce."

"I'll never give you a divorce," she cried passionately. "I think divorces are beastly. They're wicked. I don't approve of them. Oh, how can you? I think you're wicked, wicked, wicked!"

Hugh shrugged his shoulders. "There are worse things than divorce," he said steadily, "there are other ways of degrading marriage. It's worse to treat marriage as a means of support. It's worse to hold someone against their will. I don't know anything much worse than that. You refuse to have children. You won't live with me unless I can provide a certain degree of luxury. And yet, you call it marriage."

She got up and stood before him, throwing out her arms in her characteristic emotional gesture. "You know I'm not strong enough to have children. You know that. Oh, you're simply brutal!" She averted her face, picking up a handkerchief from the dressing-table and delicately touching her eyes.

He rose, too, and crossed the room to the door. In a moment Sheila would drop into a sensational scene. "I think I won't stay for dinner to-night. I'm tired. Good night."

She sent him a bright, slanting glance. "You know I'm not strong enough," she was insisting as he closed the door.

NAN did not return to Mrs. Quince's that summer. She wrote to Hugh and told him that her mother was still very ill, and she imagined it might be a long time before she could consider leaving her. She asked for news of himself, and he wrote and told her that Sheila was away at the sea and that everything was going as well as could be expected. He did not want to take a holiday that summer. He wanted to get on faster. As Sheila would not agree to a divorce, he supposed that when she came back they would take an apartment; he wanted to have a larger income for the demands which would be made upon him. She appeared quite amiable in her letters, hoping that he would be able to get at least a few weeks' holiday.

He caught a cold in July that lasted all summer. When Sheila returned about the middle of September, sun-burned and radiant with health and spirits, she was apparently shocked by his appearance.

"It's living at that terrible place," she cried with reproach, "I'm sure you don't get proper food. You look half starved. We must take an apartment and get a good cook. You should see a doctor about that cough. I'm sure you've been working too hard."

He was thankful to hear that she would take an apartment at last. He was tired of living at Mrs. Quince's, tired of the meals at the restaurant which had grown tasteless and unappetizing. He knew that he should have taken a holiday. He was tired and listless, with no energy. He agreed to see a doctor after some persuasion from Sheila, and listened rather inattentively to what the doctor had to tell him, more surprised than shocked.

"You've a spot on your left lung. You've got to be careful. Live out of doors as much as possible. Sleep outside. Take a holiday. If you could live in the country for a while I would advise it. No worry, early hours, good food. You've been letting yourself run down-hill."

He told Sheila just what the doctor had said, laying as small emphasis as possible upon his condition. She appeared to shrink away from him, her bright eyes fastened upon him in outraged horror.

"Your lung!" she cried, "Oh, you must go to a sanatorium at once. Oh, at once! I'm terrified. I've always been terrified of it. It's awfully contagious. Oh, do be careful."

Don't come near me," and she backed away from him across the room.

He stared at her steadily, a curious smile upon his face. "I don't intend to come near you. You don't need to be afraid. I'll go up to the Laurentians to-morrow. The doctor didn't think there was any need, but I daresay I'll get better faster if I do."

"Of course you must. There are always germs. We wouldn't be able to see each other at all. Oh, how fortunate that I was away this summer. You might have given them to me if I had been here."

HUGH lay on one of the balconies at the sanatorium, wrapped in rugs. The air was keen and extraordinarily light. All along the balcony people lay in steamer chairs, bundled in coats and sweaters, their legs folded in rugs, soft crushy hats pulled down over their eyes. Sunlight poured over them in white waves of warmth.

"Isn't the sun warm for October?"

"That tree! Do look at that tree, Mr. Oswald. It's like fire."

"Nurse, nurse, did you bring my air cushion?"

"Oh, my rug's slipping off."

"Hasn't the post come? It's so late."

Words were flung from one to another like small light balls. It was always just as meaningless. It seemed to Hugh that it must be the especially tiresome people who grew ill.

There was Miss Hume with her beaked nose, her thin mouth like a red thread across her face. She wore a large green ring and sat all day twisting it round and round a finger that was too thin to keep it from slipping. She was the one who was forever dropping her rug, forgetting her air cushion, calling for a drink of milk that must be warm, "oh, quite warm."

Then there was the soft flabby woman with the succession of double chins. Hugh could never remember her name. She had white podgy hands, covered with rings, and a loud cheerful laugh. She was greedy at meals. Her white podgy hands would finger the cakes, feeling for the kind she was specially fond of. She was sipping some hot drink now, and crumbling a soda biscuit all over her rug.

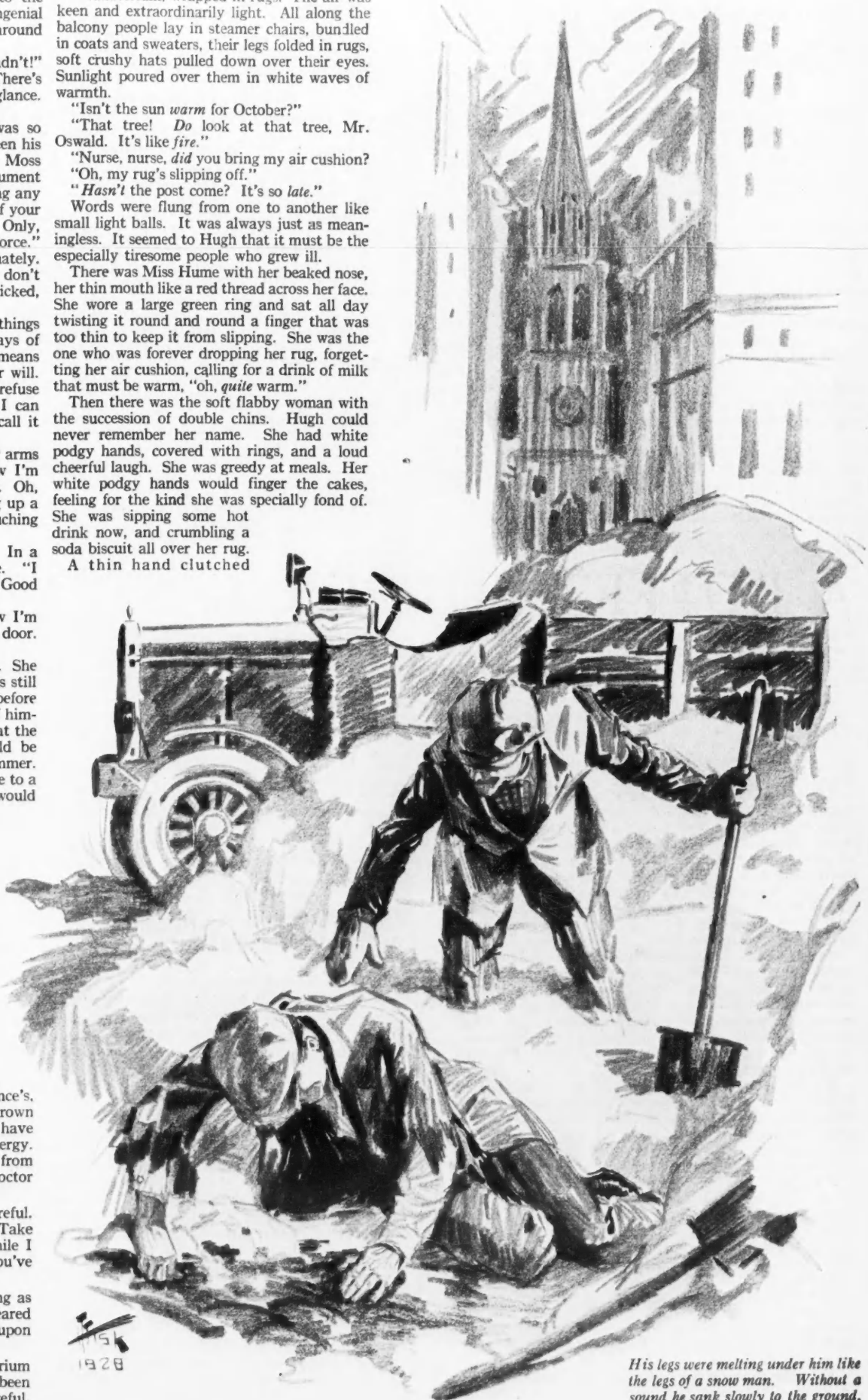
A thin hand clutched

Hugh's knee. It was Mr. Lee, who always endeavored to sit next to Hugh on the balcony. "Did you notice that we had turnips again to-day?" he whispered. "Nothing but turnips all the time! I wonder what we are paying for, anyway."

As Hugh did not bother to reply, Mr. Lee withdrew his hand and holding the arms of his chair drew himself up cautiously as though he were rather afraid he might break, staring along the row of people while he mumbled to himself.

The light wind dropped some leaves on the floor of the balcony. They scurried whisperingly along the bare boards, then climbed up the soft wool of

(Continued on page 34)



His legs were melting under him like the legs of a snow man. Without a sound he sank slowly to the ground.

"If you don't intend to live with me, Sheila, don't you think that we had better come to some agreement—I mean—divorce?"

She wheeled around, her powder puff still in her hand, her eyes wide with astonishment. "Darling, what do you mean? Don't joke like that!"



HANDS

A Story of Marriage

By BEATRICE REDPATH

PART THE THIRD AND CONCLUSION



incongruous. Either Sheila would have to come down to living as he could afford to live, or they might as well separate. Their marriage had melted into something so nebulous that it scarcely existed.

She appeared in the doorway, emanating a whiff of some expensive perfume. "Darling, have you been waiting long? I'm so sorry not to have been in. I've simply been rushing Come on up. I've ever so much to tell you."

He followed her into the elevator, and then along the corridor with its miles of red carpet, its endless white doors. Sheila went on ahead, turning momentarily to exclaim over something or other, searching for her key in her bag that was so filled with silver trifles that it tinkled as she moved.

Her bedroom was heavily perfumed with the scent of roses; there were roses everywhere. Hugh stood looking at them for a moment, and then sat down in a chair beside the window, while Sheila took off her hat before the mirror.

"Aren't my roses lovely?" she spoke over her shoulder. "Fred Moss is the most generous person alive. He has piles of money, of course. Wouldn't it be too lovely to be rich like that? It's so awful always to be poor."

He nodded, but said nothing. The room did not look like a bedroom in an hotel. There were satin cushions dotted about everywhere; a pink satin coverlet on the bed; silver frames and silver vases and a glitter of glass and silver on the dressing-table. Sheila always brought with her everywhere an atmosphere of luxury. Without it, she scarcely seemed able to breathe. His eyes left the details of the room and returned to her. She was sitting before the mirror arranging her hair with careful fingers.

He took a long breath before he spoke. "Don't you think it would be better for us to take an apartment? This sort of thing seems very ridiculous."

She turned from the mirror, her arms circled above her head, her eyes accusing him of inconsistency. "But you wanted to live like this."

"It seemed the only thing that would please you. Now I see that it was a mistake. I've heard of an apartment that I can sublet—some people going away. Could you come and look at it to-morrow?"

She wheeled around in her chair. "Oh, darling, I don't want an apartment just now. I suppose if we took one I'd have to stay in town all summer. I couldn't do that. You know the heat makes me sick. We couldn't afford to keep it while I was away at the sea, could we?"

"I hadn't thought of your going away to the sea this year. You've only just come back from your trip."

"But I've never spent a summer in the city. No one does. I'd die."

"What do you intend to do?"

"I thought of going to Nova Scotia. They say it's lovely. I don't think it's a bit expensive. You see if we took an apartment now, we'd have to take a year's lease. That would be foolish, wouldn't it?"

She turned back to the mirror and picking up a powder puff laid a film delicately over her face. "We'll take one in the autumn. You could be looking for one. That's the best thing to do."

Hugh unclasped his hands on the arms of the chair and clasped them again, tighter. "If you don't intend to live with me, Sheila, don't you think that we had better come to some agreement? I mean—divorce."

She wheeled around, her powder puff still in her hand, her eyes wide with astonishment. "Darling, what do you mean? Don't joke like that!"

"I'm not joking. Ever since things went wrong you've been away from me. Now you speak of going away again. You won't live with me. I can't see the sense of going on like this. It's impossible from my point of view. You want to live in places I can't afford. Then, give me a divorce. What's the difference?"

"Oh, but what a wicked, wicked thing to say! You can't

HUGH OSWALD has failed in business, and been faced with readjusting his whole life. His wife, Sheila, however, has taken the whole situation so lightly that she has decided to travel abroad with her wealthy aunt. Living alone in a cheap boarding-house while endeavoring to straighten out his fortunes, Hugh faced the fact of his loneliness and tried to make the best of circumstances.

He was somewhat helped in his struggle to regain his grip on life by his friendship with Nan Cochrane, a young writer also staying at the boarding house. A great companionship sprang up between them—and, finally, as they both knew, love. Sheila's return from abroad, however, wrote a sudden *finis* to whatever had grown up between them.

When she arrived, plus considerable debts to her wealthy aunt, she found Hugh's manner of living "piggy." The only solution for the problem of her own living quarters, however, seemed that she should stay at a rather expensive small hotel, while he continued to room at Mrs. Quince's boarding-house.

At the hotel, Sheila met men who were willing to entertain her only too lavishly—when Hugh did not "selfishly" forbid it. However, she herself insisted on entertaining Nan, much to her embarrassment. All in all, the situation has become well nigh intolerable to Hugh; unnatural, strained, and totally beyond his means.

NAN had gone home. She had received a letter saying her mother was not well, and she had left immediately. The place seemed to Hugh like an empty cave. A sudden dinginess had come over it all. It was merely a shabby house on a narrow street; Mrs. Quince was just a talkative, irritating woman. All the light had dropped out of his life.

He usually called in at the Sheldon on his way from the office. Sheila was going out a great deal, playing bridge, going to dances, having a gay time generally. Sometimes he went with her, but she was usually going with a party and he did not see the necessity of accompanying her. Sheila's friends had never been very congenial to him. She had debarred him from his friends, saying they would not fit in, until finally most of them had dropped out of his life.

He waited for her one evening in the sitting room with the gilt mirrors, with the intention of telling her that he did not like the way she was going about with Mr. Moss. He felt himself a hypocrite saying anything, but it was more for Sheila's sake than for his own. Mr. Moss was different from the men Sheila usually played about with. He was quite obviously a sensualist. In any event, this life was

IDEAS FOR THE HOME-MADE VALENTINE

Have you ever thought how personal and how inexpensively attractive a Valentine made by your own hands might be!

AND some have honor thrust upon them!" St. Valentine is certainly one of these, for there is nothing at all in the legend of his life to connect him in any way with the customs of the day.

There were apparently two Saints Valentine, both of whom lived in Rome in the third century and both of whom suffered martyrdom. Long before their time, however, the citizens of Rome used to celebrate the *Lupercalia*, one of their most ancient feasts, in honor of Lupercus, a patron deity who gained his name and fame as the farmers' protector from wolves. The Lupercalian feast was, therefore a wolf dance that would be regarded nowadays as a rather "wild" party.

Prominent among the customs of the day was that of selecting a partner of the opposite sex for the duration of festivities. This selection was made by ballot, the names of maidens being placed in a box from which they were drawn by the men, "sight unseen." A modified form of this same custom was recorded in England in 1476, and Pepys, in his Diary, mentions its survival in 1667. In his time, both men and women drew names from boxes or jars, so that each man had, in a sense, two Valentines—the one whose name he drew, and the one who had drawn his name. Of these two, more special attention was paid to the one whose name he had drawn, and the affiliation was supposed to last until the next St. Valentine's day.

Gradually the customs changed, and the habit of sending anonymous *billets doux* seems to have been the predominant one in our parents' days. At the present time there is a tendency to celebrate St. Valentine's Day by the sending of more dignified and worth while presents, and that is just where the trouble lies. When Christmas has only just gone and Easter is round the corner, one simply cannot spend a great deal of money on Valentine presents. Surely, then, there should be some way of making them at home!

And why not? There are dozens of pretty things that demand little effort without absorbing too much time.

There is an old-fashioned flavor about St. Valentine's Day, only to be expected in view of its antiquity that makes one turn instinctively to gifts having a similar atmosphere. "Real" Valentines, or cards, come first to mind. One delightful sort of card that can be turned out quickly and easily is made as follows:

Take a piece of ruled paper with a hundred small squares to the square inch. This may be obtained at most stationers under the name of squared or graph paper. On this make your design by drawing crosses in the little squares, like cross stitching. When you have drawn the design to your satisfaction, place your squared paper on top of two or three blank cards, preferably with a piece of linoleum or other soft substance under them. Then with a pin, needle, or best of all, a glass push-pin with a large head, pierce through paper and cards at the tip of each of the arms of the crosses. This will give you two or three perforated



By JOAN DEE

cards very much like the ones that children use for doing cross-stitch on with silk or woollen thread. These cards you have just made can be used in exactly the same way, if you wish; but a quick and effective idea is to join up the perforations again with little crosses as you did in making the design—this time with colored drawing inks or wax pencils. At first glance the effect is precisely that of cross-stitch, but closer examination will show how the card was made and the impression is one of spontaneity and ease of execution, a most artistic result, in fact.

Little place cards for a Valentine party can be made in the same way, cross-stitch alphabets being easily obtained at most fancy-work counters. These are sometimes larger than desired, but will serve as useful guides for reducing the letters to the size required.

A very interesting card, and quite an unusual one, can be made by drawing a heavy line from one side of a blank

FOR the younger generation there are dozens of amusing and clever arrangements that may be made by sticking the gummed labels of hearts and arrows and Cupids on blank cards in different ways, making up little scenes and groups.

HEART-SHAPED candle-shields are sure to be appreciated. Even though they have a desirably "Valentine" air about them when they are received, they are always appropriate for a boudoir. Frames of the proper shape can usually be obtained in the five, ten and fifteen cent stores, or are easily made to order. The parchment can be cut to shape readily enough, once the frames are on hand. It should be tinted red with drawing-ink rubbed on with a bit of rag, taking care to get the color even. Two or even three coats will give a deeper shade and will help to hide any inequality in the depth of tinting. If desired designs can be outlined with India ink and filled in with other colored drawing-inks. An arrow traversing the heart-shaped field is reminiscent of the good saint's day, and any number of other possibilities will suggest themselves.

The edges of the parchment should be sewn to the frame with quite a long stitch and then bound all round with gimp. This last is put on with a silk thread that matches the gimp in color, frequently a gold, using very short stitches in front and gaining distance by taking longer stitches, say a third of an inch, behind.

Of course, it is not necessary to make the shield heart-shaped. Any of the conventional frames may be used and appropriate designs added. The bouquets in this article and on page 54 would be just as effective. The quick drying enamel paints which have become so popular recently provide a black which is easily applied and is quite opaque, thus solving a difficulty which has faced more than a few makers of lamp-shades and candle shields.

A VALENTINE bridge-score pad is sure to prove useful. If you are giving a party that night, it makes an excellent prize, too. Pieces of stiff paper, known as "cover paper," can be obtained from the stationer's. If there is none in stock, a few sheets can always be had from the wholesaler at short notice. Cut these into smaller sheets, measuring five and a half by seven and a half inches, and fold them so as to make a little book cover measuring five and a half by three and five-eighths inches, with a double fold down the back about an eighth of an inch wide. Bridge-score pads measuring about three and a half by five inches, now the popular size, can be bought from book stores and gummed into the covers you have made. The decoration all goes on the outside of the front cover, of course. There are various ways of applying this—inks, water-colors, appliqué designs in colored paper, thin oil-cloth or the cut-outs here given, sealing-wax paints, and many others. The cover may even be made of a stiffer and coarser paper or a fairly light card—
(Continued on page 41)



card to the other, starting and stopping an inch or so from the margin. This should resemble the heavy lines used to indicate railways on the maps in the timetables. In fact, that is about the best place to get the line you need. Label a round spot at one end of your line Toronto, or Vancouver, or wherever you happen to be living, and a similar blob at the other end with the name of the place where your out-of-town Valentine lives. A few intermediate stations can be added, if desired, with the names on the lower side of the line to leave room above for a breathless Cupid, who is rushing along the track bearing a neat little red envelope with a heart drawn on it. If you don't feel equal to drawing a Cupid, a little train may be substituted with letters and hearts forming a conspicuous freight.

THE three black and white designs shown here ready for coloring, may be ordered to be hand-painted by yourself. They are so printed on rough water-color paper that they may be cut and folded booklet-wise after tinting; or tinted, cut out around the edges, and painted on whatever type of Valentine you are planning. We are also supplying the two designs on page 54. They are 10 cents for the sheet of five. Address, *The Handicrafts Department, % The Chatelaine, 143 University Avenue, Toronto.*



Red and white tulips or a large Valentine confection make a lovely centerpiece, and gay red paper napkins and little heart-shaped baskets for candy are sufficient for decoration.



A BUFFET SUPPER *for* ST. VALENTINE'S

Some novel menus and dishes for an informal occasion

By EDYTHE ANN PALMER

ST. VALENTINE'S Day provides the hostess with an excellent opportunity for entertaining, for the occasion lends itself readily to festivities. And because it is not a formal holiday for which custom has already marked out a schedule, the hostess is free to introduce whatever novel touches she desires. But while it is nice to have a free hand, it is also difficult. Having decided to entertain, the hostess immediately asks herself, "Shall it be a dinner party, a tea, a luncheon, a bridge? Or is there not a more original sort of party for this day?"

My suggestion would be a buffet supper, an informal and simple way of entertaining, yet one that can be made most distinctive and charming. And if you precede your supper with outdoor sports on a sparkling Canadian evening, coming in from skating or sleighing, tobogganing or skiing, the guests will return ravenously hungry and appreciative. Your supper can be made the delightful climax of a most enjoyable evening.

Let the food and decorations carry out the motif of St. Valentine's Day. You might serve your supper in the living-room, which would be a happy choice if you are lucky enough to have a fireplace; but whether there or in the dining room, have your table tastefully decorated with flowers and favors characteristic of the sentiment of the day. Red and white tulips or a large Valentine confection make a lovely centerpiece, and gay red paper napkins and little heart-shaped baskets for candy are sufficient decoration. If you have a large number of guests it is more convenient not to set the table with individual places. Arrange it buffet style—that is, place neat piles of plates and napkins at the corners of the table, and arrange forks, knives and spoons close to them. The dishes of nuts and candies, cakes and sandwiches should be set so that they balance nicely. If possible, have at one end your coffee percolator with cups and saucers, and at the other end the chafing-dish, or your main hot dish.

You may choose either a simple or elaborate menu, but in any case your guests will welcome a meal that is piping hot, if the evening's entertainment is to be some form of

outdoor sport as I have suggested. The following menus contain some original dishes especially suited to the occasion.

Menu One

Cream of Tomato Soup	Paprika Crackers
Waffles and Small Sausages	
Valentine Cake	Coffee

Menu Two

Shrimps à la Newburgh	
Buttered toast cut with heart-shaped cookie cutter	
Heart Mould of Strawberry Bavarian Cream	
Coffee	Vanilla Wafers (heart-shaped)

Menu Three

Ring-Tum-Diddy	
Hot Butterscotch Rolls	Raspberry Ice
Fancy Cakes	Salted Nuts

Menu Four

Queen of Hearts Salad	
Cherry Sandwiches	Hot Chocolate
Vanilla Mousse (colored pink)	Home-made Fudge

Waffles

3 1/2 cupfuls flour	2 cupfuls milk
6 teaspoonfuls baking powder	Yolks 4 eggs
1 teaspoonful salt	Whites 4 eggs
2 tablespoonfuls melted butter	

Mix and sift dry ingredients; add milk gradually, yolks of eggs well beaten, butter, then whites of eggs beaten stiff;

cook on a greased hot waffle-iron. Serve with maple syrup and butter.

A waffle-iron that is used on a range should fit closely to the stove and should be thoroughly heated and greased before being filled with the mixture. A tablespoonful of batter in each compartment is sufficient. The electric waffle-irons may be used at the table.

Valentine Cake

1/2 cupful butter	4 teaspoonfuls baking powder
2 cupfuls sugar	Whites 4 eggs
1 cupful milk	1 teaspoonful vanilla
3 cupfuls flour	

Cream butter and add sugar gradually, stirring constantly. Mix and sift flour and baking powder, and add alternately with the milk to the first mixture; then add flavoring and fold in well-beaten whites of eggs. Turn into three buttered and floured seven-inch square tins and bake in a moderate oven. Put layers together with fruit and nut filling. Then before icing, with a sharp knife, and using a cardboard guide, cut out the cake in the shape of a heart. It would be best to let the cake stand for a few hours before doing this. Cover the entire cake with pink icing.

Icing

3 cupfuls sugar	1/4 teaspoonful cream of tartar
1 cupful water	Whites 3 eggs

Put sugar, water and cream of tartar in a saucepan, bring to the boiling point, and let boil until syrup will spin a thread when dropped from tip of spoon. Pour gradually, while beating constantly on whites of eggs until absolutely stiff and dry, and continue beating until of right consistency to spread. Color with pink vegetable coloring and frost top and sides of cake. (Continued on page 56)



"Oh, it's a Parsee coat I picked up at Malta," Mrs. Iselin says of this becoming frock, gorgeously embroidered in the hues that best set off her beauty. She designed it herself, like the debonair caped "highwayman's" coat worn with the chic Reboux tricorne of the larger portrait.



MRS. ADRIAN ISELIN II is the wife of the internationally distinguished yachtsman. Her chic, her charm, her Titian beauty, her generous heart, her merry wit, and her many brilliant talents make her one of the smartest and one of the best-loved women in society.



"Women are loveliest in evening dress," says Mrs. Iselin. "There is charm in smooth white skin!" This dramatic Lanvin model of antique green brocade and silver lace reveals the ivory beauty of Mrs. Iselin's neck and arms. A magenta girdle and slippers with magenta heels are worn.

"A lovely skin is essential to Chic," says

MRS. ADRIAN ISELIN II

MRS. ISELIN'S BEAUTY recalls the gorgeous Renaissance. She has burnished copper hair and wonderful green eyes like precious jewels. Her perfect skin is white and smooth as ivory. Tall, smartly slender, graceful in every gesture, Mrs. Iselin is famous for her chic.

Color is her hobby. Color can make or mar a woman's beauty. For her own auburn type she chooses tawny browns and tans, yellows and greens. Her home is a magnificence of color. Every tint but pink is in the great living room—red lead floor, lemon yellow walls, sapphire and magenta, flame, emerald.

"Nowadays to be perfectly groomed is all-important," says Mrs. Iselin. "Fastidious women follow a daily régime.

"Pond's complete Method makes this daily treatment simple and practical.

"The Cold Cream has always been my standby. Now the Tissues are exquisite for removing cold cream. The Freshener keeps your skin firm and young. The Vanishing Cream gives a delightful powder base. I've used it on my hands for years."



Mrs. Iselin's dressing table with special green glass gift jars made by Pond's to hold her Two Creams and Freshener.



In their familiar containers—Pond's four famous products, Two Creams, Freshener and Tissues, which lovely women prize.

Thousands of chic and beautiful women are keeping their skin lovely by Pond's Method. Follow it thus:

AMPLELY APPLY the light, pure Cold Cream over face and neck, morning, night and always after exposure. Use firm, upward strokes, letting the penetrating oils sink deep into the pores.

Wipe away the cream with the Cleansing Tissues—ample, soft and absorbent.

For a bracing effect—the tonic Freshener closes the pores, tones, invigorates.

The finishing touch—a suggestion of Vanishing Cream for satin smoothness and to make your powder cling.

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Peggy learns the principle of hot biscuits, short-cakes, dumplings and muffins



Old-fashioned fruit shortcake, made from the foundation biscuit recipe, is one of the most delicious desserts known to the maker of menus.

BRIDE'S PROGRESS

The toothsome shortcake and humble dumpling are "sisters under the skin"

By RUTH DAVISON REID

I WAS at a bridge luncheon the other day, Ann, and ate the most delicious cheese biscuits. I was wondering if I might learn to make them—you know the kind, like a tea biscuit, only rich with cheese. This same hostess makes wonderful little rolled-up biscuits, too, with "sugar'n spice and everything nice—what is the secret of those?" Peggy enquired of her instructress.

"The secret isn't very dark or deep," replied Ann, "merely a foundation hot biscuit recipe varied a little. When you learn the original theme you can add as many variations as your heart desires, and serve a different kind at every party."

"This is the foundation: two cupfuls pastry flour, four teaspoonfuls baking powder, half teaspoonful salt, two tablespoonfuls shortening and approximately two-thirds cupful milk or water. Notice the proportions—three times as much flour as liquid (this consistency being called a soft dough), and to each cupful of flour is added two teaspoonfuls baking powder to make it light and one tablespoonful shortening to make it rich. And let me repeat once more—strictly level measurements, spoonfuls leveled with a knife and flour measured after sifting once and piled lightly in the cup."

"The method is to mix and sift the dry ingredients, and with two knives cut the shortening into them. Add the liquid gradually, mixing it until a soft dough results, which will take approximately two-thirds cupful but will vary for different flours. Toss it lightly on a floured board and gently pat or roll it to about three-quarters inch thickness. Cut into small round biscuits and bake on a greased or floured pan or baking sheet for twelve to fifteen minutes in a hot oven (425 to 450 deg. Fahr.).

"There are a few points to remember particularly; cut the fat into the flour until it is finely divided (smaller pieces than in making pie crust); add sufficient liquid to make a soft dough that still may be lightly rolled and is not moist and rough on top; and most important, handle the mixture lightly, deftly, quickly. As with pie crust, these may be chilled before baking in the hot oven."

"With housekeepers like you, Peggy, who must play the double role of hostess and cook, it is a good idea to mix the dry ingredients for biscuits in the morning and put them in the ice box; then at tea time while the oven is heating,

it is only necessary to add the liquid, cut in rounds and slip them in a hot oven. When they appear golden brown, your guests will say, 'How wonderful!'

"And now the variations! The first we might call emergency biscuits. Did you ever need something hot and dainty for a meal when guests are waiting to be fed and you are pressed for time? Then use the biscuit recipe but add

doubled, namely, four tablespoonfuls to two cupfuls flour.

"For the cheese biscuits which you asked about, in the standard recipe reduce the shortening to two teaspoonfuls and add five-eighths cupful grated cheese."

"The 'rolled-up' biscuits you described, are called mock Chelsea buns, pinwheel biscuits or fruit rolls. To the regular recipe, add two tablespoonfuls sugar and roll the dough into a rectangle one-third inch thick. Spread with a mixture of two tablespoonfuls butter creamed with one-third cupful brown sugar, one-third cupful currants and half teaspoonful cinnamon. Roll like a jelly roll and cut in slices three-quarters inch thick. Bake in a hot oven for fifteen to twenty minutes, placing the cut side on the greased pan."

"Date fold is a tasty variation. Make the biscuit recipe, using four tablespoonfuls shortening. Roll the dough quarter inch thick and cut in small rounds. On one half, place half a date which has been rolled in fruit sugar, fold the dough over, and bake as tea biscuit."

"Orange biscuits are always popular. Add half teaspoonful grated orange rind to the tea biscuit recipe. Cut the dough in small round biscuits, and press into the top of each one a small cube of loaf sugar which has been dipped in orange juice and rind."

"Sausage biscuits are a substantial addition to a meal. Roll biscuit dough one-third inch thick and cut in small rounds."

Butter the top of one biscuit and press a small piece of sausage meat into it. Cover it with a second biscuit and press the two together.

Bake for fifteen to twenty minutes in a hot oven (425 to 450 deg. Fahr.).

"For fruit scones, make a biscuit dough using four tablespoonfuls shortening to two cupfuls flour and add three tablespoonfuls sugar and half cupful sultana raisins. Shape in rounds half inch thick and six inches in diameter; mark in quarters and glaze the top with milk. Bake fifteen to twenty minutes in a hot oven."

"Irish buns also contain sugar and fruit, but this time currants are used instead of raisins, and in addition there is an egg."

Two cupfuls flour, half teaspoonful salt, four teaspoonfuls baking powder, three tablespoonfuls (Continued on page 56)

TEA BISCUITS:

Foundation Recipe:

2 cupfuls pastry flour.
4 teaspoonfuls baking powder.

½ teaspoonful salt.
2 tablespoonfuls shortening.

2/3 cupful milk or water (approximately).

MUFFINS:

Foundation Recipe:

2 cupfuls flour.
4 teaspoonfuls baking powder.

½ teaspoonful salt.
2 tablespoonfuls sugar.
1 egg. 1 cupful milk.

2 tablespoonfuls shortening (melted).

VARIATIONS OF TEA BISCUITS:

Sweet Biscuits and Richer Biscuits, Cheese Biscuits, Mock Chelsea Buns, fruit rolls or Pinwheel Biscuits, Date Food, Orange Biscuits, Sausage Biscuits, Fruit Scones, Irish Buns, Maple Biscuits, Graham Biscuits, Sour Milk Biscuits, Plain Shortcake, Rich Shortcake, Dumplings.

VARIATIONS OF MUFFINS:

Richer and Sweeter Muffins, Graham Muffins, Cornmeal Muffins, Bran Muffins, Nut or Fruit Muffins, Cereal Muffins.





MISS ROSALINE DUNN

"At last I have found the perfect manicure," says Rosaline Dunn, who, for fifteen years has been manicurist to New York's smartest social set.

Glazo has IT by Rosaline Dunn

I HAVE made manicuring my life work. I have devoted fifteen years to the study of the nails and their care.

The smartest women in New York's social group have adopted me as their personal manicurist. Naturally, I am jealous of this reputation. And to aid me in my work I use only the finest accessories money can buy.

Until recently, my one despair has been polishes. I think I can truthfully say I have experimented with every one that has come to my attention. I have even vainly tried to produce the perfect polish that I had looked to others for, so many years.

When Paris ushered in the sensible vogue of liquid polishes, I breathed a sigh of relief. Here, at least, was a vast improvement over the old method—a way to keep the nails of my clients polished for days without continual buffing. But even the most expensive imported polishes failed me.

I began to believe I was looking for the impossible, that I had an ideal too high ever to be realized—when I discovered this really marvelous Glazo Manicure.

Perfection At Last!

Imagine my delight when I found the lovely

Glazo package—two phials containing the solution of my problem. At last I had found the perfect polish for the nails . . . Glazo has IT.

In 3 brief steps . . . this marvelous Glazo method bestows on hands the enchanting loveliness I have sought for 15 years.

BY MISS ROSALINE DUNN



Lovely, Eloquent Hands . . . in 3 Brief Steps

1. Work Glazo Cuticle Oil into the skin that borders the nail. It nourishes the cuticle and keeps it soft and clean. It fashions the cuticle curve of beauty.
2. Cleanse the nail surface with Glazo Remover to prepare for the polish.
3. Apply Glazo Liquid Polish. Ever so quickly it gives to nails a lovely lustre that lasts a week.

What a wonderful manicure it is! Every quality that I have sought, it has in abundance. It is lasting. Its tint is that of beautiful, healthy nails. And from one appointment to the next, it holds its soft patina, its perfect lustre. When you adorn your hands with the beauty and utter sophistication . . . the gift of Glazo . . . you will be as enthusiastic as I am.

Then there is Glazo Cuticle Oil to frame the nails in exquisite pink cuticle ovals which are the perfect setting for dainty, white half-moons. For those who prefer a cream to an oil, Glazo Cuticle Cream is a marvelously healing preparation.

Accept Miss Dunn's Generous Offer

I would like to show you how I keep the nails of my patrons forever smart and correctly manicured. Just the merest word of interest will bring you the precious little lesson book I have prepared. It tells you how to hide telltale traces of work and keep hands young. Also, step by step, it explains the very latest methods of manicuring the hands.

Of course you can obtain Glazo at all the better shops and stores. Its price, including the Remover, 50c. Canadian Distributor: John A. Huston Company, 468 King Street W., Toronto, Ontario, Canada.



Decoration by
STELLA GRIER



Natural feeding up to nine months is baby's birthright. It lays the best foundation stone on which to build the adult organism—a healthy body and sound brain.

Irregularities of Babyhood

Lifelong habits may easily be established in the first few months

By STELLA E. PINES, R.N.

OF THE first importance are the baby's regular habits, for he cannot be expected to thrive without punctuality in matters of toilet, feeding, rest, and so on.

There are many irregularities met with in the first nine months of even the average baby's life. These are very simply rectified and it will save a great deal of worry for the baby himself, his parents and the doctor, if they are attended to in their early stages. We know that natural feeding up to nine months is baby's birthright. It lays the best foundation stone on which to build the adult organism—a healthy body and sound brain. Experts can tell what kind of feeding an adult has had in infancy, just as an expert shoemaker can tell you if the leather in your shoes is the product of a naturally-fed calf.

One of the most common infant irregularities is too frequent movement of the bowels. Do not worry unnecessarily over this. It is probably due to the baby getting a little too much food, or taking his feeding too quickly. This is not the diarrhoea that is so dangerous to babies, but if it continues, of course, the baby loses too much food in his movements and so will not have a satisfactory gain.

Should the baby be fed on a three hourly basis in a case such as this, he would do very well on a four hourly schedule. You should have him test weighed before and after feeding to see how much weight he is gaining. Your doctor will do this for you and regulate his feeding accordingly. Above all, there is no need for him to be weaned as so many babies have been in the past, if there is nothing wrong with your milk. When a breast-fed baby fails to make satisfactory progress, friends and relations are so apt to say that the breast milk is deficient in quality and quantity, instead of going into the matter of technique which nearly always proves to be the cause of the trouble. From close observation and much research mother's milk has very rarely proved to be the cause of the baby's failure to thrive. There are very few indications to the contrary. The only three, unless in very exceptional cases, are as follows:

1. When the mother is tubercular.
2. When the mother is pregnant. In this case the baby should be gradually weaned over a period of six to eight weeks.
3. When the baby is nine months old.

It is also erroneous to suppose that a baby once having been weaned cannot be put back to the breast. This idea has been exploded, most authorities knowing that the milk secretion can be re-established even after a period of eight to twelve weeks.

THE baby may be cross for a day or so after the nurse leaves you or when you return from hospital. This has already been discussed. Again do not worry—baby is just adjusting himself to his new surroundings and handling.

He may show signs of constipation. Here the question is of a more serious nature. Constipation is a widespread disorder and seems to be becoming a serious problem for all ages, many chronic ailments being traceable to troubles in infancy and childhood. My sympathies are with the infant who says, "I refuse to be the means of keeping patent medicine factories open," just as I sympathize with the one who refuses to have a cow foisted upon him as a foster mother.

Why should Johnny have his own bottle of—or—in the nursery? It looks well in the advertisement, but really is a very expensive way and, may I say, lazy way of trying to rectify things. Only bad habits, sometimes lifelong in duration, are formed in this way. If the mother is constipated the chances are the baby will be likewise. Regulate your habits of life, take plenty of fresh air and exercise, do not neglect drinking water and follow the health rules outlined in other articles in this series.

The baby's bowels may be sluggish from excess of food, although overfeeding often leads to frequent movements, it will also often have opposite effect. Give the baby plenty of exercise, allow him to kick several times a day and do not neglect his health rules. Place him on the vessel or chair regularly, give him a tablespoonful of water before each feeding and more in between feedings. When baby is a month old, you can begin to grade him to a cool sponge after his bath. He will like this if you are quick about it, having the water about five to ten degrees cooler than his bath and then drying him quickly. In the summer this cool sponge can be graded to the temperature of tap water. There is no need to give castor oil. This only makes the condition worse; and other simple laxatives should be used as temporary measures only, instead of being used indefinitely for weeks and months.

A good simple remedy for a sluggish baby is what is termed "local stimulation." This is best done by inserting a number twelve rubber catheter about two inches into the rectum and moving it from side to side, after which the baby should be held out. A small all-rubber syringe, not one with a hard nozzle, may be used and can be bought at the drug store. They are sometimes sold as ear syringes and hold two ounces. Fill the syringe with a salt and

water solution, one level teaspoonful of salt to one pint of boiled water; oil or vaseline the nozzle (this is also necessary in the case of the catheter), and insert into the rectum, moving it up and down a few times. Then hold baby out. If this is not successful, give an enema with the salt and water at a temperature of ninety-eight degrees Fahrenheit, or blood heat. This should be done every day at the same time, in addition to massage and exercises, until the condition is rectified. Enemas should not be continued for more than a week. It is quite wrong to allow a baby to be subjected to a daily enema for months, in the hope that he will grow out of the condition. You are only establishing a bad habit. I know you will be apt to say that all this takes too long, but what is a little time spent to wrong habits which might otherwise result and the consequent months of worry?

Common Complaints

BABIES are often apt to bring up small quantities of food. Not much notice is taken of this by many mothers, while others worry a great deal about it. Its importance may generally be attributed to overfeeding, gulping food too quickly, or else gas on the stomach. If continued, it may become a habit. It is no indication for weaning, however. Regulate the feedings.

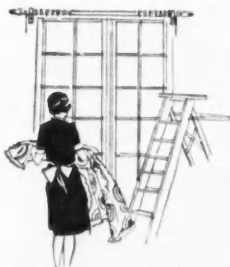
The average baby may catch a common cold, but this condition occurs less frequently in naturally fed babies. Common colds are always due to infection. A crowded street car is an excellent place for picking up germs. If any member of the household has a cold, keep baby away from the infected person. If you have a cold yourself, wear a mask when feeding or doing anything else for him. Babies kept in unventilated rooms are more liable to colds than those who are in a room with open windows or who are outside.

Always take care of the eyes. If infected at birth, which of course is not very common, pay strict attention to the doctor's orders, and if at any other time they should become infected, get a doctor straight away. Keep other children away; be very careful of your own hands and do not touch your face.

Thrush, a mouth infection, does not seem prevalent these days. Mothers have learned to look after their nipples, have ceased to wipe out the baby's mouth, and one seldom sees a comforter or "pacifier" nowadays. Personally I prefer to call them discomforters. (Continued on page 37)

New Charm

FOR FAMILIAR ROOMS



Beautiful new effects are made possible by Kirsch drapery hardware

There are times when every woman wonders if even her best-loved rooms must stay as they are forever . . . the same friendly old pictures . . . the same furniture and rugs . . . the same drapery colours and arrangements. Somehow, just "moving things around" doesn't seem to help.

What a delightful revelation, then, to find that a simple change of drapery treatment solves your entire problem . . . so easily and economically!

Select from the Kirsch line, first, the type and style of drapery hardware best suited to your windows. This will at once suggest many distinctive draping effects from which you may make a choice. Let the drapery materials chosen to harmonize with the selected hardware contribute a fresh note of colour, and the transformation is complete . . . familiar rooms will sparkle with new personality and charm.

At the cheery, sunny window pictured above, silken draperies fall in graceful folds from Kirsch "no-valance" side-arms. Crisp, dainty glass curtains are hung from a flat rod . . . the rod that will not sag, rust or tarnish . . . originated by Kirsch.

This is but one of countless beautiful effects made possible by Kirsch Drapery Hardware . . . offered in a wide variety of durable and harmonious finishes . . . for windows of any type and rooms of any period . . . every piece bearing the same guaranty of authentic style and superior craftsmanship that have made Kirsch the foremost manufacturer in this field.

The inexpensive Kirsch flat rods used in the window treatment illustrated above are available in dainty old ivory and statuary bronze . . . as well as brass . . . at no additional cost.

Perhaps your rooms demand a gayer ornamental note. There is Kirsch Atavio Work

. . . fascinating patterns in cast aluminum. And here . . . as with Kirsch cut-to-measure hardware . . . the many exclusive advantages of Kirsch Perfected Draw Cord equipment.

If you wish definite suggestions for new and beautiful drapery effects, send for the 1929 Kirsch Book . . . a stylebook of window and door draping treatment. It will be a priceless guide to colour, materials and methods of draping . . . it tells how to make your own draperies, how to dye and launder them, how to hang them. Mail the coupon for a copy . . . it is yours for the asking.

KIRSCH MANUFACTURING COMPANY
of Canada, Ltd., Woodstock, Ont.

You may send me the 1929 Kirsch Book without charge

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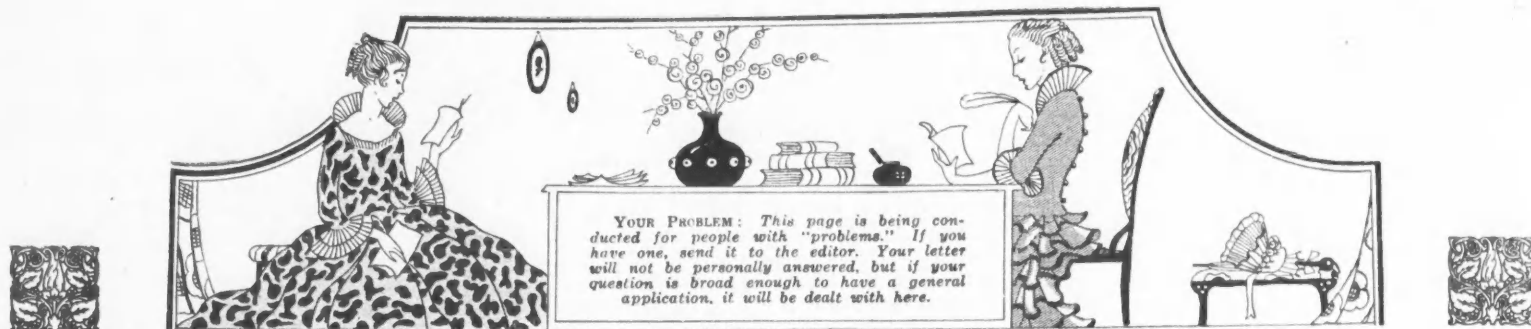


(139)

Kirsch

D r a p e r y H a r d w a r e





STATION L-O-V-E BROADCASTING

And in most cases we say "sign off"

By NANCY LEIGH

WHETHER it is the natal month of dear old St. Valentine that is responsible, or whether it is that as soon as January begins to fade into oblivion, we start to sniff the spring (and in the spring our fancies lightly turn etc.), or whatever the reason may be, the fact remains that this month's letters have been practically all on problems of love—"puppy" love, adolescent love, married love, even illicit love, if you can dignify that emotion by such a name.

What is love, anyway? Poets have immortalized it, novelists have written millions of books about it, scientists have tried to analyze and classify it, cynics have jeered at it and yet it remains the mystery of the ages. It is intangible. We cannot see it, touch it or taste it and yet we know it is there.

It is mysterious too, because of its manifestations. Why does a perfectly serious, highly-educated man fall in love with a giggling, "baby doll," who is, in no sense of the word, fitted to be his helpmeet? Why does an unselfish, big-hearted, level-headed woman "fall" for an utter rotter who will break her heart and throw the pieces in the gutter? Why does an apparently sane man or woman who has lived a number of years in what has seemed to be an absolutely happy and suitable marriage suddenly "go off the deep end" with someone who isn't worth his or her legal mate's little finger? Only God can answer these questions, for God looketh on the heart and we see only the exterior.

People so often laugh at "puppy love"—why, I can't quite see, for to me it is anything but funny. There are the girls of fourteen or fifteen who tell me they are "terribly in love" with their school-teacher, or doctor, or clergyman, and older people dismiss such infatuations with a shrug of the shoulders and a contemptuous "Silly little fools! They'll grow out of it."

Yes, they will grow out of it—I had almost said "More's the pity," for something is lost to the world when the wide-eyed adoration of childhood is replaced by the somewhat more knowing love of adolescence, and when that, in turn, yields to the calmer, more awakened, and perhaps disillusioned love of experience.

And yet there is something about autumn love which is very beautiful—as beautiful as a sunny October day in which we catch again the illusion of spring, especially if it is married love which has ripened through the years, which has known the "roses and rapture" of June, and the frosts and chills of winter, and has still come through triumphant.

HERE is a letter from a young boy. "Do you believe one can be really in love at sixteen? I am old for my age and I have been going around with a girl of eighteen for two years. She lets me take her to places of entertainment, buy her presents, and even kiss her, but when I try to get serious and speak of marriage, she laughs at me. I have a little money of my own, and I am willing to leave school and go to work, but when she makes fun of me it breaks my heart, and I don't know what to do."

There is an incipient tragedy here if this boy is not wise enough to sit down and think things out for himself. Yes, I believe one can be "in love" at sixteen. But I hesitate to think it will be a permanent love. You are thoughtful beyond your years, probably romantic and dreamy, an omnivorous reader who puts himself in the place of his favorite heroes. A sophisticated girl of eighteen is in reality years older than you in worldly experience, because girls mature earlier than boys along emotional lines. I do

WHY do we ask an outside opinion on affairs of the heart. Are they not too personal, almost too sacred to discuss? Yes—with anyone you know, perhaps; but there is real comfort in a disinterested opinion. Some things can never be sensibly talked over in the family—a family is too closely connected with the eventual outcome of most personal problems to have an unbiased opinion. Broach a delicate situation, such as any one of these considered here, in the average home, and the outcome is a clan uprising and upbraiding. Mention an illicit love affair to your closest woman friend, and you may justifiably feel uneasy as to the safety of your secret. Let a boy confide the hopes and fears of young love to the comrade of his heart, and he like Damon unto Pythias, he will probably be heartily laughed at. In love, perhaps more than in any other problem, we need disinterested advice and sympathy. Little wonder that our problem page has a wide appeal

not make fun of your love because I think it should be treated with dignity and respect as a factor in your mental and spiritual growth.

But if I were you, I would try to put love and marriage out of my head for the present, for, no matter how old you may be mentally, life holds many more experiences for you before you will be ready for that most conclusive experiment of all, marriage. I would suggest that you spend less time

at your books and more at outdoor sports and physical training. Cultivate the society of young men rather than of girls. Decide on a profession or trade and concentrate on your studies for it. After you have gone a little further in your development of mind and body, your ideas as to the personality of the woman you would choose as a life-partner may change. Give yourself a chance.

THE girls and boys of from eighteen to twenty-one seem to be mostly concerned with the question of "to pet or not to pet," and I sometimes wonder what the mothers of Canada have in their minds that they do not discuss this subject with their children and give them the information it is impossible to impart with delicacy in public print.

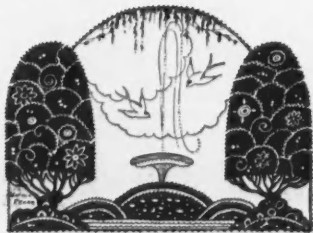
Here is a sample of literally dozens of letters. "Men say they prefer the old-fashioned girl, the girl who can cook and sew and keep house. They rush into print to decry the flapper, the painted doll, the short-skirted, cigarette-smoking, 'shingled Sheba.' They say the modern girl is easy, that any Tom, Dick or Harry can kiss her and that when they marry, they want a girl who is clean and sweet, 'just like the girl who married dear old Dad.' But do they live up to their words? Not they! The old-fashioned girl who is modest and sweet and decorous can go sit in a corner for all they care. She is a 'dud'—give them a good sport. Now I ask you, what are we to do? If we don't 'pet' we don't get the men; and if we do, we're 'just like all the rest'."

That this is no idle or isolated complaint, I know from the scores of letters I receive. That it should be true shows there is something very rotten in the state of Canada. Petting is such a travesty on real love, such a cheapening of the thing that should be most sacred, the physical expression of one's inmost feelings, and moreover, it is fraught with such danger to young, impressionable, inflammable minds. Mothers and fathers of "good class" think nothing could possibly happen to their children, but many a girl or boy of the same class has awakened in the cold gray dawn of the morning after to know that life will never be the same again.

Chaperons are as extinct as the dodo, I know, but the wise mother and father will explain to both son and daughter just why petting is dangerous, and just why society holds that familiarity breeds contempt. Then the best they can do is to leave it to their children's good sense, and pray that they may be enabled to know that "self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control—these three alone lead life to sovereign power."

THEN there is the girl who has fallen in love with a married man, and is earnestly trying to justify herself to herself and to the world. She writes, "Why does everyone blame the 'other woman' in the eternal triangle? Why don't they put the blame where it belongs, on the woman who can't hold her husband because she is idle or extravagant, or intemperate or bad-tempered or one of those nagging wives? I am in love with a married man whose wife makes his life miserable. What harm are we doing her or anybody else by trying to snatch our meed of happiness from the world? I know I shall never care for any other man and if I can bring some joy into the life of the man I love, how am I doing wrong?"

Poor child! It is so hard to make a girl understand when she is obsessed with infatuation, just (Continued on page 41)



ORIENTAL PLUSH . . . *The Supreme Motor Car Upholstery . . .*



The Outstanding Upholstery at the Canadian Motor Shows!

The preference of Canadian women for interiors of Oriental Plush in their enclosed motor cars is not a passing one. At the Toronto and Montreal exhibitions this month, more manufacturers than ever displayed models upholstered in this fabric; while amongst the made-in-Canada cars, more Oriental Plush was used than all other fabrics combined.

Oriental Plush is a superior upholstery fabric made expressly for motor car use. It is made in such a way that it absorbs dirt instead of spreading it on the surface

to soil frocks and wraps. The silky sheen goes right through the pile, which means that as long as you retain your car, the upholstery will continue to radiate its sunny lustre undimmed by time or wear. Naturally cars whose upholstery is in such condition will demand a higher price when turned in.

Oriental Plush can be secured without extra charge in many cars if you specify it when you purchase. Make a mental note to ask about it when next you go car shopping. Oriental Textiles Company Limited, Oshawa, Canada.

ORIENTAL PLUSH

Its Beauty Lasts

Boncilla

A name
that lives
in the daily choice
of thousands of
Dainty Women

First gaining wide-spread admiration as part of the Boncilla Beauty Treatment in use with the famous Boncilla Classic Pack, these leading Boncilla Preparations (Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream and Face Powder) have steadily become the first choice of many—for regular daily dressing table use. And now Boncilla Cleansing Cream, which was introduced many months ago, has quickly won thousands of friends who appreciate the high quality of products that bear the name "Boncilla."



Boncilla Cleansing Cream

A definite purpose face cream, of remarkable cleansing properties, fragrance and charm. Searches the pores, removes secretions and previous cosmetics, dust and perspiration—the first requisite to a good complexion.



Boncilla Cold Cream

Keeps the skin soft and smooth in all weathers. A pure, fragrant skin emollient of quite superior quality.



Boncilla Vanishing Cream

Every woman who uses this delightful Cream instantly perceives its high quality. Greaseless and invisible, it soothes and protects the skin and forms the perfect base for face powder.



Boncilla Face Powder

What a charm there is about this truly delightful face powder! Its zephyr-like softness, silky fineness and exquisite perfume have won for it an enthusiastic preference. If you have not experienced the quality of this Boncilla Preparation, you should buy a box at the first opportunity.

Send for this Special Trial Assortment Package

To those who have not tried Boncilla Preparations we will send a special Trial Assortment Package, containing generous sizes of five of the principal Boncilla products. It will be mailed to you postpaid on receipt of 50c.

Canadian Boncilla Laboratories, Ltd.
77 Peter St., Toronto

Women are learning that intelligent care of their bodies will postpone old age indefinitely.



It is necessary to keep alert, poised and eager in order to keep young.

The Promise of Beauty

Keeping Young Gracefully

by MAB

IT WAS Oscar Wilde, I think, who said that after forty, women looked either like ruins or like public buildings. How surprised he would be if he could see some of the forty-year-old women of the present day, many of whom could pass for twenty-five. They are thoroughly enjoying the adventure of life, its gayety, its romance and its youth. Oscar knew something about "The Importance of Being Earnest," but he had no prescience of the gallant war that would be waged and won in these latter years against acceptance of a definite place in life at a definite age. Women are learning that intelligent care of their bodies every day will postpone old age indefinitely. On all sides of us we see indisputable evidence of the miraculous effect of exercise, diet and a cheerful philosophy of life.

The present-day quest for beauty has become so general that it is hardly surprising to find that playwrights are using it as an occasional theme. I saw an amusing skit in one of our vaudeville houses which depicted a beauty shop to which a woman of about fifty came for rejuvenation. She explained to the proprietor of the shop that her husband was beginning to take an interest in women half his age, and that she wanted to regain her lost good looks, to have a sort of second blooming, so that she could compete for her husband's attentions. It was most amusing to hear the women of that simulated beauty salon deploring the many physical deficiencies of their new customer, who, undaunted, and with touching faith, handed herself over to their ministrations. She was told that she must be prepared to suffer for the beauty that was to be reborn, but that if she would submit to their treatments for three months she would be a thing of beauty, and would undoubtedly be able to charm her husband back to the home nest. Turkish baths, a rigid diet, massage, skin foods, exercises and the like were the portion of this seeker after beauty and a wandering husband. Like all popular plays, this one had the usual happy ending. When the delighted wife came back to the beauty emporium to tell the story of her success, and, incidentally to make the final payment for the work of rejuvenation, the beauty doctor gave her a parting bit of advice. "Now that you've got him, keep him. Don't slump; don't get fat; don't have wrinkles; keeping up isn't comfortable, but it's the only way."

This admonition reminds me of the line of an old poem: "Be not content; contentment means stagnation." The poet was undoubtedly thinking of the mind when he wrote this, but contentment has also a stodgy effect on the body. It suggests still postures, double chins and other "fatty degenerations." It is necessary to keep alert, poised and eager in order to keep young. The difference between a young body and an old one seems to be the elasticity of the former and the inelasticity of the latter.

Sanford Bennett "the man who grew young at seventy", claims that in order to know how to keep physically young, you should know why you grow old. He explains that the human anatomy is composed of millions of minute microscopic bodies which science terms cells. These cells come into being through the air you breathe, the liquid you drink and the food you eat, and then by the marvellous process of digestion and

assimilation are converted "into tissue. Having come into being, these minute cells live their brief life and then die just as you and I must die, and, having become dead matter must be eliminated from the system. If not, they clog the body and impede its functions, and signs of age appear. Having solved this problem of the cause of old age, Mr. Bennett proceeded to accomplish his own rejuvenation by a series of exercises which he called "muscle-pumping". Many of his methods he claims were those of the famous Ninon de L'Enclos, "the woman who never grew old," and who, it is claimed, was beautiful until her death at the age of ninety-one.

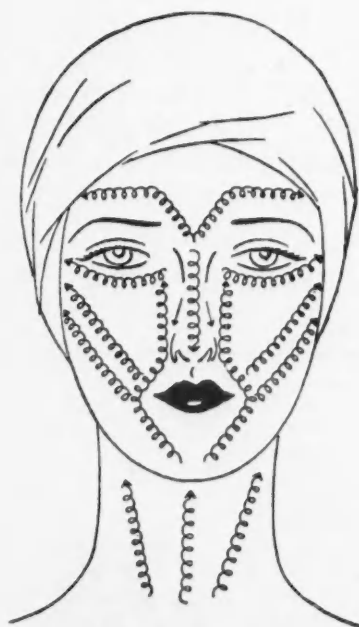
THIS is an age of youth. No matter what may be said to the contrary, youth wins because it is up and doing; it spells vitality, energy and enthusiasm. We hear less and less about growing old gracefully, because we have decided for the most part that there is not much grace about growing old. There will always be people, I suppose, who maintain that they are not interested in improving their appearance, and seem to be quite content to have thick misshapen bodies and suet pudding faces. There is a good deal of conceit and laziness about this attitude of mind. It reminds one of that rather amusing verse:

"As a beauty I'm not a great star,
There are others more handsome by far,
But my face I don't mind it,
You see I'm behind it,
It's the people in front get the jar!"

It is rather hard to keep vital and enthusiastic in February. I have always considered this month to be the most unbecoming one in the year. It may be that February is jealous of Spring so near at hand, and tries to get even by doing mean things to our faces and dispositions, and in general making it difficult for us to be either interesting or interested. This is especially so this year if one has been a victim of that devastating malady, the 'flu.

I DO not know of anything better than a facial massage to revivify one after an illness. If properly done, one a day is not too often. The face shows rather unpleasantly the effects of pain, especially beneath

Continued on page 42



The paths and directions of massage are indicated in this chart showing the upward and outward motion of treatment.

"HEESHADES" ARE USED EVERYWHERE IN BEAUTIFUL HOMES

COLD GREY DAYS



- *Super-Art Cambric Window Shades are washable with soap-water-and-cloth, durable, moisture proof, sun-fast and made in a range of thirty beautiful colours.*



Sunshine and Warmth Within

THE Seasons and their especial needs inspire the interior decorator in his creation of your home. The rooms and their especial needs govern his colour scheme.

The Southern room in Summer is unbearably hot...in Winter the North West room seems intensely cold...regardless of the most careful heating. Suggestion plays a large part in the feeling of chilliness...if you see sunshine streaming in through a window, glowing on floor and furniture...well, you even doubt the thermometer.

The window has more effect upon the temperature of your room than the actual heating. If through your window there enters a cold, blue-white light from the icy outdoors, then, your room "looks" cold, too. If your window is shaded with translucent shades, in any one of the "sunshine" colours of Super Art Cambric or Monarch Linen Tint Cloth Window Shades, then you have the ideal distribution of light.

From a range of thirty beautiful colours there is a shade adaptable to every need, interior and exterior.

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Oldest, Largest
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Please send me colour samples and suggestions as to
use of shades.

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The daintiest of women

ought not to be ignorant of scientific physical facts

GONE is the old idea that the most intimate concern of a woman's life should be shrouded in mystery. And a franker, cleaner, more wholesome life is the result.

It is no secret that women have long lived in constant dread of the results when using poisonous antiseptics for personal hygiene. Yet what else could they do? Until recently the only antiseptics that could provide genuine surgical cleanliness, were deadly poisons such as bichloride of mercury and the various forms of carbolic acid.

Zonite meets woman's great need

Fortunately, women need no longer use these dangerous preparations. A new germ-killing antiseptic has appeared which is absolutely non-poisonous. It is called Zonite, and women can use it without fear. With Zonite there is no burning action on the delicate internal membranes, there is no toughening and hardening effect, resulting in an area of scar-tissue. Lastly, Zonite brings into the home no danger of accidental poisoning. Isn't it natural that millions of women today regard Zonite as a godsend in their lives?

Neat booklet—free

A dainty booklet giving the facts concerning feminine hygiene has been prepared. It is frank, concise and scientific. Just sign the coupon below. Zonite Products Corporation, 165 Dufferin St., Toronto.

Use Zonite Ointment for burns, abrasions, insect bites or chapped skin. Also as a powerful deodorant in greaseless cream form. Large tubes, 50c.



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165 Dufferin Street, Toronto.

Please send me free copy of the Zonite booklet or booklets checked below.

- ☐ The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home
(Please print name)

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Prov.....

Perhaps the greatest fun for the older members of the family is feeding the baby before she can hold a spoon herself, and the baby derives huge enjoyment from her meals when another child feeds her.



Mothers can save themselves many steps and give the children of the family much pleasure by accepting all offers of help in the care of the baby.

Teaching Children to be Helpful

Appreciation of childish efforts will develop initiative and self-reliance

By FRANCES LILY JOHNSON

HELPFULNESS can only be taught children in one way, and that is by accepting their offers of assistance whenever made, and by judging the results of childish efforts, not by the more exacting standards of adults, but by the spirit which prompts the act. The child whose offers of help are constantly refused because his elders feel he is incapable, or because his efforts lead to added work, soon begins to question his own ability. He becomes increasingly uncertain of himself and a consequent loss of self-confidence results.

A few days ago, I was present when a five-year-old undertook to clear the table after breakfast. He had successfully carried out all the dishes except the coffee tray and, picking that up, got as far as the kitchen door when the percolator began to tilt. He gave a startled cry but, before his mother could reach him, over it went, carrying to the floor three delicate china cups, the sugar bowl and cream pitcher. The child, a picture of woe, stood looking at the wreckage, then burst into tears. I shall never forget the look of relief on the little wet face when his mother, gathering the pitiful little figure into her arms, said, "Never mind, sweetheart, of course we are sorry the cups are broken, but the percolator is still all right. Mother knows it was an accident. She appreciates your help anyway." Then, brightly, "Come on, let's clear up the mess." While both worked busily, gathering up the fragments and mopping the floor, she gently explained to him that while strong grown-ups could safely carry a whole tray of dishes, little people should take only one thing at a time. I am sure that that child will not soon again attempt to carry too many dishes, and equally sure

that he will be more willing than ever to help his mother.

In putting aside her own annoyance over the loss of valued china, she showed her sympathy with a willingness to help and disregarded the disaster which came from the child's inability to comprehend his own lack of muscular control. She showed appreciation of his efforts, even though they ended in failure, but she was tactful enough to point out the reason for his shortcomings in a way he could understand.

THE foundations of helpfulness and unselfish consideration for others can be laid by encouraging children to take part in the activities of the home as soon as they are able, fitting the task carefully to the age of the child, and emphasizing, not the work, but the co-operation which makes home a happy place for the whole family. In such an atmosphere the child feels he has a definite share in the carrying on of home life. He, as well as mother and father, is a contributor to the harmony of the family circle and his sense of belonging in the home is augmented.

When a new baby arrives, the spirit of helpfulness comes naturally to the fore. Children are intensely interested in babies and love to do many little things for them. Mothers can save themselves many steps and give the children of the family much pleasure by accepting all offers of help in the care of the baby. Big sisters and brothers take pride in assuming a protective attitude toward the youngest member of the family. They feel a sense of importance and proprietorship if allowed to shoulder a part of the added responsibility the baby brings with her. Perhaps the greatest fun for the older members of the family is feeding baby

before she can hold a spoon herself, and the baby derives huge enjoyment from her meals when another child feeds her. Certainly, a busy mother will appreciate this help because it affords her greater freedom for the preparation of family meals.

Besides fostering a thoughtful and considerate attitude toward others, the acceptance of help from children gives them a feeling of competence and assurance which later begets a spirit of self-reliance.

Through doing things, children learn to take responsibility. Those who are continually checked in whatever they attempt, soon grow discouraged and develop a sense of inadequacy. Those who are fortunate enough to have their help accepted, gain a confidence in themselves and their ability to carry through the tasks they initiate, that sticks to them throughout life.

Parents can aid in developing this instinct of self-help by showing a sympathetic interest in the welfare of each other and all members of the family—an unobtrusive willingness to help others over obstacles. Children are great imitators, and parental attitudes are always reflected in the actions of their offspring.

THE inner workings of the household should not be a closed book to the younger members of the family. Small boys and girls see only what is before their eyes but they miss little that is visible. They should not be allowed to think that the myriad duties which go on in the home just do themselves. It is a mistake to put the child completely out of the way while beds are being made, clothes washed, meals prepared, even if it is more convenient. He

Continued on page 43



The Pioneers have built the TAVANNES for 1929



MAYFAIR
\$25.00



CONCOURSE
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TAVANNES is your 1929 watch. Tavannes Pioneers, working in the world's finest and largest watch factory, have produced a watch to meet 1929 demands. With its combined attributes of beauty of design, faultless construction and reasonable price, Tavannes is the world's best watch value. Tavannes meets the demands of the most exacting—those who want a watch of distinctive appearance yet absolutely dependable in service. Makers of Tavannes are always pioneering, always a step ahead. That's why Tavannes will help you keep pace with 1929. Tavannes is the watch your watchmaker recommends because he knows the inside facts about watches. —The day you buy it you will realize real watch value.

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get back to her dear old tortoise, but it would not be safe just yet. He would feel better once he was back at work.

So like Sheila, he thought, slipping the letter into his pocket. He felt that he would be almost glad to take any miserable little job so that he would not be able to satisfy her demands. He shrank from the thought of her; wanted to forget her; felt he must forget her. Those hands of hers, stripping him bare to the bone.

One afternoon, he returned to Mrs. Currie's in an excited frame of mind. Barker, of the Structural Steel Works had promised him an interview the following day. He was sure that Barker would never have made the appointment unless he had something for him. He was elated. All his fears he brushed away with a careless hand. He had only a few dollars left, but now that was of no concern. He almost laughed when he thought of how he had imagined himself wandering the streets, a pauper, without food or lodging. That sort of thing simply did not happen. At the worst, things turned.

As he walked along the narrow streets leading to Mrs. Currie's through the sooty dusk, he felt a hand on his arm. He turned sharply, and looked down into a little painted face. The girl smiled at him, still holding his arm. He shook her hand away, and walked quickly on. He could still feel her little clawlike fingers pressing into his flesh. Sheila's hand—Sheila's hands again. It was always Sheila, everywhere he turned! He could never escape from her. She even looked at him out of the narrow eyes of that hard, painted little face.

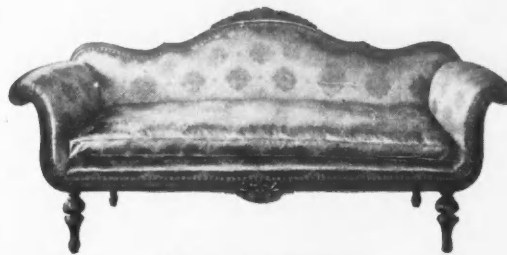
He detected in the other boarders at Mrs. Currie's the same shrinking which Sheila had so openly shown. He could not suppress his cough, which seemed to tear at his body with steel fingers. A sick fear gripped him as he sat at breakfast the last morning which he could remain without paying his board. He gulped down a cup of lukewarm coffee and went out into the street, struggling through a driving blizzard that stung his face, on his way to the employment bureau.

It had come to that, since he could find nothing else. He realized with a curious indifference that physical labor would mean the end. The doctor had warned him against any exertion whatever. But it did not seem to him to matter much one way or the other. Even if he found work, he had little to live for. It would only mean that Sheila would be there again, stripping him of what he earned as fast as he earned it, clinging to him, holding him back from Nan, refusing to let him go. He preferred to go on as he was doing rather than beg from his friends and reveal to them his miserable plight.

He glanced over the list chalked up on a blackboard outside the bureau. *Lumbermen wanted at St. Marguerites.* He had never handled an axe in his life. He would not be able to work at that for a day. It was no use taking it, for they would only ship him back to the city on the next train. *Street car motormen.* It would take a week to go through the training-course. *Men wanted for the Roads Department at the City Hall.* He could do that. It would mean clearing the snow and sprinkling ashes.

He found the superintendent, a burly bad-tempered individual who asked at once who had sent him. Hugh saw that he must fight even to get this job. He explained to the superintendent that he was down to his last few dollars. The superintendent nodded and pulled open a drawer, turning to inspect a calendar hanging on the wall. Hugh slipped a two-dollar bill into the drawer, and the man turned slowly around. He closed the drawer and rapidly appraised the bill before he asked for his name and address.

Hugh was told to report that afternoon. He was sorry now that he had left his breakfast untouched, for the reaction of the past days was beginning to set in. He had a sick fear that he would not be able to report for work; he was dizzy and cold. The wind sweeping around the corners snatched at his breath and left him gasping. He decided that he would call in at the boarding-house and tell Mrs. Currie that he had found work and would pay her at the end of the week. He must get something to eat before he went to work.



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H a n d s

Continued from page 21

Hugh's rug. He crumbled a crisp, brown leaf to powder while he lay gazing across the railing at the lake, a silver shimmer above which the mountains rose, melting from blue to purple, from brickish color to brown.

Hugh's eyes returned to the lake. He shut them and could feel the hot sun on his eyelids. The voices faded and became a murmur.

The hall with the red paper . . . Mrs. Quince's feet in her soft slippers padding along the hall . . . the steady tick of Nan's typewriter . . . the little waiter, smiling, smiling, smiling . . . the long streets washed at intervals with the street lamps . . . Nan's profile against the light . . . long black streets . . . wet and glimmering . . . rivers carrying them down a dark mysterious way . . . into dark depths.

THE northern lights were long loops of silver fringes caught across the sky. The Milky Way was a clear white path. Little gold lights in the village popped in and out. A moon slipped like a silver fish among the bare trees, a shining cloud for a tail. The low huddled roofs of the village were blocks thrown down by careless children's hands.

When Hugh turned his head he could see beneath the half-drawn shade the hands of some of the patients playing bridge. He watched them as they shuffled and sorted and dealt the cards.

It made him think of the day in the fields with Nan. They had talked about hands. He remembered telling her about his mother, and then about Sheila; about the first time he had met Sheila, when she had held up her hands to him, all stained with strawberry juice. Hands had always seemed to him to be symbolic of people. But he knew that this wasn't actually so; they were only so to him.

His mother's hands, strong, ugly, resting at last in the quiet earth. Nan's hands, large, generous, gone from him forever. Sheila's hands, empty, futile, useless, clinging to him always, dragging him down to depths unfathomable.

And all that night he dreamed about hands. He seemed to feel formless gray hands passing over his body, and as they took form, they became the podgy white hands of the woman with the chins; the lean grasping hands of Mr. Lee; the nervous hysterical hands of the woman with the green ring; and somehow, curiously and without apparent reason, they were all Sheila's hands. All night long he went running, running, running toward a tired dawn to escape from the clinging hands of Sheila.

Every day Hugh was allowed to go for a short, slow walk. If he walked much, his temperature rose in the evenings, so his distances were limited. He saw that he would be here for some months yet. And every day he was growing to loathe it more and more.

There were times when he could not bear the sight of the people on the balcony. Day after day, always the same voices, the same senseless chatter. It was a relief to climb the hill at the back of the sanatorium, by the road that wound slowly uphill between bare trees—washed with sunlight, now that there was no more shade. The leaves lay in rustling heaps along the edge of the road that the wind was constantly turning over and over, as though searching for something in the dead brown leaves. Out here he could think about Nan, wonder about her, remember her; at the sanatorium it seemed to him that he was forever thinking of Sheila, until he heard her voice in the voices of the patients.

In the podgy white hands of the woman with the chins he saw Sheila's hands, greedy, grasping. They were Sheila's hands picking out a sugar cake from the dish of plainer cakes; Sheila's hands feeling the fruit, pinching a peach to find the ripest in the dish. He could not, asleep or awake, it

seemed to him, escape from Sheila. The whole world was peopled with her in one form or another.

THE snow had begun to fall, drifting slowly, small white feathers fluttering through the air. It was piling up along the window ledges, sticking to the panes, where it melted and slid down the glass.

Hugh sat in Dr. Blake's study, a letter from Sheila on the table beside him, on his knee a piece of paper upon which he was jotting down figures. Sheila had sent him her bills for the past months, and he was staggered at the amounts. Her enclosed note was very brief, telling her darling old tortoise that she was afraid that she had been a tiny bit extravagant, and hoping that he was quite, quite happy. Sanatoriums were such nice restful places. She almost envied him. And she impressed upon him that he must not dream of leaving it until he was completely, oh, completely cured.

A wry smile twisted his mouth as he glanced down at the figures before him. What was written there told him that he would have to leave the sanatorium immediately. Obviously, the bills must be paid. It was just as obvious that once they were paid, he would not have a penny left with which to pay his own bills.

He was better as far as his lung was concerned. Yet, Dr. Blake had told him that it would be madness for him to think of going back to work for some months yet. It would mean a relapse, more expense, more time wasted. He had decided to stay until after Christmas, but these bills made any such plan unfeasible.

Dr. Blake was away for a few days and the assistant was in charge. Hugh made up his mind that he would leave while the doctor was still away. Otherwise he felt sure that Dr. Blake would enquire the reason of his going, and probably insist that he should remain without paying until things were easier. He shrank from that imaginary offer. He would pay off Sheila's bills, telling her that she would have to manage on her own money until he could find something to do. His old position would not have been kept open for him. He had been too uncertain when he would be able to return.

His eyes went to the window that was becoming thickly veiled with the flakes. Sheila's hands had stripped him bare. What to do now, he could not think. By the time he had paid his bill he would only have a few dollars left. An intolerable weariness came over him; perspiration broke out on his forehead as he realized the struggle that was ahead of him. He felt terribly impatient of this weakness which left him trembling and shaken at even the thought of exertion.

THERE was a wet drizzle falling. It blackened the fronts of the office buildings, it coated the pavements with a thick greasy slime. Hugh walked wearily along the crowded street. His cough bothered him again. He had rented a cheap room at a Mrs. Currie's which was comfortable, but which would do for the time being. He did not feel that he could afford to go even to Mrs. Quince's until he had found something to do.

He knew that he was suffering from an abnormal sensitiveness, partly brought about by his physical weakness. At another time he would have borrowed money from one of his friends or gone to Mrs. Quince, promising to pay her at some future date. But when you hadn't money, nor any means of making it immediately, something held you back from borrowing or incurring obligations.

He called at the post-office on his way back to Mrs. Currie's. There was a letter from Sheila, forwarded from the sanatorium. She told him she had gone to New York to stay with her aunt. She could not manage any longer on her miserable two hundred dollars a month. She would try very hard not to ask him for any money at present. She hoped he would find an apartment as soon as he was better. She was longing to

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You'd think they'd know how unpleasant it is for us."

She came over and plopped down on the top step. "What are you reading? Oh, darling you look so well. No one would ever dream you had been so ill. When I think of what I went through those awful days. I can't see how I lived through it. And then that Nan—she seemed to think she owned you. And she was horrid to me—oh, really horrid. Really I believe she blamed me for everything. How wild she used to make me. I never saw that she had any brains. It's extraordinary that she's had all that absurd success with her writing. But, then, they say, it's all luck, anyway."

"They say all sorts of absurd things," Hugh said, his eyes dropping to the pages of his book.

"Darling, don't you think we could get a little car this summer? It's so dreadful not having one. It makes me feel so poor. And we're really not poor, now you're getting such a decent salary."

"Not just yet, Sheila. Perhaps in the autumn."

Sheila sighed, her chin resting on her hand. "You are so cautious, darling. It's a little bit tiresome. It makes everything so dull for me. Well, I must go and get dressed. This old yellow thing looks like a rag."

Hugh listened to the tap of her heels on the polished stairs. Sheila would always be Sheila, but she would never drag him down again with those little clinging hands. Somehow, Sheila seemed to be outside of himself. She was like a yellow butterfly flitting along a beam of golden sunshine; that was Sheila.

He remembered what Nan had said to him once. "You've got to suffer; you've got to know defeat; you've got to go through the dark, before you love life." He knew the truth of that now. He had gone through the dark, he had known the fire, and it had scorched away all the old dissatisfaction with life which he had known. He loved life, yes, loved it in spite of everything. Sheila with her little clinging hands was no more to him than that butterfly fluttering over the pansy bed. She was outside himself;

inside, there was a warmth, a richness she could not touch.

The past two years floated before him in a swift panorama. Out of it all shone so clearly that moment in the hospital when he had opened his eyes and found Nan beside him. Nan had, he afterwards learned, written to him at the sanatorium and her letter being returned to her, she had got in touch with Dr. Blake. Together they had searched for him, making endless inquiries without result. It was Mrs. Quince, finally, who gave them the clue which led them to the hospital—Mrs. Quince with her endless sources for getting news.

Then had followed his long convalescence when Nan had refused to leave him to the mercies of a now humiliated Sheila. When he was able to be about again, positions had been offered him by the very men who had refused him in the days of his most urgent need. Life, with one of its curious and ironic twists, now seemed determined to make amends to him.

Nan had gone back to her work. She was living in New York. She had made a name for herself and was bringing out a novel. She wrote to him frequently, Sheila being only amused by this correspondence. She did not object to it, finding it only slightly comic. She could not conceive of anyone preferring Nan to herself.

His eyes fell on a verse that Nan had written in the book she had sent him that morning. The words echoed through his head like a minor chord.

*Those who have known defeat,
Weariness, despair,
Oh! singing sandals for their feet,
A shouting plume to wear*

Yes, there had been weariness, defeat, despair; but it had led somehow to a stumbling knowledge of himself, of faith, of love, of life. Nan had set him so surely in the right direction. Toward what—he did not know.

*Oh! singing sandals for their feet,
A shouting plume to wear.*

He sat watching the yellow butterfly hover over the pansy bed. The sun lay in a bright gold haze over the garden.



Irregularities of Babyhood

Continued from page 26

I have heard mothers say when asked, "Why do you allow baby to have a rubber diet?"—"Well, you know, nurse, he really does not like it." Babies are cute little things. Mothers thrust these things upon them just because babies are using their own language—crying, to let others know when they are uncomfortable, or have gas, too much food or too little. Yet a piece of rubber with a bone ring is thrust into the mouth to disfigure perhaps the sweetest part of a baby's face and alter his whole expression. The mouth more often fails in beauty than any other feature and here is one of the greatest causes outside of neglect of teeth.

Talking about teeth, some babies cut their teeth sooner and some later than others, even as early as four months and as late as fifteen months or more. The average is at six months when the teeth begin to cut the

gums. Remember, baby has his two sets of teeth when he is born, but they are in the gums and gradually work through.

Good teeth are one of our greatest assets and great care should be taken of them. When baby is six months old he may have a bone to bite on. It must have no sharp edges and be free of meat and gristle. He may also have a twice-baked crust, provided he is not left alone at this time. It should be given ten minutes before his meals.

Natural feeding ensures healthy teeth and, provided the mother has had good antenatal care and proper diet, his teeth will be sound.

Most doctors in this country recommend cod liver oil for the baby during the winter months. Some also recommend orange juice. These are both given to supply a

Continued on page 40



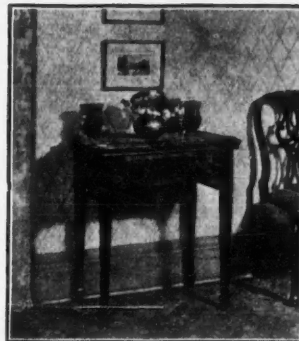
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Mrs. Currie would not listen to him, looking at him out of hard, rapacious eyes. "I've rented the room to someone else. I'll keep your things until I'm paid."

As he walked down the street he noticed a bar at the corner. He remembered in the old days his easy condemnation of men who entered such places. He went in, thinking how much his ideas of life had changed since those days of ready criticism.

Ordering a glass of brandy, he sat down near a radiator. He felt better after the second mouthful. Sipping it slowly, he felt the little pulses begin to beat in his fingertips. That deadly sinking sensation was leaving him. He was conscious of a sudden lift of courage. The blood was warming in his veins.

Yet the sinking feeling returned to his stomach as he reported for work. He was given a shovel and told to work at some piles of snow bordering the side walks. The snow was being carted away in flat trucks. It was heavy work, but not too heavy. The people passing along the streets seemed to him like something thrown upon a screen in a theatre.

Everything was unreal except the long, long handle of the shovel which he gripped fast in his hands. It was the only thing left in the whole world to cling to—if he let go, that would mean the end.

At moments he stopped and rested on the shovel, waiting to get his breath, in fear of the fits of coughing that made exertion at times impossible. A weak perspiration broke out over him, and he felt wet and clammy. He knew he would not be able to keep this up. But he did not look ahead. Plunging his shovel into the resisting bank of snow, he tossed some snow into the truck.

One of the men shoveling beside him spoke. He was an older man with a kind red face, seamed with wrinkles. "Youse ought to be in a 'ospital," he said, looking keenly at Hugh. "This is no work for you."

"I'm all right. Been ill. It's a hard winter to find work," Hugh replied.

"You bet."

The man went on shoveling and then turned, leaning on his shovel.

"It's hard when once you gets down. There's not many wants to give a hand up. I guess I knows. If everything goes well, then there's lots ready to do for you. But once you're down, you're down. We knows things about humans—us who's down."

"There's a lot of luck to it."

"That's it. Some has luck and some hasn't. It's a poor business, this living, when the luck ain't running with you."

Hugh lifted his shovel and dug it into the stiff brittle pile of snow. The street was whirling round faster and faster in mad wheeling circles; he wished it would stand still; wished it would stop until he could force his shovel into that stiff, stiff pile of snow.

The man's red face receded farther and farther until it seemed to Hugh as though he were looking at him through the wrong end of a telescope. A voice reached him, blurred and faint. His legs were melting under him like the legs of a snow man. Without a sound, he sank slowly and a wide darkness received him.

HE WAS lying in bed in a long, long row of beds that appeared to stretch on into eternity. He lay effortlessly, not caring to think, to wonder how he had come here, what had happened to him. He remembered vaguely a man with a red face, who had been kind, very kind. And then he had vanished, and there had been nothing but these beds, row upon row of them.

He did not want to think, he only wanted to lie perfectly still and close his eyes. There was nothing to bother him here. He didn't have to wander down those endless streets any more, looking for work that always evaded him, that was impossible to find. He remembered how one time, oh long ago, the streets at night had seemed to him like long black rivers, flowing endlessly, carrying him on to some sweet, warm darkness. But they were not like that any more. They were long black alleys, or they blazed with cruel light that revealed hideous things, hard painted faces, leering narrow eyes. He

hated the streets, longing to forget them, wanting to close his eyes to everything, to shut away even thought, to lose himself in a vague drifting unconsciousness.

Day and night melted one into the other, without much meaning. Nurses came and spoke to him, took his pulse, brought him trays, cared for his ease, looked after him as though he were only a body, to be handled and washed and fed. And then they would leave him alone, and he would lie looking up at the white ceiling, or close his eyes and drift into nothingness.

And sometimes, through dense twilights that were like gray dropping veils, a voice would come, calling, calling; and he would go running in answer, to find himself sitting at a little table under apple-trees, eating honey out of a blue glass dish, and drinking long glasses of milk, while his mother smiled at him across the table.

There was a gate on which he swung until it creaked and creaked; there was an apple-tree with friendly arms up which he climbed, up, far up, in a determined effort to reach the stars, to pluck one out of the sky and pin it to his mother's breast. And once he fell down, down, through thick darkness, and felt strong hands hold him, strong hands bind up the cut on his knee where the warm blood spurted out.

Sometimes he was walking on the hills, bending down branches that were sheathed in ice, rainbow trees that made the world a fairy place where anything could happen. He was lying on the wide, comfortable old sofa beside the fire, his legs in the air, while she told him stories of knights and dragons, her knitting needles clicking in time to her words.

Then he was in bed, in a room where there was a curious green light, while the sunlight danced and played games across the ceiling, and darted at the mirror on the wall. There were blue glass candlesticks that were tall blue flames. He was stroking his mother's hands, pressing his lips to them, frightened with a horrible clutching fear because she was so old, so very, very old, and must some time leave him alone in a strange, bare world.

And then, with a sick horror, he knew that she had left him, and there were hands that clutched, drawing him slowly down to depths where awful, nameless things leered at him out of narrow eyes. He would toss on his pillow then, praying in his heart that those strong firm hands that were his mother's, would save him from those awful nightmare hands that clung and clung and clung.

And he would try to find his way through those gray veils of twilight, back to the room with the green light, back to the apple-tree with its friendly arms, to escape from the clinging hands that were pulling him along interminable streets, that were dark, dark alleys where creatures with hard, painted faces looked at him out of Sheila's eyes.

It was one evening when he was trying so hard to escape through the gray veils, giving up at last in a vain, vain struggle, that he felt strong hands take hold of him, and he rested on his pillows with a sigh. He had found her again, in the room with the green light, and the blue candlesticks, through which the sunlight trickled. He had found her again, and he tried to whisper to her never, never to let him go, because—oh, because—

He opened his eyes. Nan was sitting beside him, holding his hands.

THE afternoon light was clear as wine, yellow as gold. Hugh watched Sheila flitting about the garden, her yellow dress dappled with sunlight. She was stooping over a bed of pansies, then stretching up to twist a drooping end of vine around the trunk of a tree. He was glad they had been able to find another house with a garden, a small garden it was true, but Sheila was already planning how it could be extended and enlarged.

"Darling old tortoise," her voice called to him across the patch of lawn, "don't you think it would be nice to have a hedge of roses put in down at this end. Those dreadful people next door will hang out their clothes. Why will people be so selfish?"

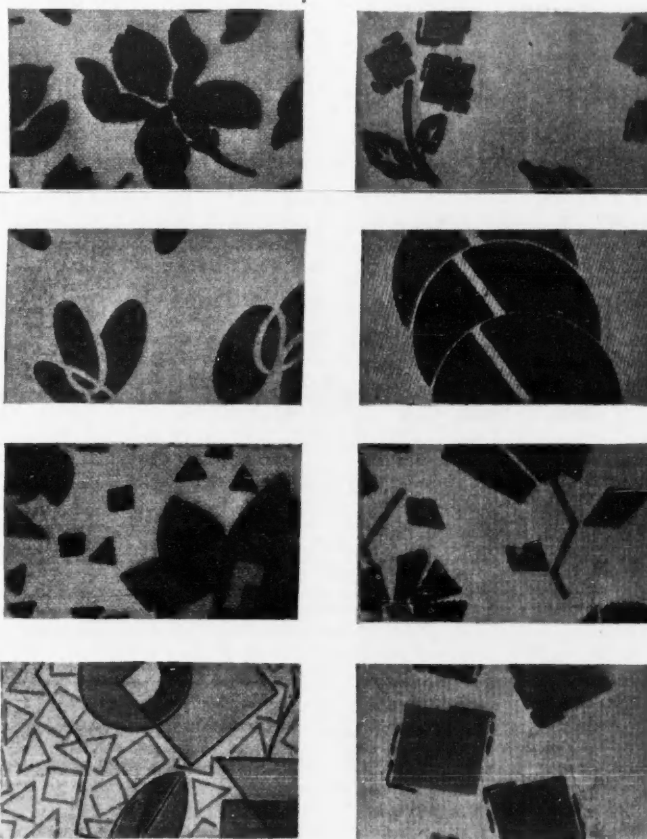


Ensemble shown is made from combination of Wendy and Trinley.

Peter Pan Fabrics

—the Sensation of 1929

You May See Them NOW



NOT only the style centres of Canada—Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver—and of the United States — New York, Philadelphia, Miami, Los Angeles—are showing PETER PAN PRINTS, but London, Paris, Vienna, are showing them as well.

Formerly, such dress materials as Prints were valued on their inherent merit as fabrics, but nowadays, *it is the style element* that establishes value.

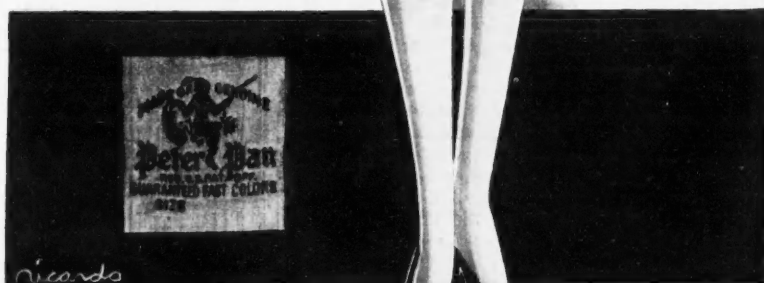
And when Prints originated and produced in America are shown in the fashion centres of Europe, *it simply means sensational style values*, which for 1929 are *exclusive* in PETER PAN PRINTS.

The leading Dress and Costume manufacturers of Canada are now showing their Spring offerings of dresses and ensembles in PETER PAN PRINTS. And they may also be seen in the piece—in all their variety of exclusive and distinctive designs—in the best stores across Canada

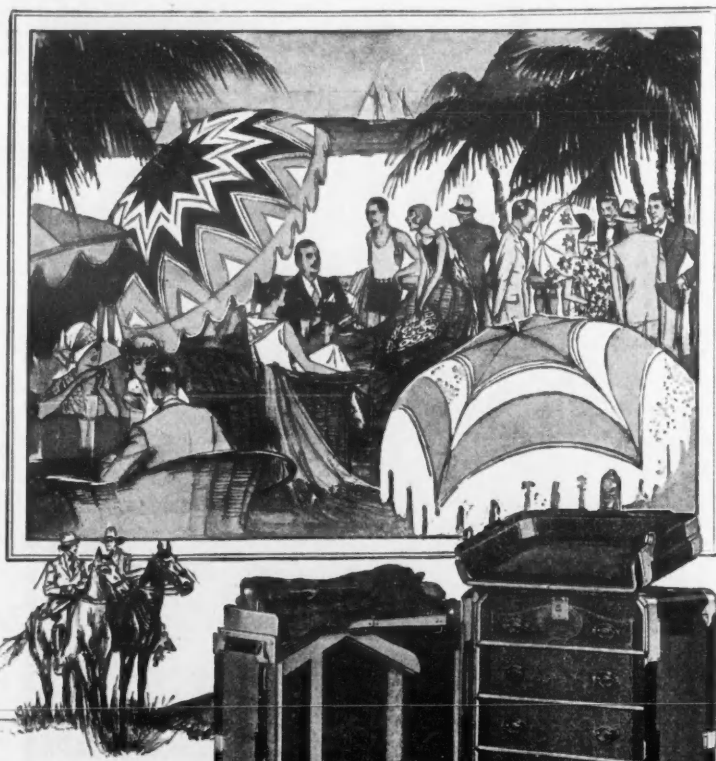
NEVER has there been offered to lovers of beauty and chic in light dress materials such a wonderful display as you will see when you inspect the new

Peter Pan Fabrics

NISBET & AULD, LIMITED Manufacturers, Stylists and Converters 24 Wellington St. West TORONTO



The labels herewith shown identify the different cloths that comprise the Peter Pan line and may be looked for in conjunction with the Peter Pan label on the piece or on garments made from these fabrics.



Said a lady the other day to a trunk salesman—

"I'm Going to California and I Want a Wardrobe Trunk"

The salesman was showing her a number of models and he ultimately came to one that particularly appealed to his customer.

It had a wonderful hanging space for garments and the drawer section was arranged to properly take care of shoes, hats, lingerie and all other articles of wearing apparel. In fact it seemed to be perfect for her requirements.

"How much is this one?" she asked.

"It is \$55.00."

"I had no idea that I would have

to pay that much for a trunk," she exclaimed.

The salesman knew the value of that trunk and his answer was:

"Madame, you are going to California. It's a long trip. You will be carrying wearing apparel worth \$500 or possibly more. Now do you think 10% of this amount is too much to pay for the trunk to carry clothes worth that much money? And, mark you, this LANGMUIR-HARTMANN TRUNK will be your travelling companion on many a future journey. It's a trunk that you will always be proud of and one with which you will always appear to advantage."

"When you put it that way I guess it isn't too much to pay for a trunk after all, and I better take it," she said.

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Paris Patter

Continued from page 19

and skirts weighted down with pleats.

There is nothing new in evening gowns. The drooping hemline persists with a slight effort to transfer the droop from the middle back to the side. I have an idea that by springtime, the back drop will have entirely disappeared. It has become far too popular. Bodices are slinky, close fitting, with the fronts of them plain and the backs embellished. Some of the new Worth evening gowns are embroidered in the back with diamonds, big showy motifs, while there is only a thin line of them around the neck in front. Shoulder straps are no longer mere strings. At least one of them must be heavily jewelled with ends that fall to the waist either back or front—or both. And one can still wear a flower or a bow under one's ear or in the region of one's hip.

There is literally much more in evening frocks than there used to be. Chanel's wispy rag has gone the way of all rags, but one isn't allowed any added girth. One must be slim as the willow wand to carry off the added layers of chiffon, and you simply cannot look right in the new "hippy" dresses unless you are hipless! Lace and chiffon are supreme; soft velvet appears a little but there are fewer figured velvets, and taffetas scarcely at all. If anything, there are more colors worn than heretofore; as much black as ever, but less white.

THE most delightful features of the mid-season and southern collections are the fascinating little coats that go with evening frocks, much shorter than those shown in the summer, more like little flouncy boleros. For instance, with a chiffon dress, stark black, will be worn a scrap of a coat like a web of fine silver thread with diamonds caught in it. The summer models had sleeves. These new ones are sleeveless. Oh, and I was almost forgetting the small prim shawl which Worth recently folded over a lace dinner frock!

Evening coats may be in velvet or lamé or what you will, but they must be gorgeous. And they must be big; big-sleeved, big-collared, big enough to make the woman and the frock inside frail by comparison.

Sad, but there seem to be no new hats about. One does get so tired of forever



Frock in black crepe with white rep at neck. Both sketches from Drecol-Beer.

seeing those skimpy little skull caps. Thank heaven, though, they say there'll be brims and bigger ones than ever for spring, chopped away on one side, drooped on the other like the models they started out with this summer. It is late to be telling you of the Reboux cloche which showed a fringe of twirled-up hair behind. It was slightly amusing but more dowdy than entertaining, I thought. I've yet to see it on a smart head abroad. All the little milliners jumped at the idea, all the *petites modistes* who perch near the chimney pots up twisty back streets—and that, of course, was its death knell in the chic world.

At Biarritz, wide brimmed straw hats were about at the "right" places, meaning where smart women lighted for a moment. These were in coarse weaves dyed to match the frock underneath. More than ever it would seem hats must match. It is no longer considered smart to wear black atop a color, even Chanel's raspberry red. You can imagine the near-tragedies at the milliners when the dyer fails to get the color of the couturier's sample.

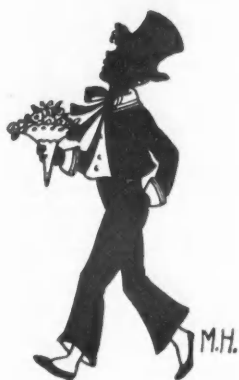
The most amusing hats of all, without doubt, are those Mary Nowitsky has designed for Palm Beach and the Riviera. They are in bright colored straw, flopping in the brim, tied like a poke bonnet under the chin, or rolled like a dunce's cap. They are supposed to be worn on the beaches with full, high-waisted trousers buttoned at the sides with pearl buttons, a sleeveless shirt and a dumpy jacket rounded off in front. It sounds a bit like a chorus get-up, but more extravagant things than that happen on the Lido.

Nobody has thought up any new shoes so that everybody will go on wearing the usual kind—white trimmed with brown, or black or all white.

Legs, arms and faces are still worn matched till sundown but I notice that the tan seems somehow to disappear giving way to a soft pallor when the lamps are lighted. There are fewer lacquered heads about these days. No one has taken to wearing hair in a halo of curls, but there is a decided softness about the new coiffures that is flattering to most faces.



Afternoon dress in navy blue trimmed with black silk braid.



Ideas for the Home-made Valentine

Continued from page 23

board, and covered with figured silk if desired, finishing the inside with a colored paper pasted down to cover the edges of the silk. A gorgeous tassel imparts a finished air, and makes your score pad quite qualified to play the role of first prize.

ABOOK-MARK is always a useful thing to have about, and they are seldom noticed in the stores. Colored leathers can usually be obtained without much trouble, generally in a soft, suede-like finish. To give the appropriate Valentine touch, choose a red leather and cut a strip an inch and a quarter wide and ten inches long. Toward the top, draw a heart, and then, with a sharp knife, cut the heart out of the strap of leather. An arrow may be cut out of the lower part of it in the same way if you wish, but too many holes in the marker would make it awkward, as it would have a tendency to catch on the corners of the book when in use.

A similar book-mark of red watered-silk is also an easily made gift. The silk ribbon should be of the same dimensions as the leather one, viz., one and a quarter by ten inches. Finish the ribbon in a point by folding it lengthwise and stitching it across, three-eighths of an inch from the end. Then turn the little pocket so formed inside out to hide the sewing. Take a short length of heavy rope silk, knot one end and pass it out through the extreme point of the ribbon. Thread on it a bright glass bead about as large as a pea, looping the silk back and fastening it inside. Wooden

beads such as are made for lamp shade trimmings look well, as do also beads moulded in sealing-wax, or a little heart contrived in the same material.

FOR a really delightful, old-fashioned Valentine, purchase a dainty shoulder bouquet of artificial flowers. Then arrange a lace paper doily round the stems in the way that laces were used to protect the old-fashioned nosegay. (See also page 54.) Pack all this carefully and tastefully in a little box that just fits it, sprinkle it with a few drops of perfume, and attach a little heart by means of a red ribbon. The heart can be cut out of stiff cardboard, and gilt or covered with silver paper. With a little care in the preparation of this gift, you should be sure of winning the very sincere and delighted thanks of the recipient, especially as shoulder bouquets seem to be due for another season of popularity.

If inspiration should fail you at the last moment, there is no reason why any little gift may not be made the bearer of a Valentine message by wrapping it up in the appropriate way. Red paper with a white ribbon, or white paper with a red ribbon, seems to be what is expected of us. The stores all carry hosts of little labels and emblems in gummed paper—hearts, arrows, Cupids, flowers, tiny red envelopes, and many others. These may be added here and there to the wrapping, not in too great profusion, and you may be sure that your little remembrance will be understood and appreciated.



Station L-o-v-e Broadcasting

(Continued from page 28)

what harm she is doing to herself, to the man and to the wife. Yet in her heart she knows she is wrong or she would not be seeking for excuses.

You may think that as long as the wife does not actually know about you, you are not hurting her, but the man who fancies he loves you cannot give to his wife the sympathy, the companionship, the affection and understanding which are her due. Do not think there is any wife who does not know when her husband's love is waning. You are robbing her of her most priceless possession.

When people have arrived at middle age and have lived together for a number of years, it is difficult to preserve the glamor and illusion of young love. A man in underwear with lather on his face is no more attractive than a woman in curling pins and kimono. You have all the advantages of youth, particularly its freshness;

and in addition you have the charm of "forbidden fruit." You have not worn yourself out cooking and scrubbing, darning and mending, sitting up nights with a sick child, racking your brains with the problem of finances. Don't you think it is unsporting of you to pit your untried youth against the other woman's years of service? It's hardly a square deal. Moreover, the married man who spends his money on his "light of love" is stealing that money from the family purse. Don't forget that.

And you—what have you to gain by it? Suppose you give the best years of your life to this man. Do you think the man who has been faithful to one woman will remain loyal to another when she has lost her looks and the gray is beginning to show in her hair? Do you think you can go on forever without being found out? And when you are found out, who will pay the penalty in

Continued on page 47

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Five thousand years ago a venturesome Chinaman, so we are told, penetrated the forests of Assam in India and discovered the tea plant. He took it home and planted it... and so the story goes. This is legend but ancient writers of China tell us definitely that tea was growing in China in 2700 B.C.

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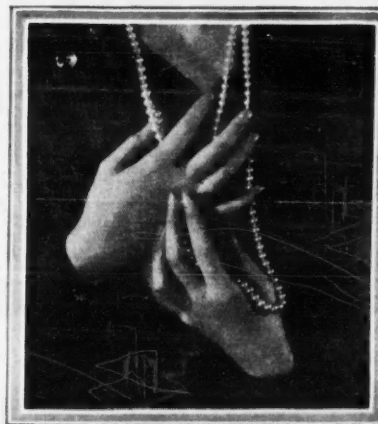
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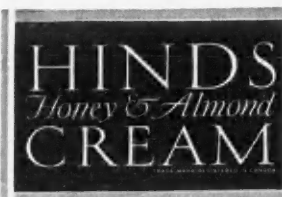
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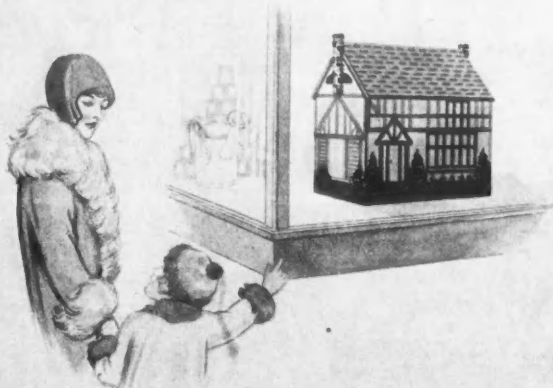
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Irregularities of Babyhood

Continued from page 37

fresh element, or vitamins, which are necessary for good nutrition. Provided the mother eats fresh vegetables and fruit, and drinks a half to one pint of milk per day from cows that are pasture fed, these things are not necessary. Be guided, however, by your doctor. Do not think that orange juice is given as a laxative. It is true that babies lacking vitamins are constipated, but the juice of fruits is given to supply these accessory factors.

Weaning

PROVIDED the baby is well, happy and progressing satisfactorily, he will not need supplementary food until about the eighth or ninth month when he is due to be weaned.

This is another very important time of crisis in baby's life, and he needs careful supervision to ensure a well-balanced and graded diet. Too much stress cannot be placed upon the advisability of periodical examinations for baby as well as for the rest of the family. This will be discussed more fully later on, when dealing with the child of pre-school age.

Five to six weeks should be taken to wean baby—for two reasons. He has to be accustomed to the change of food and given only a small amount of new food at one time. Weaned in this way, he is rarely upset. If weaning is accomplished correctly, the mother's milk gradually diminishes and there is no risk of breast engorgement or abscesses. Generally speaking, the best time for weaning is from nine to twelve months. The younger the baby, the greater the risk. Never wean a baby in the middle of the summer. If weaning time comes during these months, give at least one natural feeding a day until the hottest weather is over, as a safeguard.

When baby is introduced to any new food, give a little at a time just before the rest of the meal. He will then take it with very little trouble because he is hungry. Never hurry, but on the other hand do not establish the habit of dawdling over meals. Keep the baby happy during meal times and never threaten him. Never let him think a new food is nasty to the taste and, if there is much trouble, let him go hungry once or twice and he will soon learn to take what is good for him. Have you ever seen the results of a mother giving in too easily to a child's fancies? By the time he is about three years old he will not take this or that or any other thing. Consequently, in the end he really has a very badly balanced diet.

Teach him to chew and not to bolt his food. His bone and crust will have taught him a lot in the exercise of mastication.

Introduce one new thing at a time and do not make it into slops. Give barley jelly, for instance, with the milk poured over it, do not mix it all up together. Solids should be given first; followed by milk. The activities of mastication will cause an extra flow of blood to the jaws, helping in the growth and development and keeping the teeth healthy.

Baby does not need to be accustomed to a bottle as he can learn to drink out of a cup quite easily after he has cut two or four teeth. He will probably lose some of his liquid for a couple of weeks until he has learned the way to drink properly, and this must be provided for in preparing his meal, otherwise he will be hungry. It is, of course, of utmost importance that cleanliness be observed in all things connected with the baby's meals.

Quite a number of babies are given four meals a day when they are four or five months old, but after seven months, provided baby is up to standard weight, he can very well go without his ten o'clock feeding and sleep through from 6 p.m. to 6 a.m.

The baby's meals will be discussed in our next article as well as other points that are important, now that he is ready to become a partly independent being.



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Teaching Children to Help

Continued from page 32

can only learn what constitutes a smoothly running home if he sees the machinery in action and realizes that someone has to do everything which is done.

That he does learn very early the significance of the work entailed, is evidenced by a story told me about a six-year-old boy. There are five in the family and the maid became ill, which made it necessary for the mother to do all the household tasks as well as look after the sick girl. For two days she was so busy that she had not a minute to spare. After supper the second night, the small son of the house said, "I can do the dishes all by myself. You sit down and rest. I don't like to see you so busy all the time." With many misgivings she did sit down and watched him clear the table. He scraped and piled the dishes, got soap and water in the dishpan and began washing them as he had seen her do. He copied her methods, even as to the order in which the various articles were washed and dried. When all were done, he wiped out the pan, hung it up, wrung out the dishcloth, put it on its proper hook and finished by returning the dishes to their accustomed shelves, using a stool to reach. Not an article was broken and everything was left clean and tidy. It was a revelation to his mother who had never required any of the children to aid in a household task outside of seeing that their personal belongings were put in the right places.

When, in early years, the child recognizes that every task which is accomplished has human endeavor behind it, and sees others taking their share of the necessary work as a matter of course, he unconsciously learns to bear his part. At first the demands should be light and closely related to the child's own life—such tasks as washing and dressing himself, picking up his own toys, making his own bed or other small duties.

As a general rule, the child should know what is expected of him, so that when his share of the work is done, he can feel free to follow his own inclinations, with the knowledge that when his work is finished, his time is his own. He will not then be like the four-year-old who, one day, when her mother was in a hurry, was told to make her bed. She refused. Her mother compromised by helping her, the child performing her part very reluctantly. After the bed was made, her mother said, "Now, wasn't that interesting?" And the child replied, "Not to me, it wasn't." Since, in this case, bedmaking was not a routine task, one feels very strongly that it should have been requested, not demanded. Any extra demands on the child's time—and such will frequently be necessary—should be courteously requested and treated as favors conferred, just as would be done with an adult. No child should be constantly at the beck and call of elders who want errands run.

AS CHILDREN grow older, they can be shown that duties in the home have to be allotted according to ability, the harder tasks to the more mature. They must do some things for others just as others do for them.

The spirit of co-operation can be stressed by explaining that when son cuts the grass, it is because he cannot earn his livelihood in outside competition, and so he makes his contribution by relieving father of a task he would have to perform if the child did not do it. Daughter can be shown that in making the beds, she is doing something for mother in return for what mother does for her, and so is taking a share in the family responsibilities. All of which emphasizes the fact that we are mutually dependent on each other throughout life and each must take his share of the world's work seriously and cheerfully.



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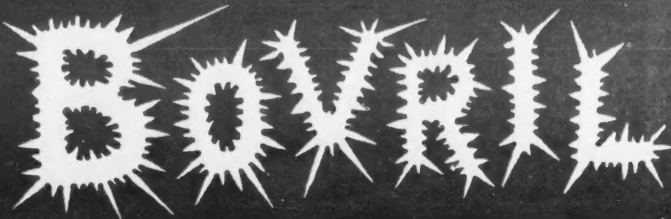
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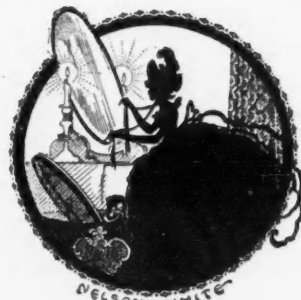
The Promise of Beauty

Continued from page 30

the eyes, which is a more or less static part. It is here in particular that Father Time finds a happy hunting ground to write the story of our age, if he be given a chance to do so. It is, of course, better and much more luxurious to have this work done by an expert, but with a little practice and acquaintance with the anatomy of the face, it is quite easy to do it yourself.

My own method for massage is to cleanse the face thoroughly with either soap and water or cleansing cream, after which I apply a little skin food which I rub in and then begin to massage, using the lower part of the palm of the hands with deep rhythmic motion, working outwards and upwards in a rotary manner. Always begin in the middle of the face and work toward the temples. If this is done regularly you will be delighted at the result. There will be no shrinking of the supporting muscles which are exercised by this system, and the face will retain its youthful contour.

An important point to remember in using any kind of cold cream for the face and neck, is that to be effective it should melt upon the skin immediately when applied. If you are interested in this home method of routing that tired and sagging look which our faces wear all too often, I can give you more explicit directions for facial massage and advice as to suitable creams to use if you will write to me for them, enclosing a stamped envelope for reply.



The Younger Pilgrim

by Anne Sutherland



I shall not mind the last years
If only I may be
Proud keeper of the treasure
The first years brought to me.

O heart of mine, if silver
Has never dulled to grey,
If I have cherished laughter
Nor frittered faith away.

If I arise with vision
And lay me down with prayer,
Though all my limbs be shaken,
Indeed I shall not care;

I shall not ever question
Or grumble of my load
If God but leave His pilgrim
The hunger for the road!

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Neutralize Dangerous Acids in
Stomach with Hot Water
and Magnesia.

"Never force the digestion of fermenting food from your stomach simply to get temporary relief from indigestion," says a well known authority. The habit of taking digestive pills after meals makes chronic dyspepsias of many thousands of men and women because artificial digestants, drugs and medicines have practically no influence upon the excessively acid condition of the stomach contents which is the cause of most forms of indigestion and dyspepsia.

The after dinner pill merely lessens the sensitiveness of the stomach nerves and thus gives a false sense of freedom from pain. If those, who are subject to indigestion, bloating, gas, sour stomach, belching, heartburn, etc., after eating would get a little pure Bisurated Magnesia (either powder or tablets) from any reliable druggist and take a teaspoonful of the powder or two of the tablets in a little water after meals, there would be no further necessity for drugs or medicines because the Bisurated Magnesia instantly neutralizes stomach acidity, stops food fermentation and thus insures normal, painless digestion by enabling the stomach to do its work without hindrance.

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Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring
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governmental regulation). "And, although Dr. Fitzgerald did not so state," concludes the *Manitoba Free Press*, "it was apparent that this is the system he would like to see introduced in Canada. 'Preventive medicine' he suggested, 'rests on a clinical basis.'"

FROM these expressions of opinion among the doctors themselves, it will readily be seen that the medical profession is alive to all sides of the problem, and that in so far as Canada is concerned, when governments are ready to take action along the lines of further socialization of medicine, they will find the Canadian Medical Association not only ready but anxious to co-operate in the framing of the necessary legislation. But what is needed, as well, is the intelligent, well directed co-operation of the tax-paying public which will have to foot the bills, and which ought to be equipped with the necessary knowledge to make its actual wants known to parliaments and to physicians alike.

The danger of leaving it entirely to the laity to state these wants, is that comparatively few of them know just what is already provided in Canada in the direction of state medical or hospital services. For, as was pointed out recently by Dr. Forbes Godfrey, the Minister of Health for Ontario, "We have (in Ontario) state medicine in a very important phase. Our provincial laboratories supply every specific serum free, and the service is available to every doctor. We have everything they need. The department's function is to help in every way. Issue of typhoid serum, the Wassermann test and that sort of thing, costs us \$180,000 a year. Then look at the cases to which we have despatched serum for rabies. Doctors may use our laboratories in this way irrespective of whether their patients are rich or poor. When I began to practice medicine in Mimico, diphtheria mortality was thirty-five to forty per cent. Nowadays it is about two per cent. It is so with the toxoids, the Schick test and everything else. There is state medicine for you, in helping the physician to help his patient, and the laboratory services are every day growing better and better."

Nor need Dr. Godfrey have stopped with that enumeration, for in his own and many other provinces of Canada there are even more significant partial approximations toward a system of state medicine.

The departments of Labor and Health in Ontario are under the jurisdiction of one minister. The Board of Health deals with sanitary inspection industrial hygiene, maternal and child welfare, public health nursing; sanitary engineering; the laboratories before referred to for research or public health utility; and preventable diseases including venereal diseases, tuberculosis and all epidemics. Coming under the Labor Department, are such matters as factory inspection, steam boiler inspection, stationary engineering and other conditions of various employments. Besides which there function under this combined ministry, the Minimum Wage Board and the Employment Service Council for purposes of legislation and policy.

Surely, in such a combined ministry here or elsewhere in Canada, we see—not as some people would have us believe—paternalism interfering between labor and capital—but governments recognizing the fact that as the worker's health is his capital; that as his self-maintenance depends on his fitness to perform labor; as labor conditions and environment generally affect his health and therefore his wage-earning capacity, so all these matters are the concern of and should be the charge of, his government as well as himself.

So, in industrial medicine we have one of the most important developments along the line of state medicine, and in such machinery as workmen's compensation boards, the very nucleus of a system which may in future deal with all matters concerning the health of the citizenry as primarily a state affair.

STILL another form of socialized medicine may be seen in the various types of "contract" practice which abound on every

Colds and 3 things to do for them



INHALATION: In a teacup full of boiling water, float about half a teaspoonful of Mentholatum. Breathe the gentle, healing vapor by cupping your hands, or by using a small funnel. Repeat frequently with fresh Mentholatum.

CHEST RUBBING: Before going to bed, massage the whole chest and throat thoroughly with Mentholatum. Use about half a tube. Remember rubbing is half the treatment. Cover the chest with a piece of hot flannel.



NOSE APPLICATION: With your finger, apply Mentholatum to the inside of your nose, and to the outer edges. Notice the cool, soothing effect—and how easy it makes your breathing.

IF you use these treatments tonight, your cold will be better in the morning. Know the 3 stages of your cold. Then apply the common-sense Mentholatum treatment for each stage.

In the **FIRST STAGE** your nose lining is dry, irritated, and sneezy. Give yourself the easy Mentholatum inhalation (described above), and apply Mentholatum direct to the inside of your nose. These gentle, healing treatments relieve the scratchy dryness.

In the **SECOND STAGE** your nose is inflamed and swollen, and "running" with a watery discharge. Breathing is stuffy and difficult. Continue the inhalation and the direct treatment to check this running condition, and to make breathing easy.

At this stage, the chest rubbing (described above) is very important to relieve congestion. Mentholatum, unlike

harsh ointments, is safe on the most tender skin. It will not stain clothing or bed linen.

In the **THIRD STAGE** the heavy, pus-like discharge, containing dead germs, is very irritating to the nose lining and the outer edges of the nose. Apply Mentholatum frequently to prevent chapping, and disagreeable sores. Chest rubbing also is a needed protection at this stage.

Give your cold the proper Mentholatum treatment tonight. Get a handy tube or jar of Mentholatum at any drug store.



FREE BOOK ON COLDS

"How to Get Rid of Colds" is an interesting little book written by a physician. Send this coupon to Dept. C-2, Mentholatum Co., Bridgeburg, Ont. The book is free—you will also receive sample of Cough Drops and trial box of Mentholatum. Simply enclose 10c to cover mailing costs. (Print name clearly).

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TRU-LAX

THE PLEASANT LAXATIVE
IN CHOCOLATE and CHEWING FORM.

The High Cost of Sickness

Continued from page 13

the contribution is compulsory, as only thus can the overhead cost of any such scheme be kept within bounds. Compare overhead costs of sickness insurance with an insurance company (about 50 per cent.) with that of the Workmen's Compensation Board (about 4 per cent.)"

Other considerations brought forward by Dr. McDermot at this time or later, in a statement made directly to the writer of this article, include emphasis on the necessity that any system introduced should be comprehensive in that it provide for hospital, laboratory examinations, etc.; that it should be compulsory for all wage earners within limits to be determined; that it should include, if possible, benefits for maternity, and time-loss in the case of wage-earning women; that it be capable of adjustment to the varying needs of the country as a whole; that it take into account an apportionment of its cost as between patient, employer and state. Most important of all, however, it is felt that in the effort to find a solution for the better distribution of the cost of medical and hospital services, the scheme should be the result of harmonious consultation and agreement among the three parties most concerned, the government, the insured, and the medical profession, so that it will not be "just a makeshift political scheme such as the panel system in England, which has had to be tinkered with and patched up ever since its inception."

"Our present system," says Dr. McDermot, "is wasteful and cruelly expensive to the individual, and leads to long delay in seeking medical advice, with incompleteness of examination and treatment when this is sought. This is not the fault either of doctor or of the patient, but is simply due to financial limitation, rendering real preventive medicine an impossibility."

Dr. H. E. Young, Provincial Medical Health Officer in British Columbia, in dealing with the questions placed before him regarding suggested changes in the practice of medicine in Canada, after outlining the many difficulties of the physician in collecting his just debts, proceeds:—

"On the other hand, those of us who are in a public position and dealing with the public, have the opportunity to know that present day charges are absolutely beyond their power of payment, and the doctor and hospital suffer, or the patient goes without attention unless it becomes absolutely necessary. These are oftentimes good citizens who abhor charity. It is this class of people which constitutes the bulk of the tax-payers and they feel that they are paying to maintain institutions from which they derive no benefit. They also feel that if some arrangement could be made by which a stated sum or tax would be imposed on them they would willingly pay in order to enable them to go to a hospital feeling that they had contributed their share to its maintenance and were not going in as charity patients.

"They pay a school tax and the children get the benefit, but they do not feel that this is charity merely because they do not pay direct fees to the school. The danger to the profession lies in the fact that the public may take the bit between its teeth and pass legislation for some measure of relief. The result may be hasty legislation that may be the subject for acrimonious dispute for years.

"I do not think that the medical profession as a whole realizes the intensity of feeling on this matter among the public. They are for the most part inarticulate, but someone will come along looking for political power and will use some such scheme as a bait for votes, and I think that the profession should awaken and its members endeavor to impress on their respective provincial governments that they are only too willing to co-operate in an attempt to arrive at a solution of the present problems facing themselves and their governments."

Dr. Young, as well as Dr. Proctor, of

Vancouver, both incline to the imposition of a health tax, which would cover hospital and laboratory fees, x-rays and all other ordinary services, but which would leave open to the patient the choice of a medical adviser whose fees would be, as now, a matter between patient and practitioner.

Dr. JOHN W. S. McCULLOUGH, Chief Medical Officer for Ontario, after paying tribute to the valuable services of the family doctor who "has the best opportunity to render effective aid, because he knows the patient's history, environment, and resources," nevertheless is of the opinion that great improvements are necessary in the practice of medicine. "Medical aid should be readily available to those unable to pay for it, or for whom it is not now available, through a system of state insurance, made to approximate as closely as possible that of private practice, to which the individual below a certain earning power, the state and the employer should contribute. In any scheme of this kind, the national or provincial body of physicians should have adequate representation and the physician's remuneration should be approximately that which he receives to-day, in order to ensure a continuous supply of the best types of practitioner.

"In the interest of the state and of the public, in any system of state medical service the greatest emphasis should be placed on the maintenance and the prevention of disease. The medical officers of health should be, in all cases, whole-time, trained men in areas of such size and financial resources as to:—

(a) Fully employ their time.

(b) Foot the bill, with the assistance of both dominion and provincial governments.

"All practitioners of medicine (the so-called irregular as well as the regular) should be placed by the State on the same footing of education and training. It is in the interest neither of the public nor of the physician to allow the practice of medicine by persons of questionable qualifications, who attempt to treat, for example, the communicable diseases, by methods dangerous to patients and public alike."

Dr. JOST, Medical Health Officer in Nova Scotia, is of the opinion that "medical men are 'stringing their shot' and that there is far too great a distance between the leaders and the tail-enders. The provision of hospital facilities; the trek of the people to the cities, including the physicians; competition and personal ambition, are placing a few in the extreme forefront while the rest trail far too far behind. As you know, from the point of view of the patients, the cry they are making grows in volume, each succeeding year. They say that two classes are getting good treatment, the rich for pay, and the poor, or a few of them, to give the doctor experience. What I fear is that the people themselves will make the change and not the physicians."

Dr. J. G. FITZGERALD, Director of the School of Hygiene and Connaught Laboratories, University of Toronto, in delivering at Winnipeg recently the Gordon Bell Memorial lecture, is reported editorially by the *Manitoba Free Press* to "have shied away from the mention of state medicine," but . . . "emphatically urge an investigatory committee appointed by the Canadian Medical Association, kindred associations, and the federal government to undertake a survey of health conditions in Canada in all their aspects." He pointed out that a similar committee, is now at work in the United States, and among the subjects such a committee would investigate would be sickness insurance. Denmark has such a system which has been widely adopted throughout Europe. England and Wales also have a sick insurance system which works through private medical practice (as opposed to the "panel" system which operates through



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laity, (particularly in the western provinces) and, on the other, to a far-sighted open-minded medical profession which asks only that it may be allowed to contribute its maximum of service on a financial basis fair alike both to the doctor and to the patient. All of which is matter for congratulation.

But what remains to be done will involve the education of the whole population of the Dominion as to what state medicine in its full beneficence may mean to them; the persuasion of the medical profession that the autocracy which they have enjoyed is not in the best interests of the community and should be modified; the convincing of the far too numerous so-called "volunteer" societies working for this or that aspect of public health, that their work can be more effectively and more economically done under governmental co-ordination; and, finally, but most important of all, the production of a willingness in the general tax-payer to submit to a sufficiently large direct health tax—levied just as is the school tax—to pay for those complete health services which are indispensable to his own and to the national welfare.

*Note—The panel system of state medicine in Great Britain, which now deals with some fourteen millions of insured persons whose medical (but not surgical) needs are looked after by fifteen thousand "panel" doctors, has been in operation about ten years. For those who earn comparatively small wages it is compulsory that they pay the nine to twelve shillings insurance against illness into the "panel" yearly. For the better-off classes it is elective, but there has been a steady rise from year to year in the numbers taking advantage of the system, and although its cost has risen to over fifteen million pounds in the past year, with corresponding increase in those asking for its benefits, the death rate in Britain has not risen, and it is stated on excellent authority that the nation's health is better than at any time in its history. Objections made to this system by Canadian medical men, are that "it is just a makeshift political scheme, tinkered up and patched ever since its inception; that no per capita system of payment for medical services can be just; and that people in this country will always want individual choice of their medical advisers under some system which will ensure a better distribution of the cost of medical attention." In Britain, however, there is no indication that the "panel" system will be scrapped, although there has been much alarm expressed at the fifty per cent. increase of expenditures on sickness and disablement in the past eight years.



Station L-o-v-e Broadcasting

Continued from page 41

loss of reputation? Do you think this man has the qualities of character which will make him "stick" in the face of the world's scorn? Are you going to be satisfied to be always something that must be hidden; to skulk in out-of-the-way restaurants for fear someone you know may see you; in short, to have your glorious romance turned into a sordid intrigue?

Are you never going to want a home and children of your own? Don't think for one moment that this "all for love and the world well lost" mood will last forever. Women still want safety, the protection of a husband, the ability to hold up their heads before the world. In spite of our boasted emancipation, life as yet holds nothing sweeter for women than husband, home and children. Don't sell your birthright for a mess of pottage, and don't forget that love founded on wrong can never be right.



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Women are discovering new comfort, new freedom from worry through this modern, sanitary protection.

WOMEN who know the convenience, the security and comfort of the Improved Kotex, marvel that some still continue the use of home-made makeshifts.

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1. Any Canadian boy of good character, not younger than 8 years and not older than 15, may apply for membership.
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hand. By contract practice is meant "the contract or agreement between a physician or a group of physicians and an individual firm, organization or association to render full or part time service to a group or class of individuals for a fixed amount or a definite rate per capita."

Contract practice may be seen in lodges, railway companies and large industrial concerns employing hundreds of thousands of workmen. When carefully checked by governmental health authorities, contract practice may be of immense benefit—although there are, of course, exceptions.

"I don't think there were many of the men on that stretch of railroad," said a noted X-ray specialist in one of our provinces, "who wasn't relieved of one or other of his organs by Dr. Blank, the contract doctor who looked after them. It was to his advantage to operate and he certainly did it." But in contract practice in the hands of conscientious physicians, and in the immense works of health conservation undertaken of late by our largest insurance companies in Canada, may be seen two long steps already taken toward state medicine—i.e., the provision of medical services for all of the people all of the time.

Then, if you turn to western Canada, you have in Saskatchewan the municipal hospital system; power given under their Rural Medical Act to engage a physician in any locality for full time or to grant a bonus to retain a physician in the locality, an Act under which nineteen full-time men already are operating in various parts of the province. You have state subsidizing of maternity and you have the United Farmers approaching their government recently to ask for free diagnostic clinics. Added to this are the forty odd Red Cross outpost hospitals scattered throughout Alberta, Saskatchewan, Manitoba and northern Ontario, as a recognition of the fact that this beneficent handmaid of governments realizes its responsibility to provide for the medical needs of remote settlers. Or consider with attention the unique Saanich and Duncan health centres in British Columbia, operating under a local health committee administering like a school board, with the government paying half the running expenses and the board raising the other half by local tax. Or, perhaps most significant of all, you turn to the remarkable work being done in the province of Alberta where the Hon. George Hoadley, Minister of Health and Agriculture, has set going what appears to be an essentially sound and broad-based system of state medical services in the traveling clinics which have been in operation for the past four years and which were the first of their kind on this continent. "Equal health chances for every child in Alberta," has been the slogan of Mr. Hoadley, who has acted on his convictions despite much misunderstanding and opposition, but ably supported by all the women's organizations in his province.

In the present year, no less than eighty-eight of these clinics have been conducted, to which there flocked hundreds of eager mothers and their families for medical inspection. Indeed, so convincingly demonstrated has been their need and usefulness, and so happy their success in gaining the co-operation of the medical men, that their continuance and expansion seem to be foregone conclusions. To these clinics, at all points where they are held, are invited any local practitioners who care to do necessary operations at club rates. At first the government paid these rates as well as all clinic expenses, but to-day, through amicable arrangement between the government, the localities and the patients, the expenses are met by contributions from all three. This experiment in state medicine is being watched with interest by both the laity and the medical profession in all parts of Canada. It is spoken of as "the thin end of the wedge."

It is not possible in the confines of a magazine article to cover either scientifically or completely, all of the evidences of a coming system of state medicine in Canada, but enough has been put before the reader to show definitely the trend of the times. We are in a progressive condition, due on the one hand to an intelligent, enterprising



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Sunnyville Town and the People in it!

Continued from page 15

when they looked up and heard Mr. Brown's voice, and knew that he was alive, for they were beginning to fear that he would be burned to death. But when they saw him with a baby in his arms, they were so surprised that Jacky Bubbleover quite forgot that he was trying to put the fire out, and turned the hose right on his wife.

"Hold out a sheet and catch the baby," cried Mr. Brown from up above, and leaning far out he let the baby fall.

Hardly had Mr. Brown done this than the house commenced to tremble beneath him, and he shouted down, "the house is falling. Stand back for your lives. Never mind me." Which of course, showed what a very brave and unselfish man he was.

At first, Mr. Brown wondered how he would ever get out of the burning house alive, and then he thought of a way. If he could jump out far enough, he might be able to catch hold of a branch of the tree which stood in front of the house. It was a big jump, and if he fell he would probably kill himself, but on the other hand, if he did not get out of the house at once, he would be burned to death. So swinging himself over the window ledge, he jumped away out and was successful in catching hold of a branch. Then, swinging from one limb to another, he finally reached the ground—just as the whole house collapsed behind him.

No sooner had he reached the ground than all the people came running to him, shouting "Hurrah, hurrah, for our hero, Mr. Brown!" And Blue Eyes, catching hold of his hand, cried, "Oh, come and see what a lovely surprise I have for you." She led him to a garden seat on which lay the little baby. Then, stooping down she pulled out a red ribbon from about his neck, on the end of which was a small Valentine in the shape of a heart, on which was written, "For Mr. and Mrs. Brown of Sunnyville Town, and I'd like to be your Valentine." It was all so sweet that Blue Eyes caught the baby up in her arms and covered it with kisses.

"My hat!" cried Mr. Brown, almost falling over with surprise. "Did you ever hear of such a Valentine? And to think the little baby I saved should turn out to be our very own. Why, Blue Eyes, this is the happiest day of our lives."

"Yes, indeed," said Blue Eyes, "this is the happiest day for us, but in our happiness we must not be selfish and forget that the Bubbleovers have lost their lovely new house." And at that moment Merry Bubbleover came up to them crying very hard.

"Never mind, Merry," said kind-hearted Mr. Brown, patting her on the back, "You and Jack will both come home and live with us until we have built you a fine new house."

That evening when Mr. and Mrs. Brown were rocking the baby to sleep, Blue Eyes said, "Don't you think it would be a good thing if we built a fire hall for Sunnyville Town, and put a fire engine in it, so that when anybody's house catches fire, it may easily be put out?"

Well, of course, Mr. Brown thought this was quite the cleverest idea he had ever heard of; so pulling out his note-book, he wrote down, "To-morrow, order a new house to be built for the Bubbleovers, and a fire hall with engines and hose and all that sort of thing."

NOT many weeks afterwards, when the Bubbleovers' new house and the fire hall had been completed, Mr. Brown was working in the garden, when up came a messenger to him, and bowing very low, said, "His Worship, the Lord Mayor of Sunnyville Town, requests the pleasure and honor of the presence of Mr. Brown, and his wife, Mrs. Brown, at the great Town Hall, as the clock strikes three this afternoon." And bowing again, he departed.

"My hat!" cried Mr. Brown, throwing down his rake. "Whatever is the matter now?" And rushing into the house he told Blue Eyes the news.

So that afternoon Mr. Brown put on his best clothes, including a silk top-hat, and Mrs. Brown her white fur cloak and blue hat, and feeling very grand indeed, but wondering what it could be all about, they drove off to the Town Hall just as the clock struck three. Much to their surprise, on the Town Hall steps stood the Lord Mayor wearing a cap on his head, and surrounded by his Council dressed in long red robes and white ermine.

When Blue Eyes had curtsied and Mr. Brown had bowed to him, the Lord Mayor took out a large scroll, and read a speech to them—which has too many big words in it and is far too long for me to repeat here. It said, briefly, that he and all the people of Sunnyville Town wished to thank Mr. Brown for being such a hero in the fire, and for his great generosity in the gift of a fire hall, and were pleased to confer upon him and his wife the honor of The Order of the Blue Bird, because they were always doing kind things for other people and spreading happiness wherever they went. He ended his speech with the hope that their baby boy would grow up to be just as brave and as generous a man as his father was. To which every one cried, "Hurrah for Mr. Brown, Blue Eyes, and Baby Brown!"

Very soon you will hear how Baby Brown grew up to be a fine young man and did many brave things, and, of course, there will be some more buildings to add to Sunnyville Town.



RESCUED for the ROLL CALL

The Cold she caught yesterday
was "rubbed away" last night

SHE'S rid of the bother and distress of her ugly little cold, and safe once more from the sharp misery of grip or bronchitis that might have followed if her cold had not been promptly checked. Now, with nothing to slow up her active little mind, she's ready for school again and the lessons she couldn't afford to miss.

Thanks to this Modern
Vaporizing Salve

SHE escaped, too, the "dosing" that might have upset her digestion. And all because, last night at bedtime, her mother rubbed her throat and chest with Vicks VapoRub.

First, there was a pleasant, warm glow and a comfortable tingling in her chest, as Vicks began to "draw out" all the tightness and soreness, like a gentle but effective poultice.

Acts 2 Ways at Once

THEN, as the salve got warm from her body, it gave off strong, clean-smelling vapors that she breathed right in. She could feel them all the way to her lungs, clearing her choked-up nose and throat and making her breathing easy again.

She soon fell sound asleep, but Vicks' double action went on for hours, and by morning, the worst of her cold was over.

You, too, Can Play Safe
this Way

THIS same quick double action will keep your own colds from getting big. Even a little cold will often spread through whole families, and yours may carry lots of trouble and suffering to some youngster who can't throw it off so easily as you—unless you "rub it away" at the very start.

For free sample, write to J. T. Wait Co., Ltd., Dept. L-5, 427 St. François Xavier St., Montreal, P. Q.

VICKS VAPORUB

For all the colds of all the family

21
NOW OVER 17 MILLION JARS USED YEARLY

The Door is Closed

by Catherine Cleverley



The door is closed!
Daily my own true love, my mate,
Passes beyond that door,
Into the busy thronging world.
Daily beside the window-

pane I wait
To see him turn and wave
That precious farewell.

'Tis then my heart cries out
with all its might,
"Dear God, kind God,
"Oh, keep him safe till night!"

Again that door is closed!
And now I feel his

strong embrace
For my true love is home again,
From out the thronging world.
And now there is no tiny space
For any thought but joy
Within my happy heart.

Oh, then my very soul sings
with all its might,
"Thank God, thank God,
He's safely home another night!"

Fine flavour and low Cost
are combined
in every package of

**Chase & Sanborn's
SUPERIOR TEA**

Black - Green - or Mixed

115



**A Lovely Skin
In One Week's Time**
Try Campana's Italian Balm for seven days... see how it whitens your skin... imparts a healthy glow... prevents catchy fingers... redness... roughness. Use it for the hands, face and neck. Men use it on the brush when shaving. At all druggists.
Send 5c for generous size sample bottle. Campana Corporation Limited, Toronto.
**Campana's
ITALIAN BALM**

How to Keep Baby's Skin Healthy



"I know that Dr. Chase's Ointment is the best treatment for chafing, skin irritations and Eczema."—Says Grandmother.

WHAT is so beautiful as baby's velvety, pink skin. How anxious is every mother to keep it so and to avoid the various irritations of the skin which not only mar baby's beauty but also cause much of baby's discomfort and suffering.

Where two surfaces of the skin come together—as in the arm-pits and between the legs—there is, particularly in fleshy babies, much discomfort from chafing. Then there

is the usual redness and irritation of the skin resulting from wetness of the diapers.

It is as a relief from this condition and as a preventive of eczema that Dr. Chase's Ointment is most appreciated.

The healing action of Dr. Chase's Ointment in such cases is truly remarkable and its timely use will save baby a great deal of unnecessary suffering.

Dr. Chase's
In Tube or Box



Ointment
Same Price, Same Quality

"To One I Love"

Continued from page 5

silence. Jim said nothing. Aunt Edith smiled and looked a little defiant, and Mrs. Pratt looked smug as if she knew something she wouldn't tell.

Toward the end of the dessert Jim said stiffly, "What time do you want to leave for that kid's party to-night, Edith?"

"About eight," said Aunt Edith. "Mrs. Walsh just wants me to go over to help with the refreshments. Of course, Ellen is to go at seven. I'd like to have her go with us, but perhaps that's rather early—"

"I'm ready any time," said Jim, very politely. "And Ellen is perfectly welcome to come with us, as far as I'm concerned."

Aunt Edith's head went up. "I'll be ready at seven," she said. "We'll take Ellen over."

And if Jim's and Aunt Edith's eyes challenged each other, Ellen didn't notice. She had thought of new distress. Perhaps they'd play post-office at the party!

When Ellen was getting ready for the party, Aunt Edith came in. In her pink georgette dress she looked even smaller and slimmer than usual, almost as tiny as Ellen. And her face was more than ever like that lovely flower-face on the Valentine.

"Ellen," she said gently, sitting on the edge of the bed, "wouldn't you like to tell me about it?"

Ellen took her aunt's white fingers in her own hot hands. "Aunt Edith, promise, promise you'll never, never tell."

"I promise I'll never tell, Ellen."

"And you won't laugh?"

"I won't laugh."

"Well—oh, Aunt Edith, you won't tell?"

Aunt Edith looked straight at her with grave blue eyes. "I've promised, Ellen."

"Then," said Ellen, "it's that awful Buck Simms, but I guess he doesn't mean to be awful. Anyway he sent me those chocolates. Oh, Aunt Edith," she wailed, suddenly losing her poise and flinging herself into her aunt's arms, "I couldn't help it."

"No," soothed Aunt Edith, "I'm sure you couldn't. But I think it was very nice of Buck to send you chocolates on Valentine's day. We won't say anything more about it. Are you nearly ready, dear?"

THEY walked to Mabel's house. The grayness of early morning was gone from the world and the night was dark and sweet with the street lights warm and yellow on the snow. Ellen sniffed at the haunting promise of spring in the air, forgot all about the huge hands and feet and the fiery red hair of Buck Simms, and remembered only the girl's lovely face and the old-fashioned bouquet on her Valentine. So the three blocks to Mabel's seemed awfully short even if nobody said anything at all on the way.

But as soon as they were welcomed into the parlor of Mabel's home, Ellen was forcibly reminded of unromantic facts. The room was decorated by hearts and arrows and cupids pasted all over everything. Buck was sitting stiffly in one corner, a very evident victim of the pink card-board cupid that swung on the nearest wall and pointed its arrow straight at his heart. At Ellen's entrance he became one beaming grin, and she was sure Jim couldn't help but notice. But Jim was being polite to everybody and wasn't noticing anything.

They played "Musical Chairs" and "Spin

the Plate" and "When I Came Home from Africa"; then Aunt Edith went out to the kitchen to help with the refreshments. Jim, who hadn't teased anybody once, fidgetted around for a while and then followed her.

Watching him, Ellen forgot for a moment to dodge from one chair to another in order to avoid Buck. Now he came and sat in the chair beside her and whispered hoarsely, "Kin I walk home with you to-night, Ellen?"

"I'm going home with Aunt Edith," muttered Ellen uncomfortably, thinking of the hole that that box of chocolates must have made in the wages of even a successful paper boy.

She saw a group of girls beckoning her from the other side of the room and escaped gladly. "Listen, Ellen," they whispered, "we're gonna play post-office. C'mon, all the girls are gonna get into the dining room. Oh, Ellen, I bet Buck guesses your number."

There was nothing else to do, so wretchedly Ellen followed the rest into the dining room. The others were in a giggling, whispering group, but she stood miserably apart.

Then she saw her avenue of escape. Mrs. Walsh came out of the kitchen and went upstairs, calling to Aunt Edith that she was going to get some fortune-telling cards ready for after refreshments. As she went through the swinging dining room door, Ellen saw the small hallway that led from the dining room into the kitchen. Unnoticed by the engrossed girls she slipped into this hall and crouched in the darkest corner.

And then she forgot all about post-office. From the kitchen she heard Jim's voice. She scarcely recognized it at first, it was so low and serious—after all these years, Edith. I thought you were the kind of girl who—

who'd stick."

There was a barely distinguishable murmur from Aunt Edith. "I didn't know—you never said—"

"But for all these years—"

"I know but you never really said—"

"Listen," said Jim, and Ellen's eyes popped and she shivered delightedly at his tone, "you must have been blind not to know, but I'll say it now in—"

Suddenly Ellen clapped loyal hands to her ears and held them pressed there till her wrists ached. When she let go she heard Jim again.

"I know it was only a box of chocolates, but I think I have a right to know who sent them. It's the principle—"

"I'm sorry, Jim. I can't tell you." Aunt Edith's voice was proudly defiant. "I promised someone—"

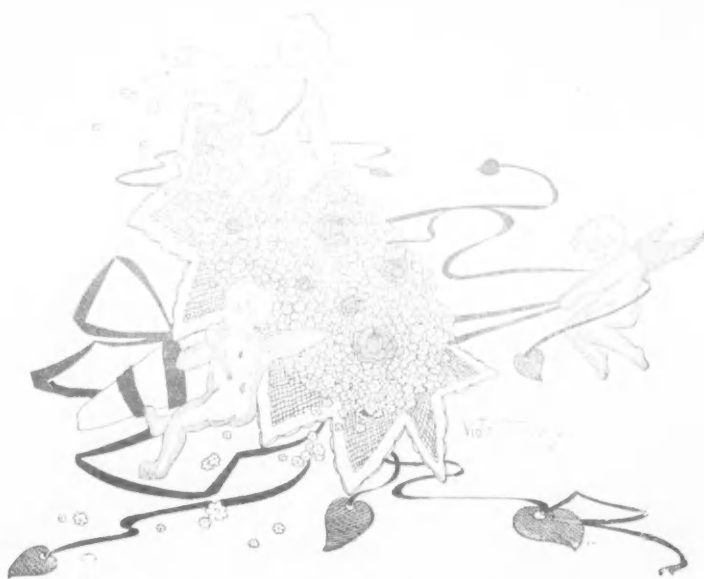
With a bound Ellen was out in the kitchen. "They were mine. Those chocolates were mine, Jim," she gasped. "Buck Simms gave them to me and I didn't want anybody to know and Aunt Edith promised she would not tell and I couldn't help hearing you—"

Jim looked from one to the other. Then the idea dawned on him. "You darn good little sports! Both of you!" he burst out. Then with the old twinkle he put an arm round each and teased, "And just look at them blush! It must run in the—"

But Ellen was not finished. "You'll have to go home without me," she said bravely, and took a deep breath for the final plunge. "Buck's takin' me."

And somehow the idea no longer seemed so terrible.





FLORAL FASHIONS *for* FEBRUARY

Including the making of the old-fashioned valentine bouquet

By ADA L. POTTS

WITH the prolonging of Winter's stay, the longing for the arrival of flower-laden Spring increases, and the home decorator finding the outdoor supply limited, must turn for material to other sources than her garden. It is the pussy willows, and the hazels which have ventured forth as heralds, and, in some seasons, late January and early February have found the snowdrops peeping out to announce their willingness to deserve their name, "Fair Maids of February." Their French name of *Pêrce-neige* is a fitting tribute to their bravery.

There is an increasing number of homemakers, who, being flower-lovers, find their limitations of space a serious difficulty to be overcome when the urge for bright blossoms cannot be quieted. It is fortunate that the florists have in their shops tulips, daffodils and other flowers potted ready for use, as well as the cut flowers, for, with a few touches, the homemaker evolves many delightful effects with the material thus available.

It was my good fortune, one stormy February day, to observe the deft fingers of an expert floral worker transform an ordinary six-inch pan of hyacinths into a table centerpiece that would be a joy to the home to which it was to be consigned.

The potted bulbs are blooming in the florists' shops now, and, if the home decorator will follow the example of that expert, she will take some branches of the pussy willows, which are also easily secured, insert some of these at the edge of the pot for handles, then dress the pot with crepe paper and there will be not only a settling of the question of a jardinière, but, at the same time, a larger effect given to the whole composition.

Another springlike arrangement, prepared that afternoon, was that some eight or ten carnations and pussy willow branches. The receptacles were plain glass vases, and with these, glass candlesticks were to be used. The result was effective in its simplicity, and certainly neither expensive nor difficult to secure.

One of the most interesting features of that winter's experience to me was the use made of the ordinary wax-paper drinking cups as flower receptacles by that florist. Into each cup was placed some moss, then a small-sized pot containing a fern was added, and into this was inserted a few cut flowers. The whole was effective and had the advantage of lasting longer than an ordinary arrangement for a few blossoms. One of the most delightful of these combinations, to my mind, was that of a single Ophelia rose with two or three sprays of creamy freesia in each of four cups and which was given a crepe paper dress. The centre receptacle which these accompanied, was a large

bowl with six Ophelias and at least an equal number of freesias.

Those familiar with the ever changing fashions of the world, will agree that "floral fashions" follow in the train of the others. Yesterday's popular "methods of arrangement"

bouquets now popular appear to be a return of the 1870 models. The main difference between those of to-day and yesterday is that more varieties or mixtures were used in the earlier times. The rules for the construction of the 1870 bouquets might be apparently those of to-day.

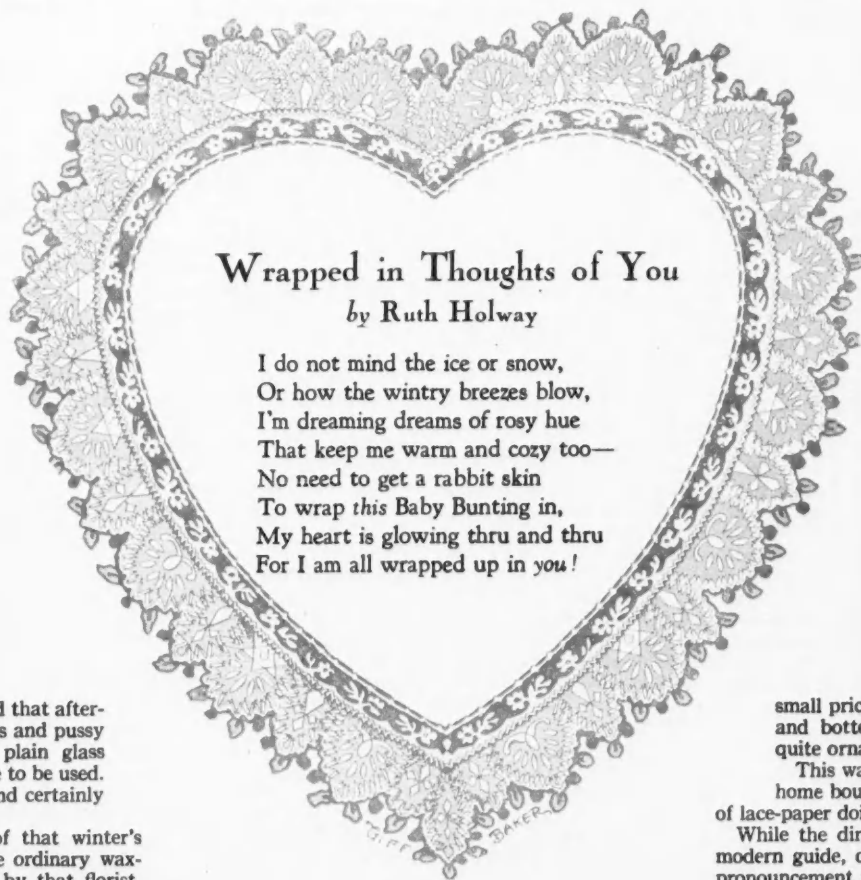
"Bouquets continue with us; though it is apparent a change is on the way from the strictly artificial to the posy of a few naturally arranged flowers to carry in the hand. The bouquet of the florist is so entirely artificial that all would hail with pleasure a return to the simple posy or nosegay. A few words as to the present methods of constructing bouquets. All the flowers are wired; some, as roses, are skewered with two or more wires to keep the petals from opening; others are gummed to preserve the flowers. Very few flowers have stems suitable for nice bouquet work, so it is the custom to "stem" all flowers, that is give them artificial stems, and the material used is broom brush and wire. These stiff stems can be made to hold the flowers in any position desired. To keep the flowers from crowding each other, and also to supply moisture, it is usual to wind damp moss around the stems of the flowers at their connection with the artificial stems. The central flower, which is usually the largest, must have a stiff, straight stem, for this forms the backbone of the bouquet, as well as the handle."

After the other flowers were satisfactorily disposed of around this central one, the handle is to be cut to the desired length, and then covered with tin foil. "Ornamental papers, prepared for the purpose, are very pretty, and can be obtained at small price of most florists. These cover the handle and bottom of the bouquet, and usually make a quite ornamental border."

This was the outline for the early days. To-day the home bouquet-maker has the advantage of a supply of lace-paper doilies to make the frills for her confections.

While the directions given might appear to serve as a modern guide, one of the best-known authorities has this pronouncement to make in an address given not long ago. "No one can become a floral artist by being told how to arrange flowers. All will agree that floral arrangement is an art, and as such requires much study and practice before it can be applied with best results. There are no set rules for the gathering of a few flowers into an artistic arrangement. The most successful cannot always tell you why he did this or that."

One fact this expert did stress, however, was that "One who attempts to arrange flowers must have a sympathetic



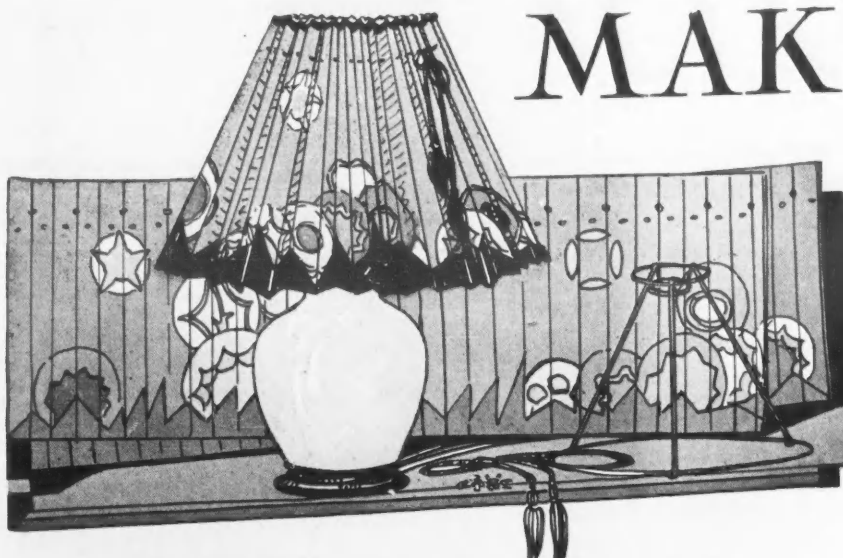
Wrapped in Thoughts of You

by Ruth Holway

I do not mind the ice or snow,
Or how the wintry breezes blow,
I'm dreaming dreams of rosy hue
That keep me warm and cozy too—
No need to get a rabbit skin
To wrap this Baby Bunting in,
My heart is glowing thru and thru
For I am all wrapped up in you!

are easily discarded to-day, and, it is safe to affirm that to-day's will probably be altered, or indeed be dropped, to-morrow. There was a period, not so long ago, when quantity and variety reigned supreme, and to this was added a demand for overpowering odor in the flowers used, and the whole arranged in elaborately designed "effects." A study of former floral arrangements is interesting and instructive, and the more so since the paper-befilled

MAKE IT!

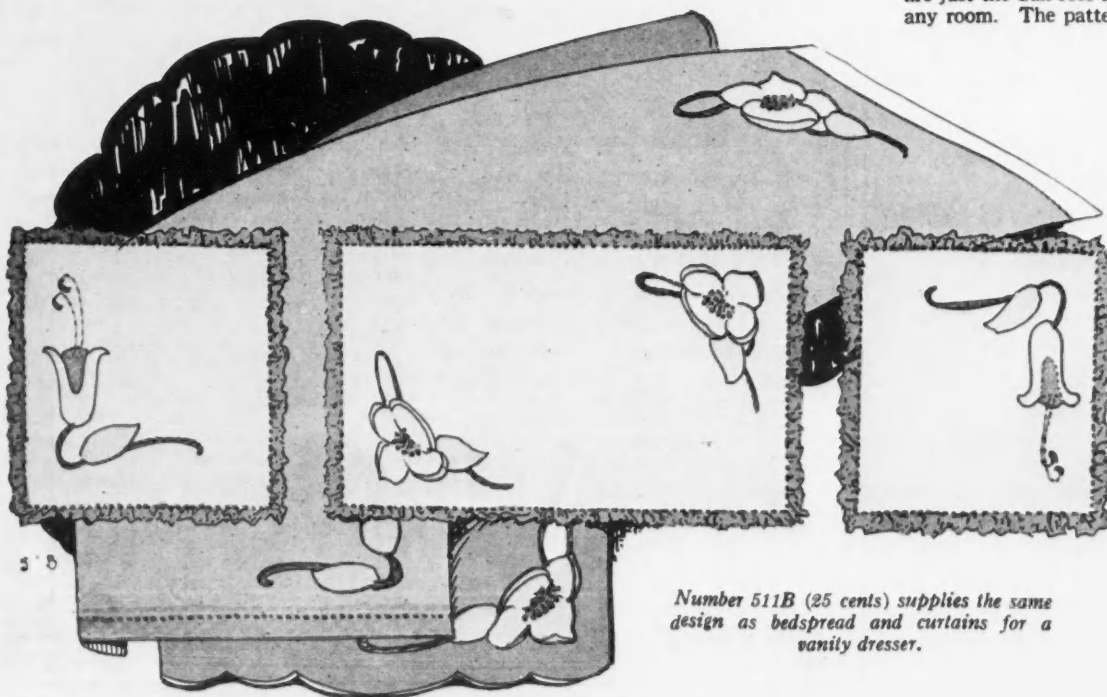


This shade is number 537 (\$2.09), and includes wire frame, stamped parchment scored and perforated for the cord, tassels and instructions for making.

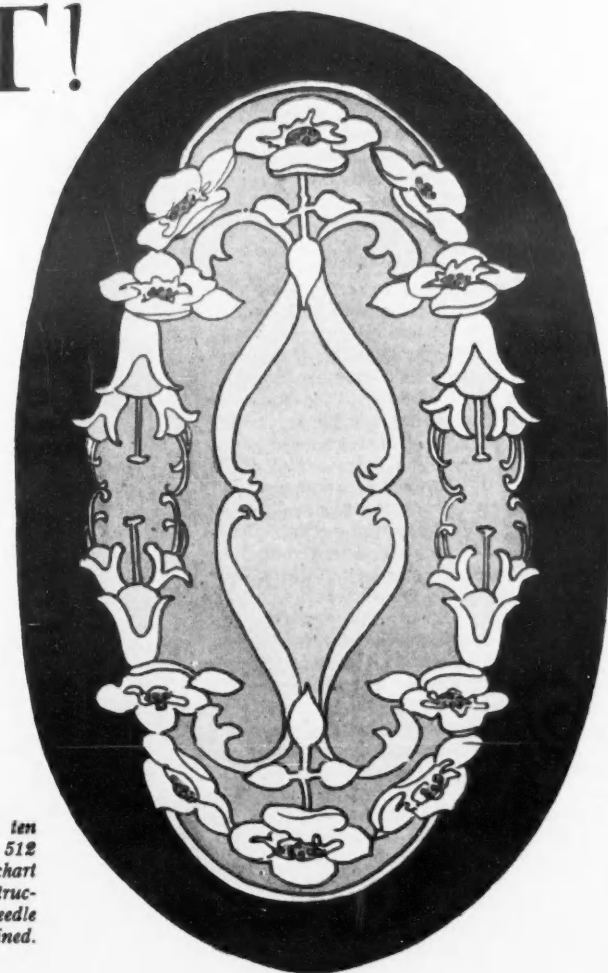
By
RUBY
SHORT
McKIM



A bedspread for applique, number 510 (37 cents), and curtain ends to match, number 511A (30 cents). An unusually effective harmonizing set.



Number 511B (25 cents) supplies the same design as bedspread and curtains for a vanity dresser.



A hooked rug in ten colors is number 512 (\$2.05), with color chart and complete instructions. Yarn and needle may also be obtained.

THE group of patterns offered here are planned in definite color schemes, a charming one of rose, apple green, mauve and cedar tones being used in the rug, and bedspread things. The bedspread may be on brown muslin, white linen, colored voile or marquisette. The design of blossoms and bell-shaped flowers is formal, yet graceful, and suitable for quilting, for painting, or for appliqué and embroidery as in that shown.

Colors in the original are rose, violet, and green, with green, white and yellow in the embroidery. Spread and bolster pattern, number 510 (price 37 cents) comes in wax transfer and includes complete design and all parts to stamp on colored appliqué patches. Full instructions for making are given. Number 511A (price 30 cents) includes wax transfer patterns for four curtain ends, and all appliqué parts. Number 511B (price 25 cents) supplies the same design in eight corner transfers for scarfs, and a vanity dresser set to match the spread and curtains.

THE embroidery shops say that every woman who hooks one rug, so enjoys the craft as well as the satisfaction of the finished rug, that she invariably makes several. This special design repeats the blossoms and bell flowers used in the spread and curtains offered above. It is an unusual chance to get harmonizing plans for furnishings so dissimilar as floor covering, drapes and spread.

The rug is in ten colors, a black border around shaded blossoms of rose and violet, apple-green and yellow in small areas, a silver blue scroll and background areas that are just the dull rose and mauve of a cedar chest. This keys it suitably for almost any room. The pattern, stamped on India burlap, with color chart and complete instructions, is number 512, (price \$2.05). Yarn assortment as used in the original is number 513 (price \$12.31). If you should want this it will take about two weeks for delivery of the yarn. There are fifty-four ounces of yarn in assorted colors used in this. However, you need not buy yarn to hook a rug. You can use your own materials, simply by dyeing old silk or woollen clothes, then cutting them into strips. This rug finishes 42 by 28 inches. We can also furnish an extra good rug needle, number 514 (price \$2.26). This will also take about two weeks for delivery. This needle made of steel, and polished wood, automatically regulates the stitch and insures an even nap. Pattern, yarn or needle may be ordered separately.

PAINTING a pleated lampshade is a project demanding no special skill, and yet the conventional design of brilliant hued discs offered here will be in good taste for years, and you will enjoy the making of it too. The pattern comes stamped on a beautiful quality white parchmentized paper which is scored ready to pleat after the design is painted. Oil paints may be used for opaque tones, but the new special lacquers are wonderful in that they give a most brilliant transparent effect when lighted. We have assembled a kit of special lacquers in rose, yellow, and blue, a bottle of medium and a jar of opaque black; also a brush, with these colors the others can be easily mixed according to instructions, and there is enough in the set to paint a dozen shades. These lacquers are also perfect for tinting heavy materials, (Continued on page 52)

Dower Farm

Continued from page 11

"At first I saw no one. But at length one face detached itself from the rest—a girl—she sat near the front. Her hair it was, I think, that first caught my eye. It made me think of home, for it was the color of ripe wheat when the sun shines on it. Her eyes were like corn flowers, they blazed with excitement. Her cheeks were poppies. I forgot everyone else. I sang to her alone—I sang 'Mon cœur s'ouvre à ta voix—'"

"Ah—" Aimée breathed a little gasping sigh.

It went unheard and Jean Michel continued. "Our hearts ran to meet each other. I looked into her soul and she into mine—we had always known each other. She felt it too, I was sure. Her eyes answered mine—"

"It was a great success. My master was wild with pride and joy, my mother wept. Fame and fortune were within my grasp. But I cared for none of these things. Praise, the promise of a great career—but a day before the very hope had been mine to me; now they meant nothing. Hers was the only delight I sought. To hear her say, 'Well done, my beloved,' I would have foregone all else. I searched for her, ah, how I searched, day after day in every street, but I never found her. That was in the late spring of 1914."

He came to himself suddenly. "But why do I tell you all this?"

"Because, because, oh, Jean Michel Larousse—don't you know why?"

He gazed at her, light breaking over him. "But—" he stammered, "it cannot be—"

"Oh, but it is, it is! Alas, I have changed sadly, but do you not know me? Does your heart not tell you? Twice now you have sung to me! With my heart that first time, and now with heart and lips I say it, 'Well done! Bravo! Bravo, my beloved!' They took me away that night. I could not tell anyone. How was one to speak with the heart to a strange young man, and yet not strange? In whom could I confide? I trusted the saints would send you to me; I prayed, with what fervor I prayed! And now, at last, they have answered my prayers!"

Jean Michel put out his hand to touch her, but drew it back again. The expression of love and awe in his eyes turned to one of utter despair. Without a word he let his head fall between his hands and sat silent.

"What is the matter? What are you doing? Why do you not speak? Do you despise me?" It was an anguished cry.

"Despise you! My angel! I must not touch you. I am not worthy to be near you. So this is why my heart was troubled at the very thought of you, my whole being in upheaval at the very sight of you! My heart knew you, though my mind lagged behind."

Aimée took up the tale. "I waited, I waited—I sat by the window, day after day. My heart leapt at every knock on the door—my tongue went dry in my mouth at the postman's call—Then, the war. I lived with my brother and my old grandmother. My brother went at once, of course. Grandmother and I stayed on alone. Then our village was attacked by the long-distance guns. A shell fell on our house. It was night. I knew nothing until I awoke in a British Red Cross hospital. My head was wounded, my hair had turned gray. They told me grandmother had not suffered; she died and

never knew until she awoke in Paradise. After it was all over, I went back. There was nothing but black ruin. Maître Joseph was back, too; he had been my grandmother's farm manager. He had seen my brother—dead."

"This farm remained, here in the quiet south. It was part of my mother's dowry. So I am here, and the good God has sent you to me—"

Jean Michel struggled to his feet. He spoke, and his voice was harsh and broken. "I go, forever, to-night."

Catching at him Aimée rose too. "No, no!" she shook with anguish.

"But, yes, I must."

The girl clutched at his coat. "Is it that you do not love me, then?" Her voice was very small, a mere breath.

"Love you! Aimée, beloved! Can you not see that my soul is torn with love of you, the life is wrenched from my heart for love of you. These little hands," he caught them and devoured them with kisses, "they hold my very being. Love you," he cried fiercely, "I love you so, ten thousand days would not suffice, no, nor twice ten thousand starlit nights to tell the tale—and so I leave you."

Abruptly he dropped her hands and took a step from her.

She followed and caught hold of him. "You shall not go! If you love me I will never let you go, never!" She trembled with the vehemence of her utterance.

"But have you not understood, my little one, my beloved, the significance of this mask? Love is not for me."

Despair was in the low voice. But Aimée brushed his words aside.

"I care not for your mask. I tell you I will not let you go. The good God and His saints sent you to me in answer to my long and earnest prayers, for the tears I wept, and the vows I made. I will fight for the gift. I will never give up."

"Listen, little one. Before I came here I worked on a farm two days journey away. I was there some months. One day something happened, I shall never know what, and this mask became loose, it slipped, it fell off. Before I could readjust it the young wife of the farmer and her little child came upon me. She fainted—the child ran screaming away. It might happen again. You might see my face. You could never be near me without seeing, in your mind's eye the horror that I am. You would abhor me, you could not help it. The very sight of this mask arouses a sort of pitying horror in all who see me. None can bear to have me near for long."

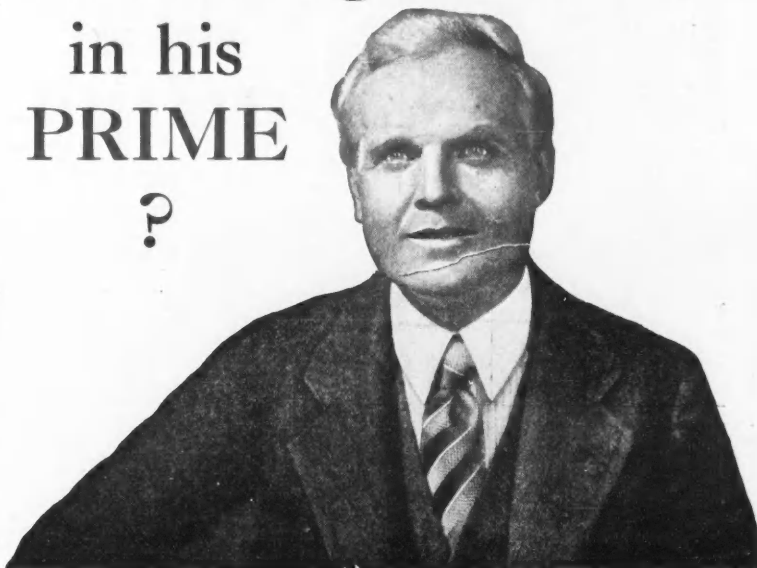
"No, no, I must go. The good God will heal your heart. And I—I would rather, ten thousand times rather suffer having loved you than go free with an empty heart—and so, adieu"

He sought to free himself from her grasp, but she clung to him with all her strength.

"Ah, my loved one, my strong of soul," her voice was a breath, the merest whisper in the stillness of the evening. "I understand all.—It is you who do not comprehend—have you not guessed my affliction? Never did I dream to thank *le bon Dieu* for it, till now so terrible. But He is wise, He holds joy and blessing in store. Love of my heart—I am blind!"

At what age is a MAN in his PRIME

?



EVERYBODY will tell you something different. Some people are past their prime by the time they're 40. A few never know what it's like to feel in their prime. And then you talk to some hale and hearty man of 65, and he'll tell you he's been in his prime as long as he can remember.

"I'm still in my prime," he'll declare. "What's more, I expect to be for some years to come. I may not chase around quite as much as I used to. But I keep myself in first-class shape, just the same—thanks to Nujol."

"Nujol helps things function like clock-work. Makes everything easy and normal and regular, just as Nature intends it to be. Nujol is not a medicine. It contains absolutely no medicine or drugs. So it can't possibly upset or disagree with anybody. It's just a pure natural

substance. Perfected by the Nujol Laboratories, 26 Broadway, New York. It not only keeps an excess of body poisons from forming (we all have them), but aids in their removal. It's these poisons that sap your health and energy, slow you up, make you old before your time."

The same thing holds true for women, too. They need a natural aid like Nujol just as much as men. For there are so many physical conditions they have to go through that throw them off balance—upset their normal schedule.

Start Nujol now. Buy a bottle at your drug store today. Nujol comes in sealed packages only; never sold in bulk. Keep up this treatment for the next three months—faithfully—and you'll never want to go back to just trusting to luck again.

"Don't spoil the party"

someone called when I sat
down at the Piano

—a moment later they got
the surprise of their lives!

"IT'LL seem like old times to have Dan with us again."

"You'd better lock the piano!" came the laughing rejoinder.

How well I knew what they were talking about. At the last party I had attended I had sat down at the piano and in my usual "chop-stick" fashion started playing.

Before long, however, I turned around and—the room was empty!

Burning with shame, I determined to turn the tables. Tonight my moment had come.

Turning to Bill, I said, "Hope you've had the piano tuned . . ."

For a moment no one spoke. Then someone called: "For heaven's sake, don't spoil the party!"

I Fool My Friends

That was my cue. Instead of replying I sat down at the piano and struck the first bars of "Sundown." And How!

The guests gasped with amazement. When I finished there was loud applause.

Bill demanded: "How did you do it?"

"I just took advantage of a new way to learn music! There wasn't any expensive private

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Complete Home Course in Crepe Paper Flower-Making \$1

Dennison-craft

feeling for the flowers he handles, and must learn to love their tenderness and qualities as those of living things."

THE best decorators affirm that flowers for decoration show their best in simply furnished rooms. Simple arrangements as practised by the Japanese would be perhaps the best illustration but, unlike the people of Japan, we do not make the study of floral arrangement a part of our system of education. In Canada it must be, as our expert said, learned by "observation, practice and experience," and one of the best methods to adopt is to study the flowers in their natural settings, taking the hints nature gives, and, in this way, bring out the individual beauty of flower and leaf.

Of this art of floral arrangement it would seem that the words of Izaak Walton regarding angling fit. "It is somewhat like poetry; men are born so, with inclinations to it, though both may be heightened by discourse and practice, but he that hopes to be a good (artist) must not only bring an enquiring, searching, observing wit, but a love and propensity to the art itself."

Should there be a woman with a "love and propensity" for this art, there is undoubtedly an opportunity to specialize in one line, namely that of growing and preparing for sale the group of flowers called for convenience "the everlastings." A number of these can be purchased to-day, but some of the very desirable varieties are not seen on sale. As a guide post for the avocation seeker the following list may serve a useful purpose. Once the flowers are seen in blossom and their possibilities for decorative and artistic purposes realized, the specialist should have no difficulty, for they are easily grown. Care in drying is the important feature.

If the weather permits the majority can be planted in the open, late in May and will be blooming in August, continuing to do this well into the fall. It is true that not all colors can be obtained in these everlastings, but there is sufficient range to permit many fine arrangements. The acroliniums give a range from white to pink; the helichrysums gold, yellow, pink, and red, and, with the inclusion of some plants which, while not really everlastings, yet have flowers which dry equally well, the grower has an interesting field of possibilities ahead.

There is a native everlasting (*Anaphalis margaritacea*) known as silverleaf, moonshine and cotton weed. Each little flower-head has a resemblance to a miniature pond lily. The centre, the true flower, browns in drying. These have long been used in rural homes for winter bouquets, and often the flowers are dipped in various dyes. Acroliniums, flowers white and rosy-pink, are cut in the bud stage and dried for winter bouquets.

Helichrysums (yellow everlastings, straw flowers) range in color from white through yellows to rich, bright red. They bloom for about twelve weeks. Rodanthe (Swan River everlasting) is a white, rose, and the so-called rose-purple shade which is really magenta. The buds and flowers of the white variety are silvery-white and very attractive.

Gomphera or globe amaranth, with flower resembling clover heads are a decided addition to any collection of everlastings. The small roundish red flowers like little crimson balls fit into many dainty rôles.

Xeranthemum annuum (everlasting or im-

mortelle) is one of the most frequent, bearing an abundance of bright rose, purple and white flowers.

When the blossoms of the everlastings are at their best, and on a dry day, after the dew is gone, the flowers are cut, leaving long stems. These are then tied, a few at a time, in loose bunches and hung, head downward, in a warm room, having plenty of fresh air until dried. Then placed in loose layers in boxes until wanted, they are ready to be "made up" and later go forth to brighten the rooms of those who long for flowers before Winter leaves the field.

In addition to the everlastings there are those which are not strictly so but which, properly dried, retain the colors for prolonged periods. Among these are the gypsophila or baby's breath, of which the variety known as *paniculata fl. pl.* or double flowering is the most lasting, and one of the most desirable additions to the Winter bouquets; the statice, both *latifolia* and the variety used by the florists, often called the chenille flower; the echinops or globe thistles which when in the garden is interesting and attractive, especially when bearing globular heads of deep, steely-blue flowers. These, after being cut and dried will remain attractive for a long time. To this should be added the eryngium amethystinum or sea holly, whose spiny finely cut foliage is attractive in the garden either when among the flowers in the border or planted with the shrubs. From July to September the thistle-like flower heads of glistening amethyst-blue can be cut for immediate use or dried for Winter bouquets. These furnish some of the most delightful material for the Valentine bouquet and a number may now be bought at the florist's.

The specialist-grower will wish to include many of the fancy grasses. There is the *Agrostis nebula* called cloud grass because it "looks like a line of mist when in bloom." And just here might be mentioned the smoke-fringe tree which has done duty in supplying material to "soften effects."

The brizas must be given a first place here. *Briza maxima* or quaking grass is perhaps the most popular, but *Briza minor* has also a place, as well as *Bromus briziformis* and *Briza geniculata*. There are many other grasses, including the pampas, the plumes of which are often dyed bright colors with aniline dyes and sold, though a bleaching when discolored seems preferable.

THE wealth of material available is hardly realized until one attempts to list it. No mention has been made of the work done by the cat tails in large vases; nor the uses to which the flower heads of the hydrangeas are put when dried; the silvery seedpods of the lunaria or honesty, and the ruddy-brown ones of the dictamnus or gas plant. Nature is generous in her gifts, but we are reminded that "Nature does not capriciously scatter her secrets as golden gifts to lazy pets and luxurious darlings, but imposes tasks when she presents opportunities and uplifts him whom she would inform. The apple which she dropped at the feet of Newton is but a coy invitation to follow her to the stars."

Blooms which shatter readily are sometimes treated to a few drops of gum in order to prolong attractiveness. Dissolve one-half pound of gum arabic in five or six pints of water. Let stand forty-eight hours and strain through muslin. Apply to the blooms with a small oil can.



Make It!

Continued from page 50

for example buriap or crash, for modernistic porch pillows and slip covers. The assortment is number 538 and will be sent postpaid for \$1.68.

The shade offered is number 537 (price \$2.09) and the order includes a 10-inch wire

frame and the white parchment, stamped, scored and perforated for the cord. There are two strips of the parchment about 34 inches long. We also include silk cord and tassels; and a definite color chart and instructions.

How to Obtain Vogue Patterns

Vogue Patterns may now be obtained in all of the leading Canadian cities. They may be purchased in the shops listed below, where one may secure expert fashion advice about personal clothes problems, and see the colored sketches of all the new models.

How to Order by Mail. Vogue patterns may be ordered by mail from any of the distributors listed below, or from Vogue Pattern Service, 70 Bond Street, Toronto, Ont.

In Ordering, state the full pattern number of the pattern you select. When ordering skirts give both the waist and hip measure; when ordering misses' or children's designs state age.

How to Send Money. No provision is made for charge accounts or C.O.D. delivery. When ordering, please enclose cheque, money order or stamps. Remittances should be made out to the store or office from which you order.

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Vogue Patterns are obtainable in Great Britain at the offices of Vogue, Aldwych House, Aldwych, W.C. 2; at Harrod's and Shoolbred's, and at thirty agencies in the Provinces, Scotland, and Ireland. On the Continent, Vogue Patterns are for sale in most of the large cities. A list of these Agencies may be found in the European edition of the Vogue Pattern Book, for sale at the principal kiosks and bookstalls.

"Last Winter I Cleared \$525.00 in my spare time"

"I have had my Auto-Knitter over four years and I would not be without it for anything. Since taking up the work I have never been without money. As we live three miles from town I have always wanted a car, and now I have one which my machine is paying for. Last winter I cleared \$525.00 in my spare time." Mrs. Geo. Poole, Ontario

[[This is but one of thousands of letters I have from men and women who have proved all I claim for Auto Knitting.]]

You, Too, Can Make Money At Home

When Mrs. George Poole sent her name to me four years ago, she had no more idea that she could earn \$525.00 in her spare time than you have. Like many others, she wondered if what I said about Auto-Knitting could be true—and she wrote to find out. And here is what I told her: That if she would knit socks for me with the Auto-Knitter in her spare time, I would pay her a fixed unchanging price for every pair, and in addition, I would keep her supplied with all of the yarn that she used. I told her if she would take up this pleasant work nothing could stop her from making money.

Sell Me Your Spare Time

Wouldn't you like to earn extra money just as Mrs. Poole is doing? Then sell me your spare time. When you take up Auto-Knitting there are only two things to do—knit socks and send them to me. I pay you cash for the knitting—so much a pair—And I keep you supplied with the necessary yarn.

The splendid thing about Auto-Knitting is that you can devote as much or as little time to the work as you like. You simply fill in the hours or minutes that best suit your convenience. Of course the amount of your pay-check depends upon the work you send in. Full instructions are sent with each machine. If you can read and count you can Auto-Knit.

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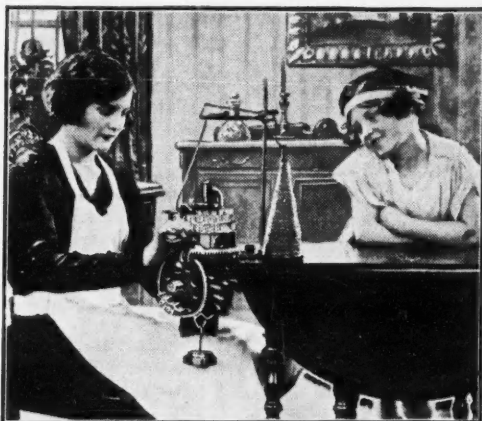
"By following the simple instructions I soon had socks coming through one after the other. I have had my machine eight months, and so far have earned over \$325.00."

Mrs. H. Stevens, Quebec.

Wonderful and Interesting

"It certainly is wonderful and interesting. The Company takes all of the socks I send them paying me promptly and replacing the yarn."

Mrs. F. J. Hiseman, Ontario.



Quiet - Private - Pleasant

Think of sitting in the quiet privacy of your own home and in an easy restful way turning your hours into dollars. You start a sock and in five minutes the leg is made—the phone rings—someone calls—the children come in—or any other distraction occurs—you simply leave the work taking it up again at your convenience. It is truly a spare time occupation.



T. W. CHADBURN, PRESIDENT
THE AUTO KNITTER HOSIERY CO., LTD.

A Personal Message

I do not promise you a steady income just because you become a Home-Earner. It is necessary that you knit socks for me, and even though the work is light and pleasant, it takes time—your spare time—and that is what I pay you for. Auto-Knitting is for the man or women with a home and family cares who can not consider work that means canvassing or selling. In the hands of those who sincerely want to make money it will prove a blessing.

And now—if what I have told you has proved interesting, I am going to ask you to go one step further—send me your name. By return mail you will receive a beautiful booklet explaining everything—How to get started—How much you can make—And some interesting information about those who make up my family of workers. Please remember, there isn't the slightest obligation on your part. It will be my pleasure to send the information.

T. W. Chadburn

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Auto Knit Socks are sold at 75c. a pair

The Hundreds of Thousands of pairs of Auto Knit Socks made for me each year by my Home Workers are sold by dealers from coast to coast. Their popularity has grown until today they have the largest sale of any wool sock in Canada.

T. W. Chadburn, Department 1002
The Auto Knitter Hosiery Co. Limited.
1870 Davenport Road, Toronto 9, Ont.

Dear Sir: Without the slightest obligation on my part please send me particulars about Making Money at Home.

Name

Address

..... Prov.
Chatelaine, February, 1929

Meals of the Month

Twenty-eight Menus for February

Compiled by Margaret E. Read, B.A., M.Sc.

I BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON OR SUPPER	DINNER	17 BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON OR SUPPER	DINNER
Figs in Syrup Cream of Wheat Toast Omelet Tea Coffee Cocoa	Scalloped Cabbage with Tomato Sauce Nut Bread Jam Tea or Cocoa	Fried Pickers Broiled Potatoes, Creamed Onions Cranberry Tarts Coffee	Fresh Grapes Roman Meal Rolls Honey Tea Coffee Cocoa	Jellied Grapefruit and Pineapple Salad Toasted Muffins Maple Marshmallow Cake Tea or Cocoa	Prime Roast of Beef Franconia Potatoes, Buttered Beets Fruit Gelatine, Whipped Cream Coffee
Baked Apples Fish Cakes Muffins Marmalade Tea Coffee Cocoa	Bean Soup Cabbage Salad Ginger Drop Cakes Tea or Cocoa	Broiled Pig's Feet Creamed Potatoes, Buttered Beets Apricot Cream Coffee	Dried Fruit Cup Kipperd Herring Toast Jam Tea Coffee Cocoa	Tomato Scallop Raisin Gingerbread Whipped Cream Tea or Cocoa	Pork Steak Au Gratin Potatoes Turnips with Chopped Parsley Cherry Puffs, Lemon Sauce Coffee
Tangerines Bacon Rolls Honey Tea Coffee Cocoa	Baked Potatoes on the Half Shell Celery Stuffed with Cheese Macaroon Cup Custard with Whipped Cream Tea or Cocoa	Roast Turkey Mashed Potatoes Spinach Angel Food Cake, Chocolate Sauce Coffee	Grapefruit Rolled Oats Muffins Jelly Tea Coffee Cocoa	Split Pea Purée Cold Slaw Jam Rolls Tea or Cocoa	Reheated Roast Beef with Mexican Sauce French Fried Potatoes Lima Beans Tapioca Pudding Coffee
Sliced Canned Pineapple Rolled Oats Toast Jam Tea Coffee Cocoa	Scalloped Salmon and Rice Apple Sauce, Nut Cookies Tea or Cocoa	Turkey à la King Duchess Potatoes, Diced Turnips Orange Soufflé Coffee	Creamed Eggs on Toast Tea Coffee Cocoa	Bean Loaf, Chili Sauce Blueberries Date Cookies Tea or Cocoa	Fried Oysters and Bacon Baked Potatoes, Creamed Carrots Butterscotch Pie Coffee
Cinnamon Prunes Cornmeal Porridge Bran Gems Jelly Tea Coffee Cocoa	Shirred Eggs with Pimientos and Bacon Canned Peas, Ginger Snaps Tea or Cocoa	Cannelon of Beef Franconia Potatoes Creamed Carrots Apple Dumplings Coffee	Orange Juice Sunerva Cereal Toast Marmalade Tea Coffee Cocoa	Cold Tongue, Potato Salad Rice and Pineapple Pudding with Cream Tea or Cocoa	Breaded Veal Cutlets Lyonnais Potatoes, Canned Corn Baked Cabinet Pudding Hard Sauce Coffee
Whole Oranges Poached Eggs on Toast Tea Coffee Cocoa	Corn Chowder Dressed Lettuce Jam Muffins Tea or Cocoa	Sirloin Steak French Fried Potatoes, Mushrooms Glorified Rice, Maple Syrup Coffee	Fresh Rhubarb Red River Cereal Popovers Jam Tea Coffee Cocoa	Raisin Waffles Baked Apples Tea or Cocoa	Planked Whitefish Duchess Potatoes, Canned Peas Ice Cream Cake Sandwiches Hot Fudge Sauce Coffee
Bananas Broiled Ham Toast Marmalade Tea Coffee Cocoa	Creamed Eggs with Shrimps on Toast Gelatine with Whipped Cream Tea or Cocoa	Shepherd's Pie Buttered Cabbage Jellied Tomato Salad Upside Down Cake Coffee	Figs Bacon and Eggs Toast Tea Coffee Cocoa	Sausages, Mashed Potatoes Caramel Custard Tea or Cocoa	Stewed Tripe Scalloped Potatoes Creamed Cabbage Orange and Onion Salad Jelly Roll, Marshmallow Sauce Coffee
Grapefruit Sunerva Cereal Scrambled Eggs Tea Coffee Cocoa	Carrots and Peas in Pastry Shells with Cheese Sauce Preserved Figs with Cream Tea or Cocoa	Baked Trout, Lemon Points Au Gratin Potatoes Creamed Parsnips Chocolate Eclairs Coffee	Grapefruit Chipped Beef with Cream Gravy on Toast Tea Coffee Cocoa	Cheese Toast Canned Peaches with Whipped Cream Small Cakes Tea or Cocoa	Roast Chicken Riced Potatoes Spinach Orange Shortcake Coffee
Stewed Apricots Small Steaks Popovers Jelly Tea Coffee Cocoa	Fish Cakes Watercress with Russian Dressing Sliced Pineapple, Small Cakes Tea or Cocoa	Roast Pork Baked Potatoes, Fried Sauer Kraut Prune Whip Coffee	Raw Apples Cornmeal Porridge Toast Marmalade Tea Coffee Cocoa	Consomme Chicken Patties Strawberries (canned), Macaroons Tea or Cocoa	Baked Spare Ribs Franconia Potatoes Parsnips Dressed Lettuce Maple Blanc Mange Coffee
Fresh Fruit Cup Red River Cereal Toast Jam Tea Coffee Cocoa	Scalloped Sweetbreads and Mushrooms Nut and Raisin Cake Marshmallow Icing Tea or Cocoa	Cold Roast Pork Scalloped Potatoes Celery Boiled with Milk Sauce Deep Apple Pie Coffee	Sliced Pineapple French Toast, Syrup Tea Coffee Cocoa	Grilled Kidneys with Bacon Scalloped Corn Fruit Compote Tea or Cocoa	Irish Stew Celery and Cabbage Salad Date Pie Coffee
Sliced Oranges Cream of Wheat with Bran Soft Cooked Eggs Muffins Tea Coffee Cocoa	Cream of Tomato Soup Croquettes Honey Hot Biscuits Tea or Cocoa	Lamb Chops Lyonnais Potatoes, Canned Peas Banana Floating Island Coffee	Prunes Creamed Fish Muffins Tea Coffee Cocoa	Tomato Cheese Soufflé Coffee Cake Jam Tea or Cocoa	Dressed Scallops Boiled Potatoes Lima Beans Orange Bread Pudding Coffee
Stewed Figs Bacon Tea Coffee Toast Cocoa	Pancakes Fruit Salad Tea or Cocoa	Pork Pies Boiled Potatoes Fried Oyster Plant Lettuce, French Dressing Orange Snow Coffee	Grapefruit Roman Meal Toast Honey Tea Coffee Cocoa	Scrambled Eggs on Toast Raspberries (canned), Cookies Tea or Cocoa	Braised Tongue French Fried Potatoes Creamed Oyster Plant Canned Peas and Onion Salad Chocolate Steamed Pudding Coffee
Ginger Apples Oatmeal with Bran Rolls Honey Tea Coffee Cocoa	Spanish Omelet Plums (Canned) Rocks Tea or Cocoa	Fried Smelts Potatoes on the Half Shell Scalloped Tomatoes Cup Cakes, Strawberry Sauce Coffee			
Shredded Pineapple Cream of Wheat Sausages Tea Coffee Cocoa	Banana Fritters, Lemon Sauce Ice Cream Cake Tea or Cocoa	Stuffed Hearts Mashed Potatoes Creamed Cauliflower Hearts of Celery Chocolate Nut Pudding, Cream Coffee			
Prunes Poached Eggs on Toast Tea Coffee Cocoa	Cream of Celery Soup Apple, Dove and Nut Salad Cheese and Crackers Tea or Cocoa	Broiled Salmon Creamed Potatoes Canned String Beans Fruit Pie Coffee			
Half Oranges Waffles Syrup Tea Coffee Cocoa	Corned Beef and Cabbage Pineapple Hermits Tea or Cocoa	Fried Liver and Bacon Hashed Brown Potatoes Creamed Onions Steamed Spice and Raisin Pudding Coffee			



Lent, beginning as it does on the 13th of February, is taken cognizance of in these menus. All succeeding Fridays and Wednesdays include fish. Fruit is used on every possible occasion, and we strongly recommend the frequent use of vegetables.

There are some unusual dishes given in this month's menus—such for instance, as Cannelon of Beef, Bean Loaf, Broiled Pig's Feet, Jellied Grapefruit and Pineapple Salad, and others which will be included in the supplementary article "Special Dishes of the Month" prepared by Mrs.

Read for this issue.

very thought of them makes my mouth water!"

"Surely something more than plain biscuit dough is needed to make those desserts, and there are so many different kinds, too," Peggy wondered. "Yes, some cooks make a plain cake and put crushed fruit between the layers and cover it with whipped cream; others use a light sponge cake with fruit and cream, but I think the only thing worthy of the name of shortcake has a biscuit foundation. For a good shortcake, add two tablespoonfuls sugar to the foundation recipe, using four tablespoonfuls shortening to two cupfuls flour; shape in two cakes one-third inch thick, put together and bake as biscuits in a hot oven; or bake in one thick cake and split, or bake in individual servings. Between the layers put crushed sweetened fruit; top with whipped cream and whole fruit and serve with additional crushed fruit as a sauce.

"This recipe might be called 'Shortcake de luxe'. I can recommend it as an especially good, richer shortcake.

"Two cupfuls pastry flour, quarter cupful sugar, four teaspoonfuls baking powder, half teaspoonful salt, one egg, quarter cupful butter, one and one-third tablespoonfuls lard, one-third cupful milk.

"Possibly one more tablespoonful milk may be needed to make the dough soft, but you see that this recipe contains more sugar than any other we have used, one egg and a large amount of shortening, and less liquid.

"And now we go from the top of the scale where we have rich shortcake, to the bottom where we have the simplest form of biscuit dough—dumplings. These contain less fat than any other mixture.

"Two cupfuls flour, four teaspoonfuls baking powder, half teaspoonful salt, one tablespoonful shortening, two-thirds cupful milk or water (approx.).

"These are used as an accompaniment to stews, and I think it is most important to know how to make these well, Peggy. Many people can cook elaborate and expensive foods but fail on the plain, cheaper dishes. These dumplings are simple in themselves and are a delicious addition to a cheap meat dish, and when properly made, the combination should be as well received as the most elaborate meat course. The dumplings are not baked but are placed in the stew kettle on the meat and vegetables after any excess liquid has been removed.

"The dish is covered tightly and the dumplings steamed for fifteen minutes, the stew simmering gently. They absorb the flavors from the meat and vegetables and are light and delicious. If preferred, they may be steamed on a plate in a steamer for twenty minutes but this requires an extra cooking utensil and does not give the stew flavors to the dumplings."

"Do muffins belong to this class of cooking; are they made the same as biscuits?" enquired Peggy.

"To be Irish one might say that they are the same, only different," answered Ann. "They belong to the general class of flour mixtures, are baked in small individual servings and are used for afternoon tea and supper. But they differ from biscuits in the proportion of flour to liquid, method of mixing, and baking. Muffins belong to the class of thick batters and have one part liquid to two parts flour. Here is the recipe for plain muffins.

Plain Muffins

"Two cupfuls flour, one cupful milk, two tablespoonfuls sugar, one egg, four teaspoonfuls baking powder, half teaspoonful salt, two tablespoonfuls shortening (melted).

"As with tea biscuits, the sugar and shortening may be increased by one or two tablespoonfuls for those who like sweeter and richer muffins, and then the liquids is reduced by two tablespoonfuls.

"The method of mixing is different from any we have studied before. The dry ingredients are mixed and sifted, the milk added to the well beaten egg. In the centre of the dry ingredients a little depression is made; the liquid is poured into it and then the melted butter. With the least possible stirring the wet and dry ingredients are

blended. The muffins are baked in well-greased muffin pans for about twenty-five minutes at a temperature of 375 to 400 deg. Fahr.

"Light strokes and little mixing are very important to avoid having large holes, and it is necessary to grease the tins thoroughly to remove the muffins easily. Various sized pans are used; the very small ones are daintier when the muffins are for afternoon tea. Notice that the fat is melted, not cut in, and that the temperature is lower and the time of baking longer than for biscuits.

"To vary the foundation recipe the basic ingredients may be changed, and graham flour, cornmeal, or bran introduced in place of all white flour. In using graham flour, one cupful may take the place of one cupful white flour and the recipe will read:

"One cupful pastry flour, one cupful graham flour, four teaspoonfuls baking powder, half teaspoonful salt, two or three tablespoonfuls sugar, one cupful milk, one egg, two tablespoonfuls shortening (melted).

"Cornmeal makes a delicious golden muffin when substituted for part of the flour. A little extra leavening is needed, as cornmeal is apt to be heavier than white flour.

"Two-thirds cupful cornmeal, one and one-third cupfuls pastry flour, four and a half teaspoonfuls baking powder, half teaspoonful salt, three tablespoonfuls sugar, one egg, one cupful milk, two tablespoonfuls shortening (melted). For variety add half cupful dates, chopped and floured.

"Bran muffins containing crumbled bran (prepared bran, cooked and rolled), raisins and molasses, introduce valuable minerals and bulk into the diet. They might be called 'health muffins'; but do not think for a minute that they are not a delicious addition to the menu, too, particularly when served hot. Here is the recipe.

"One cupful flour, one and three-quarters cupfuls bran (crumbled), three-quarters teaspoonful salt, two tablespoonfuls brown sugar, half teaspoonful soda, three teaspoonfuls baking powder, one egg, one cupful sour milk, two tablespoonfuls molasses. one-third cupful raisins.

"As with tea biscuits, pure vegetable fats, butter, lard or a mixture of these may be used as shortening. Always melt before adding to the dry ingredients."

"In these recipes do you mean two tablespoonfuls melted fat or two tablespoonfuls fat melted?" Peggy enquired.

"The fat is measured cold as in all other recipes," Ann replied, "by filling the spoon and leveling with a knife. Then it is melted and poured into the dry ingredients.

"Besides making muffins richer and sweeter as I have mentioned already, they may be varied by adding numerous ingredients. Half to two-third cupfuls of nuts, chopped dates, raisins, figs or currants may be used, the only preparation being to cut the large fruit in small pieces and dredge it with part of the flour. Fresh fruits give novelty to the plain muffin, but if they are at all moist quarter cupful flour must be added to the recipe.

"Rice or oatmeal muffins are made by adding cold cooked cereal to the foundation recipe. The amount of flour needed will vary according to the softness of the cereal. If it is moist, one cupful cooked cereal may be added to the original recipe, also adding a little extra baking powder to leaven it further. If very moist, even half cupful more flour may be needed. The actual recipe is:

"Two to two and a half cupfuls flour (depending on the moistness of the cereal), one cupful cooked cereal, four and a half teaspoonfuls baking powder, half teaspoonful salt, two tablespoonfuls sugar, one cupful milk, one egg, two tablespoonfuls fat (melted).

"The muffins are mixed by the ordinary method, with the exception that half the milk is reserved to mix with the cereal, then added to the other ingredients. By the time you have made muffins a few times, Peggy, you will know the consistency they should be and how much flour is needed when the moist cereal is used.

"I hope these suggestions will help you add variety to your menus, and give you something new to serve at your next party."

And when it comes to buying Asparagus—

Do you know the important facts? Do you know how to make sure of the quality you want?

Asparagus certainly has brought new variety to our daily menus!

Wherever women talk shop, over their sewing or the tea cups, you'll hear mention of the "asparagus course." And you'll hear talk of salads, soups, omelets, and plain vegetable dishes made delicious and distinctive with asparagus.

Even more appreciatively, perhaps, they speak of the way asparagus dresses up the simplest meals. Leftovers, snacks, pick-up meals of any sort are made appetizing and attractive with an asparagus salad, or by the use of asparagus in other dishes.

Isn't it important, then, to know how to buy this favorite vegetable? To know, for instance, how to get the size of asparagus best suited to your needs? And isn't it most important to know how to get the quality you want, every time you buy?

Fortunately, the facts are simple and easy to get.

There are two lengths of DEL MONTE Asparagus—long spears, and tips. Long spears are packed in the large No. 2½ square can—shorter spears known as tips in the smaller No. 1 square and the small round "picnic" cans. Salad points—tender morsels for salads, cocktails, etc.—come in a medium size round can, called No. 1 Tall. (See reduced illustration of cans below.)

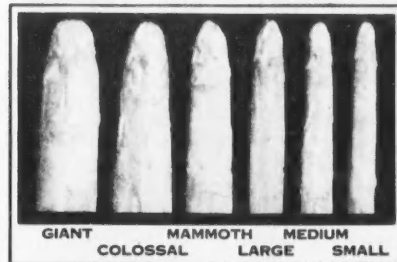
Except for Salad Points, DEL MONTE Asparagus is graded and packed according to thickness or circumference of the spears—plainly marked according to size as Giant, Colossal, Mammoth, Large, Medium and Small. The smaller the spear, of course, the more spears per can.

But remember—whether you buy tips or long spears, you are sure of getting just the quality you want, under the famous DEL MONTE label—the brand you know so well!

One of the reasons for this quality-assurance is that most DEL MONTE Asparagus comes from our own ranches—or land under our direct control. In the rich Sacramento delta, we own or operate over 7,500 acres and draw from thousands more—the finest asparagus land in the world.

And equally important is the fact that we have located DEL MONTE canneries close enough to the fields so that this fine asparagus may be canned within a few hours of the time it is cut—while the delicate spears are succulent and fresh.

That's why DEL MONTE Asparagus—like so many other DEL MONTE Products—actu-



Del Monte Asparagus, whether long spears or tips, is graded according to thickness of spear as shown above. Each size plainly marked on the can.

ally is more tender, more delicate and appetizing, really fresher than "fresh" asparagus usually sold at the height of the season.

And there is even more to DEL MONTE Quality than this careful production and speedy canning. Back of each DEL MONTE Product is an organization with 70 years of canning experience. Owning and controlling thousands of acres of agricultural land; owning and operating nearly a hundred food producing units; directed and managed by men who have devoted a lifetime to canning—isn't it reasonable to expect that the DEL MONTE organization should put into every can of DEL MONTE Food the very best, in both materials and skill?

It's worth your while to make sure, too, that your grocer supplies you with the full DEL MONTE line. It brings you remarkable variety—including fruits, vegetables, sardines, salmon, delicious condiments, pickles, preserves, and many other foods. And in every DEL MONTE Product you'll find the same consistently high quality—the same fine appeal in everyday meals—the same, quick answer to everyday needs.

Get This Recipe Collection—Free

If you haven't yet received our leaflet, "22 Ways to Serve DEL MONTE Asparagus," let us send it to you—free. And with it, too, we'll send "The DEL MONTE Fruit Book" and other DEL MONTE recipe leaflets. You'll find the full assortment makes a handy reference file—a guide to better, simpler menu planning. Just drop a card, addressed to the California Packing Corporation, Dept. 36T, San Francisco, California.



A Buffet Supper for St. Valentine's

Continued from page 22

Fruit Filling

- 1½ cupful chopped pecan or walnut meats
- 3 figs, cut in strips
- 1 cupful dates Pinch of salt

Shrimps à la Newburgh

- 1 pint shrimps
 - 3 tablespoonfuls butter
 - ½ teaspoonful salt
 - Dash of cayenne
 - 1 teaspoonful lemon juice
 - 1 teaspoonful flour
 - ½ cupful cream
 - Yolks 2 eggs
 - 2 tablespoonfuls sherry or tart cider
- Clean shrimps and cook three minutes in two tablespoonfuls butter. Add salt, cayenne, and lemon juice and cook one minute. Remove shrimps and put remaining butter in chafing dish, add flour and cream when thickened, add yolks of eggs slightly beaten, shrimps and wine. Serve with toast. Canned shrimps may be used.

Strawberry Bavarian Cream

- 2½ tablespoonfuls gelatine
 - ¼ cupful cold water
 - ½ cupful sugar
 - 3 egg yolks
 - 2½ cupfuls scalded milk
 - ¼ teaspoonful salt
 - 3 egg whites
 - 1 cupful cream, whipped
 - 1 teaspoonful vanilla
 - 2 cupfuls strawberries
- Soak gelatine in the cold water ten minutes. Mix sugar and egg yolks together, and add the scalded milk. Cook over hot water until thick, stirring constantly. Add the gelatine and salt and mix well. Cool. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites, cream, vanilla, then a few drops of red vegetable coloring. As the mixture begins to stiffen fold in two cupfuls strawberries, either fresh or canned. Pour into heart-shaped mould which has been dipped in cold water and put in cold place to set. When moulded, garnish with whipped cream.

Ring-Tum-Diddy

- 2 tablespoonfuls butter
- 2 tablespoonfuls flour
- ¾ cupful thin cream
- ¾ cupful stewed and strained tomatoes
- ¼ teaspoonful soda
- 2 cupfuls finely cut cheese
- 2 eggs, slightly beaten
- Pinch of salt Pinch of mustard
- Dash of cayenne

Bride's Progress

Continued from page 24

sugar, two tablespoonfuls shortening, half cupful currants, one egg, two-thirds cupful milk (or less).

"Mix as tea biscuits, adding the well beaten egg mixed with the milk. If desired, these may be baked in small muffin tins, or the mixture may be made a little softer and dropped from a spoon.

"Another flavor can be introduced by using maple butter. Plain biscuits may be split after baking and spread with it instead of butter. Or a variation of rolled biscuits may be made by spreading the dough with maple butter which has been rubbed to a smooth paste with a few drops of cream, then rolling and cutting like mock Chelsea buns. The currants may be added, too."

"In all these recipes you speak of fat or shortening. Does that necessarily mean butter?" Peggy wanted to know.

"No, indeed," Ann replied. "You may use a pure vegetable fat or lard, or butter and lard mixed; in fact, almost any combination of good fats. Some people use part dripping. The other ingredients may be varied too, graham or whole wheat flour may be substituted for part of the pastry flour, and sour milk is sometimes used instead of sweet. In the latter case, both soda and baking powder are used as the leavening agents; half teaspoonful soda

Put butter in chafing-dish; when melted, add flour. Pour the cream on gradually, and as soon as the mixture thickens, add tomato mixed with soda; then add cheese, eggs and seasonings. Serve on squares of toast.

Butterscotch Rolls

- 2 cupfuls flour
 - ½ teaspoonful salt
 - 5 teaspoonfuls baking powder
 - 4 tablespoonfuls shortening
 - About ⅔ cupful milk
 - 2 tablespoonfuls melted butter
 - ½ cupful brown sugar
- Mix and sift flour, salt and baking powder. Cut in shortening with a knife or rub in lightly with finger-tips. Add milk gradually, using just enough to make a soft dough. Roll out into an oblong piece quarter of an inch thick. Spread with the melted butter and sprinkle with brown sugar. Roll like a jelly-roll, lengthwise. Cut in half inch slices. Put into a greased pan, cut side down. Bake in a hot oven fifteen to twenty minutes.

Queen of Hearts Salad

- 2 tablespoonfuls gelatine
 - ½ cupful cold water
 - 2½ cupfuls stewed tomatoes
 - 2 slices onion
 - Bit of bay leaf
 - 2 whole cloves
 - Dash of cayenne
 - ¼ teaspoonful salt
 - 1 teaspoonful sugar
 - 1 tablespoonful vinegar
 - 2½ cupfuls cooked shrimps, cut in pieces
 - 1 tablespoonful capers
- Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes. Cook tomatoes, onion, bay leaf, clove cayenne, salt, sugar and vinegar together ten minutes. Strain and add gelatine and stir until dissolved. Cool, and when mixture begins to thicken, add shrimps and capers. Pour into heart-shaped moulds which have been dipped in cold water. Chill. Unmould on nests of lettuce and garnish with mayonnaise, watercress and slices of stuffed olives.

Cherry Sandwiches

Cream one cake of white cream cheese, and to it add half cupful finely chopped candied cherries and half cupful finely chopped almonds. Roll the sandwiches and tie with narrow red ribbon.

Graham Biscuits

"One cupful pastry flour, one cupful whole wheat or graham flour, four teaspoonfuls baking powder, two tablespoonfuls shortening, two tablespoonfuls sugar, three-quarters teaspoonful salt, three-quarters cupful milk. If desired add quarter cupful raisins.

Tea Biscuits Using Sour Milk

"Two cupfuls flour, half teaspoonful salt, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, half teaspoonful soda, two tablespoonfuls fat, three-quarters cupful thick sour milk (approx.).

"Of all the tea biscuit's variation probably none is so popular as that for shortcakes. Can you think of a more delicious dessert than peach or strawberry shortcake. The



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Better!**

There's the concentrated goodness of prime, lean beef in OXO. No wonder it gives soups and gravies such added flavour and enlivens casseroles and left-overs so delightfully! Try it for that last professional touch that makes good cooking better. And find, like mothers all over the world, how healthful and nourishing OXO is for little ones—and grown-ups, too!



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YEAST
CAKES**

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WRAPPER

*The Standard
of Quality
For over 50 Years*

SHIRRED DRAPERIES COQUET WITH CAPES And Drooping Bows With Pleats



SLEEVELESS, THEY ARE EQUALLY CORRECT

Frock No. 9643

A pleated section lengthens the front of this crêpe faille frock, which has a tie caught through slashes and is tucked at the shoulders. The shaped apron and the long, straight, set-in sleeves may be omitted. Designed for sizes 14 to 44.

Price, 65 cents.

Frock No. 9644

Another view is given of the frock at the right, this time developed in plain silk crêpe. The shaped cape, which joins a shaped band terminating at the centre front with a tab finish, may be omitted. Designed for sizes 14 to 42.

Price, 65 cents.

Frock No. 9644

Semi-sheer crêpe fashions this one-piece frock with a shirred side drapery on the skirt. The wide girdle, also, has a shirred side drapery and gives a snug-fitting hip-line. The set-in sleeves are optional. Designed for sizes 14 to 42.

Price, 65 cents.

ACHIEVING THE SLIM SILHOUETTE

With Cunning Flounce and Flare



NECK-BANDS REPLACE THE CUSTOMARY COLLAR

Frock No. 9634

The circular flounces of this silk crêpe frock are exceedingly chic. The lower flounce lengthens the frock, the upper is set on in a shaped line. Bows of the material are drawn through slashes. There is fulness at the shoulders.

Designed for sizes 14 to 40.

Price, 65 cents.

Frock No. 9630

Achieving slim lines and front fulness, the hip inserts of this crêpe faille frock terminate in circular godets. Details include a neck-band with loose ends at the back, shoulder fulness, and tucks. The model may be sleeveless. Designed for sizes 14 to 44.

Price, 65 cents.



Junior Misses' Ensemble No. 9640 (Left) This sketch shows a complete ensemble with the jacket and skirt of plain jersey. The short jacket has a straight collar. Designed for sizes 13, 15, and 17 years.

Price, 65 cents.

Junior Misses' Ensemble No. 9640 (Right)

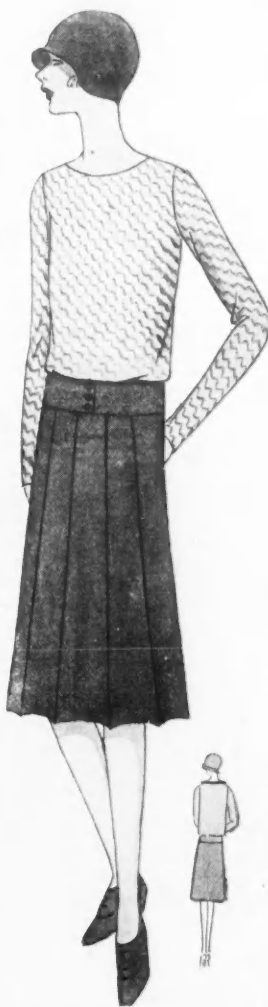
The tuck-in blouse of the ensemble is made of novelty jersey. The skirt has a circular front with pressed creases and a wide belt buttoned in front. Designed for sizes 13, 15 and 17 years.

Price, 65 cents.

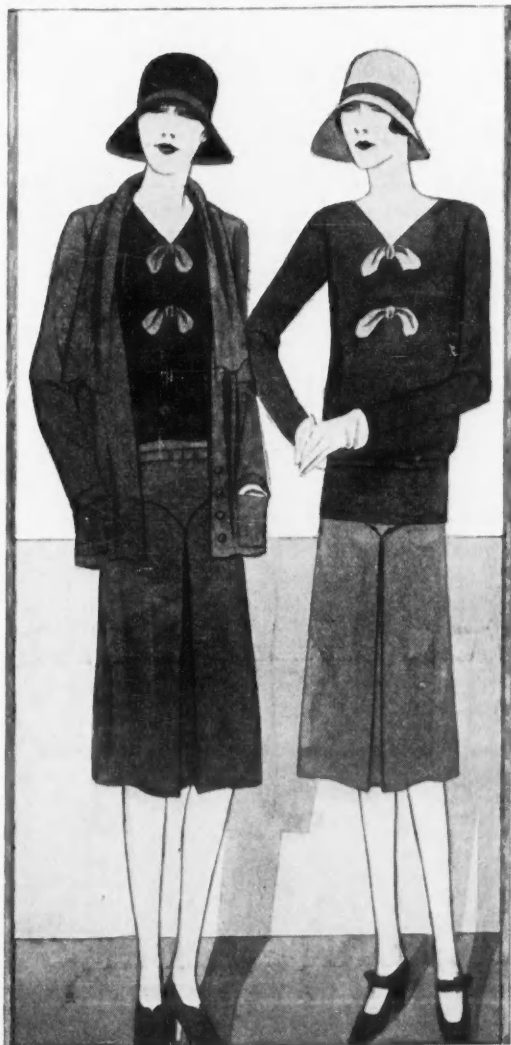
Jacket-Blouse No. 9628 Skirt No. 9637

(Below) The scarf collar, the cardigan jacket, the tuck-in blouse, and the yoke-filled skirt stamp this ensemble very smart. The jacket and skirt are of woollen basket-weave; the latter with inverted pleats. Designed for sizes 14 to 42; skirt, 26 to 40.

Price, 65 cents.



The Perennially Popular Ensemble



These are Vogue Patterns. They may be obtained from the shops listed on page 52 or from Vogue Pattern Service, 70 Bond Street, Toronto, Ont.

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Ovaltine, prepared from ripe barley malt, fresh eggs and creamy milk, is just the type of concentrated nourishment needed. Easily digested, quickly absorbed, it furnishes a plentiful supply of rich milk in a perfectly natural way. Ask your doctor.

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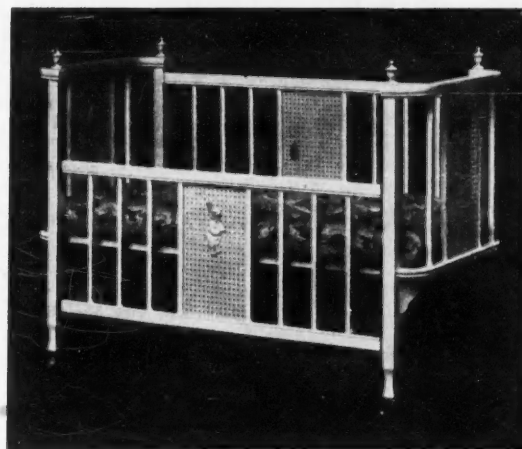
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It has many important uses, and is a delightful product to take.

Demand **PHILLIPS** Milk of Magnesia



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FREE OFFER!

Fill out and take this coupon to your neighborhood druggist, and he will give you FREE one 15c or 20c package of TRU-LAX, the pleasant family laxative, either in chocolate or chewing form, if you purchase one additional 15c (Chocolate) or 20c (Chewing) package.

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You are authorized to give 1 package of TRU-LAX to any purchaser of a package of TRU-LAX upon presentation of this coupon, which will be redeemed by us.

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Essentials and Etceteras for the Youngsters



Underwear Set No. 2889

Mustin is appropriate for a little girl's underthings and is used for this practical set. The drawers button to the under-waist and may be shorter at the sides, if preferred. Sizes 2 to 14 years. Price, 40 cents.



Slip No. 2886
This muslin under-slip is slashed and gathered at the sides to allow ample fullness. It slips on over the head, and the hem may be scalloped or straight. Sizes 2 to 14. Price, 40 cents.

Set No. 2890
This set includes an apron with a straight or scalloped hem, a bonnet with a turned-down brim, and an undergarment. Designed for sizes 2 to 8 years. Price, 40 cents.



Suit No. 2891
This one-piece suit has a drop-seat, a scalloped front panel, patch pockets, a collar, and long or short set-in sleeves. Designed for sizes 1, 2 and 4 years. Price, 40 cents.



Boy's Suit No. 2888
Correctly simple is this cheviot suit. The coat is single-breasted and has a notched collar, three patch pockets, and set-in sleeves. The brief trousers are straight. Sizes 6 to 12 years. Price, 40 cents.

These are Vogue Patterns. They may be obtained from the shops listed on page 52 or from Vogue Pattern Service, 70 Bond Street, Toronto, Ont.

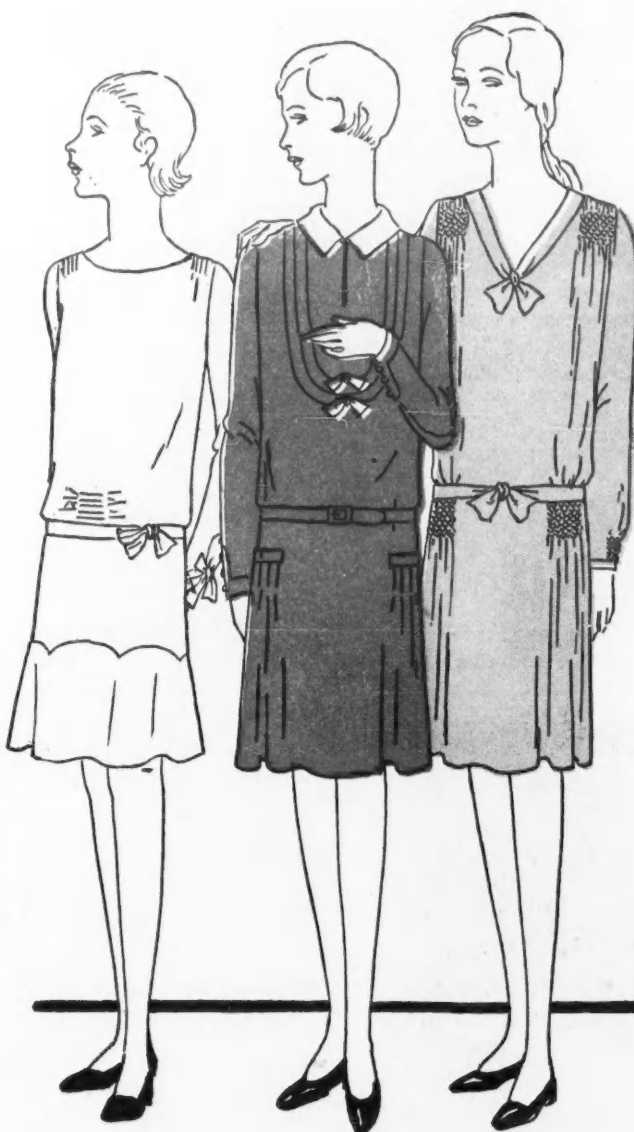
SIMPLE SCHOOL FROCKS GET HIGH MARKS FOR CHIC AND SUITABILITY

Frock No. 2875
(Below, left) Discreet, but gay spots pattern the challis of this one-piece frock. The vest with a scalloped opening, and the collar and cuffs are plain. The raglan sleeves may be long or short, and there are convenient patch pockets. Bloomers. Sizes 2 to 12 years. Price, 40 cents.

Frock No. 2878
(Right) Silk radium is the new and practical fabric used to fashion this one-piece frock. Its straight silhouette flares into a circular flounce. The sleeves are set in, and there are tucks at the shoulders and a tie belt. Sizes 8 to 14 years. Price, 40 cents.

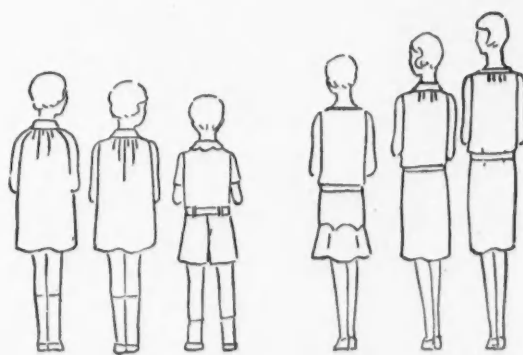
Frock No. 2884
(Below, middle) Small sisters and brothers are very smart in frocks and suits of the same fabrics. This little girl wears a linen frock trimmed with contrasting binding. Scallop trim the upper part of the full-length front panel, and the collar is shaped. Sizes 2 to 8. Price, 40 cents.

Suit No. 2876
(Below) The masculine member of this trio wears a double-breasted suit of linen in two tones. The becoming collar is scalloped, as are the cuffs. The set-in sleeves may be long or short, and there is a wide buckled belt. Sizes 2 to 6 years. Price, 40 cents.



Frock No. 2885
(Middle, above) The type of school frock that is perennially smart is exemplified above. It is of jersey, with inverted tucks giving a shirt-bosom effect and with linen bow trimming. There are tucks, too, below the welt pockets at the hip-line. Sizes 8 to 14 years. Price, 40 cents.

Frock No. 2887
Smocking, the classic trimming for frocks of youth, is used on this frock of silk crêpe. It is used in motif No. 558 at the wrists, shoulders, and waist-line, giving fulness to the blouse and skirt. The neck-band and the belt tie in little bows. Sizes 8 to 14 years. Price, 40 cents; motif, 40 cents.



PRETTY AND PRACTICAL STYLES FOR EVERYDAY WEAR



BERTHAS, SCALLOPS AND RUFFLES GO TO YOUTHFUL FESTIVITIES

Frock No. 2881

(Left) Silk crêpe is correct for the younger girl's frock, if the frock is as simple as this one. It has a circular skirt that is joined to a tucked bodice. There is shirring on the shoulders, and there are long, well-fitted, set-in sleeves. Sizes 10 to 14 years. Price 40 cents.

Frock No. 2880

(Below, middle) The very small girl will be the belle of any youthful ball if she wears this one-piece party frock of georgette crêpe. Ruffles may trim the raglan sleeves and skirt, and shirring at the back and front of the neck confines the fullness. Sizes 2 to 8 years. Price, 40 cents.

Romper No. 2882

(Below) Buttons trim the sides of these little rompers of cotton broadcloth, with a shaped collar and a brief, scalloped front opening. Shirring confines the fullness at the shoulders, and the set-in sleeves may be long or short. Sizes 6 months, 1 and 2 years. Price, 40 cents.

Frock No. 2884

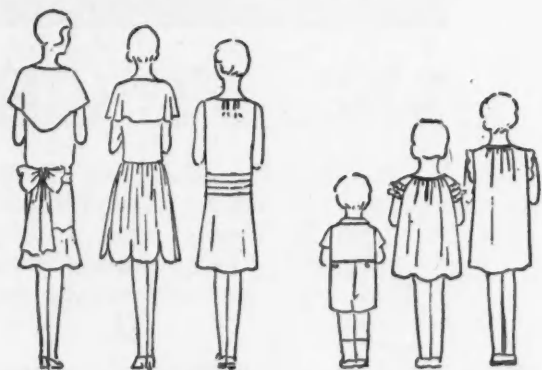
(Below) Delightfully dainty is this brief frock in dotted swiss. Its simplicity is emphasized by a front panel with scalloped edges, and scallops, too, form scarcely perceptible sleeves. There are gathers at the neck-line. Sizes 2 to 8 years. Price, 40 cents.

Frock No. 2878

A wide sash, tied in a butterfly bow in back, gives a delightful air of naiveté to this chiffon frock. A shaped bertha collar dips to a point in back, and the frock may be made with or without sleeves. A circular flounce lengthens the frock. Sizes 8 to 14 years. Price, 40 cents.

Frock No. 2764

(Middle, above) Chiffon is a charming fabric for this sleeveless party frock. The gathered skirt is joined to the bodice at the waistline and has a petal-shaped edge. The bertha collar may be round or caught up on one shoulder with a tie. Sizes 8 to 14 years. Price, 40 cents.



CHIFFON AND GEORGETTE ARE FAVORITE FABRICS

*13 Delicious Soups are created for you
by CLARK'S Expert Chefs*



*Half
the
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of a successful meal is a good start! To satisfy that first hunger and stimulate the appetite, there's nothing like a delicious invigorating Clark Soup—goes to the right spot, and saves marketing, "fussy" preparing, cooking and fuel. Simply add equal quantity of water, bring to a boil and serve.

Try This Tip

To give body and flavour to made-over dishes and simplify their preparation, add quantity required of any Clark's Soup without diluting. Contents should be removed from tin when opened and will keep for days in covered bowl.

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Often—*

Prepared from "Canada Approved" meats and the finest of fresh vegetables cunningly seasoned, rich in essential vitamins—they afford economical nourishment and save the more expensive main dish! Delicious with toast or crackers for a satisfying light lunch, supper or the children's tea.

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Cooked "just right" and flavoured to perfection—Beans at their best! A satisfying, hearty dish that builds up energy and vigour, costing about 3 cents a plate—ready to heat and serve.

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Just Rub It On

Have Musterole handy when a cold starts. It has all of the advantages of grandmother's mustard plaster **WITHOUT** the burn. You feel a warm tingle as the healing ointment penetrates the pores, then a soothing, cooling sensation and quick relief.

Made of pure oil of mustard and other simple ingredients, Musterole is recommended by many nurses and doctors. Try Musterole for bronchitis, sore throat, stiff neck, pleurisy, rheumatism, lumbago, croup, asthma, neuralgia, congestion, pains and aches of back or joints, sore muscles, sprains, bruises, chilblains, frosted feet, colds of chest. It may prevent pneumonia or "flu."



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By R. C. JAMES

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I followed Director Wright's principles, and in no time I had caught on to his ideas.

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Ronald G. Wright, Director
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Without obligation mail me your book "The Niagara Secret." I enclose 10c for book "How to Entertain at Piano."

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